

EURIPIDES

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY
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IN FOUR VOLUMES
II

ELECTRA ORESTES
IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA
ANDROMACHE CYCLOPS



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INTRODUCTION

THE life of Euripides coincides with the most strenuous and most triumphant period of Athenian history, strenuous and triumphant not only in action, but in thought, a period of daring enterprise, alike in material conquest and development, and in art, poetry, and philosophic speculation. He was born in 480 B.C., the year of Thermopylae and Salamis. Athens was at the height of her glory and power, and was year by year becoming more and more the City Beautiful, when his genius was in its first flush of creation. He had been writing for more than forty years before the tragedy of the Sicilian Expedition was enacted, and, *felix opportunitate mortis*, he was spared the knowledge of the shameful sequel of Arginusae, the miserable disaster of Aegospotami, the last lingering agony of famished Athens. He died more than a year before these calamities befell.

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His father was named Mnesarchides, his mother Kleito. They must have been wealthy, for their son possessed not only considerable property (he had at least once to discharge a "liturgy,"¹ and was "proxenus," or consul, for Magnesia, costly duties both), but also, what was especially rare then, a valuable library. His family must have been well-born, for it is on record that he took part as a boy in certain festivals of Apollo, for which any one of mean birth would have been ineligible.

He appeared in the dramatic arena at a time when it was thronged with competitors, and when it must have been most difficult for a new writer to achieve a position. Aeschylus had just died, after being before the public for 45 years. Sophocles had been for ten years in the front rank, and was to write for fifty years longer, while there were others, forgotten now, but good enough to wrest the victory from these at half the annual dramatic competitions at least. Moreover, the new poet was not content to achieve excellence along the lines laid down by his predecessors and already marked with the stamp of public approval. His genius was original, and he

¹ Perhaps the expense, or part-expense, of equipping a war-ship

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followed it fearlessly, and so became an innovator in his handling of the religious and ethical problems presented by the old legends, in the literary setting he gave to these, and even in the technicalities of stage-presentation. As originality makes conquest of the official judges of literature last, and as his work ran counter to a host of prejudices, honest and otherwise,¹ it is hardly surprising that his plays gained the first prize only five times in fifty years.

But the number of these official recognitions is no index of his real popularity, of his hold on the hearts, not only of his countrymen, but of all who spoke his mother-tongue. It is told how on two occasions the bitterest enemies of Athens so far yielded to his spell, that for his sake they spared to his conquered countrymen, to captured Athens, the last horrors of war, the last humiliation of the vanquished. After death he became, and remained, so long as Greek was a living language, the most popular and the most influential of the three great masters of the drama. His nineteenth-century eclipse has been followed by a reaction in which he is recognised as

¹ "He was baited incessantly by a rabble of comic writers, and of course by the great pack of the orthodox and the vulgar"—MURRAY

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presenting one of the most interesting studies in all literature

In his seventy-third year he left Athens and his clamorous enemies, to be an honoured guest at the court of the king of Macedon. There, unharassed by the malicious vexations, the political unrest, and the now imminent perils of Athens, he wrote with a freedom, a rapidity, a depth and fervour of thought, and a splendour of diction, which even he had scarcely attained before.

He died in 406 B.C., and, in a revulsion of repentant admiration and love, all Athens, following Sophocles' example, put on mourning for him. Four plays, which were part of the fruits of his Macedonian leisure, were represented at Athens shortly after his death, and were crowned by acclamation with the first prize, in spite of the attempt of Aristophanes, in his comedy of *The Frogs*, a few months before, to belittle his genius.

His characteristics, as compared with those of his two great brother-dramatists, may be concisely stated thus:—

Aeschylus sets forth the operation of *great principles*, especially of the certainty of divine retribution, and of the persistence of sin as an ineradicable plague-

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tant He believes and trembles Sophocles depicts *great characters* he ignores the malevolence of destiny and the persistent power of evil to him "man is man, and master of his fate" He believes with unquestioning faith Euripides propounds *great moral problems* he analyses human nature, its instincts, its passions, its motives, he voices the cry of the human soul against the tyranny of the supernatural, the selfishness and cruelty of man, the crushing weight of environment He questions "he will not make his judgment blind"

Of more than 90 plays which Euripides wrote, the names of 81 have been preserved, of which 19 are extant—18 tragedies, and one satyric drama, the *Cyclops*. His first play, *The Daughters of Pelas* (lost) was represented in 455 B.C. The extant plays may be arranged, according to the latest authorities, in the following chronological order of representation, the dates in brackets being conjectural (1) *Rhesus* (probably the earliest), (2) *Cyclops*, (3) *Alcestis*, 438, (4) *Medea*, 431, (5) *Children of Hercules*, (429-427), (6) *Hippolytus*, 428, (7) *Andromache*, (430-424), (8) *Hecuba*, (425), (9) *Suppliants*, (421), (10) *Madness of Hercules*, (423-420), (11) *Ion*, (419-416); (12) *Daughters of Troy*, 415, (13) *Electra*, (413);

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(14) *Iphigeneia in Taurica*, (414-412), (15) *Helen*, 412 ;
(16) *Phoenician Maidens*, (411-409), (17) *Orestes*, 408 ,
(18) *Bacchanals*, 405 , (19) *Iphigeneia in Aulis*, 405

In this edition the plays are arranged in three main groups, based on their connexion with (1) the Story of the Trojan War, (2) the Legends of Thebes, (3) the Legends of Athens. The *Alcestis* is a story of old Thessaly. The reader must, however, be prepared to find that the Trojan War series does not present a continuously connected story, nor, in some details, a consistent one. These plays, produced at times widely apart, and not in the order of the story, sometimes present situations (as in *Hecuba*, *Daughters of Troy*, and *Helen*) mutually exclusive, the poet not having followed the same legend throughout the series.

The Greek text of this edition may be called eclectic, being based upon what appeared, after careful consideration, to be the soundest conclusions of previous editors and critics. In only a few instances, and for special reasons, have foot-notes on readings been admitted. Nauck's arrangement of the choruses has been followed, with few exceptions.

The translation (first published 1894-1898) has been revised throughout, with two especial aims,

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closer fidelity to the original, and greater lucidity in expression. It is hoped that the many hundreds of corrections will be found to bring it nearer to the attainment of these objects. The version of the *Cyclops*, which was not included in the author's translation of the Tragedies, has been made for this edition. This play has been generally neglected by English translators, the only existing renderings in verse being those of Shelley (1819), and Wodhull (1782).

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ELECTRA

ARGUMENT

WHEN Agamemnon returned home from the taking of Troy, his adulterous wife Clytemnestra, with help of her paramour Aegisthus, murdered him as he entered the silver bath in his palace. They sought also to slay his young son Orestes, that no avenger might be left alive, but an old servant stole him away, and took him out of the land, unto Phocis. There was he nurtured by king Strophius, and Pylades the king's son loved him as a brother. So Aegisthus dwelt with Clytemnestra, reigning in Argos, where remained now of Agamemnon's seed Electra his daughter only. And these twain marked how Electra grew up in hate and scorn of them, indignant for her father's murder, and fain to avenge him. Wherefore, lest she should wed a prince, and persuade husband or son to accomplish her heart's desire, they bethought them how they should forestall this peril. Aegisthus indeed would have slain her, yet by the queen's counsel forbore, and gave her in marriage to a poor yeoman, who dwelt far from the city, as thinking that from peasant husband and peasant children there should be nought to fear. Howbeit this man, being full of loyalty to the mighty dead and reverence for blood royal, behaved himself to her as to a queen, so that she continued virgin in his house all the days of her adversity. Now when Orestes was grown to man, he journeyed with Pylades his friend to Argos, to seek out his sister, and to devise how he might avenge his father, since by the oracle of Apollo he was commanded so to do.

And herein is told the story of his coming, and how brother and sister were made known to each other, and how they fulfilled the oracle in taking vengeance on tyrant and adulteress.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΥΤΟΤΡΓΟΣ ΜΥΚΗΝΑΙΟΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ΔΙΟΣΚΟΤΡΟΙ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PEASANT, *wedded in name to Electra*

ELECTRA, *daughter of Agamemnon*

ORESTES, *son of Agamemnon*

PYLADES, *son of Strophius, king of Phocis*

CLYTEMNESTRA, *murderess of her husband Agamemnon*

OLD MAN, *once servant of Agamemnon*

MESSENGER, *servant of Orestes*

THE TWIN BRETHREN, *Castor and Pollux, Sons of Zeus*

CHORUS, *consisting of Argive women*

Attendants of Orestes and Pylades, handmaids of Clytemnestra

SCENE —Before the Peasant's cottage on the borders of
Argolis

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΑΓΓΟΤΡΓΟΣ

ὦ γῆς παλαιὸν Ἄργος, Ἰνάχου ῥοαί,
ὄθεν ποτ' ἄρας ναυσὶ χιλιάϊς Ἄρη
εἰς γῆν ἔπλευσε Τρῳάδ' Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ.
κτείνας δὲ τὸν κρατοῦντ' ἐν Ἰλίου χθονὶ
Πρίαμον, ἐλὼν τε Δαρδάνου κλεινὴν πόλιν,
ἀφίκετ' εἰς τόδ' Ἄργος, ὑψηλῶν δ' ἐπὶ
ναῶν τέθεικε σκῦλα πλείστα βαρβάρων.
κάκει μὲν ἡτύχησεν ἐν δὲ δώμασι
θνήσκει γυναικὸς πρὸς Κλυταιμνήστρας δόλῳ
καὶ τοῦ Θυέστου παιδὸς Αἰγίσθου χερὶ.
χῶ μὲν παλαιὰ σκῆπτρα Ταντάλου λιπῶν
ὄλωλεν, Αἴγισθος δὲ βασιλεύει χθονός,
ἄλοχον ἐκείνου Τυνδαρίδα κόρην ἔχων
οὓς δ' ἐν δόμοισιν ἔλιφ', ὅτ' εἰς Τροίαν ἔπλει,
ἄρσενά τ' Ὀρέστην θῆλύ τ' Ἠλέκτρας θάλος,
τὸν μὲν πατὴρ γεραιὸς ἐκκλέπτει τροφεὺς
μέλλοντ' Ὀρέστην χερὸς ὑπ' Αἰγίσθου θανεῖν,
Στροφίῳ τ' ἔδωκε Φωκέων εἰς γῆν τρέφειν·
ἧ δ' ἐν δόμοις ἔμεινεν Ἠλέκτρα πατρός,
ταύτην ἐπειδὴ θαλερὸς εἶχ' ἥβης χρόνος,
μνηστῆρες ἦτον Ἑλλάδος πρῶτοι χθονός.

ELECTRA

Enter PEASANT from the cottage

PEASANT

Hail, ancient Argos, streams of Inachus,
Whence, with a thousand galleys battle-bound,
To Troyland's shore King Agamemnon sailed,
And, having slain the lord of Ilian land,
Priam, and taken Dardanus' buig renowned,
Came to this Argos, and on her high fanes
Hung up unnumbered spoils barbarian
In far lands prospered he , but in his home
Died by his own wife Clytemnestra's guile,
And by Aegisthus' hand, Thyestes' son 10
So, leaving Tantalus' ancient sceptre, he
Is gone, and o'er the realm Aegisthus reigns,
Having to wife that king's wife, Tyndareus'
child

Of those whom Troyward-bound he left at home,
The boy Orestes, and the maid Electra,
His father's fosterer stole the son away,
Orestes, doomed to die by Aegisthus' hand,
And Phocis-ward to Strophius sent, to rear
But in her father's halls Electra stayed,
Till o'er her mantled womanhood's first flush, 20
And Hellas' princes wooing asked her hand

δείσας δὲ μή τῳ παῖδ' ἀριστέων τέκοι
 Ἀγαμέμνωνος ποινάτορ, εἶχεν ἐν δόμοις
 Αἰγισθος, οὐδ' ἤρμοξε νυμφίῳ τινί
 ἐπεὶ δὲ καὶ τοῦτ' ἦν φόβου πολλοῦ πλέων,
 μή τῳ λαθραίως τέκνα γενναίῳ τέκοι,
 κτανεῖν σφε βουλευσάντος ὠμόφρων ὅμως
 μήτηρ νιν ἐξέσωσεν Αἰγίσθου χερός.
 εἰς μὲν γὰρ ἄνδρα σκῆψιν εἶχ' ὀλωλότα,
 παίδων δ' ἔδεισε μὴ φθονηθεῖν φόνῳ
 ἐκ τῶνδε δὴ τοιόνδ' ἐμηχανήσατο
 Αἰγισθος ὃς μὲν γῆς ἀπηλλάχθη φυγὰς
 Ἀγαμέμνωνος παῖς, χρυσὸν εἶφ' ὃς ἂν κτάνη,
 ἡμῖν δὲ δὴ δίδωσιν Ἥλεκτραν ἔχειν
 δάμαρτα, πατέρων μὲν Μυκηναίων ἀπο
 γεγῶσιν οὐ δὴ τοῦτό γ' ἐξελέγχομαι·
 λαμπροὶ γὰρ εἰς γένος γε, χρημάτων γε μὴν
 πένητες, ἔνθεν ἡγέεει' ἀπόλλυται·
 ὥς ἀσθενεῖ δούς ἀσθενῇ λάβοι φόβον
 εἰ γάρ νιν ἔσχεν ἀξίωμ' ἔχων ἀνὴρ,
 εὐδοντ' ἂν ἐξήγειρε τὸν Ἀγαμέμνωνος
 φόνον, δίκη τ' ἂν ἦλθεν Αἰγίσθῳ τότε
 ἦν οὐποθ' ἀνὴρ ὅδε, σύνοιδέ μοι Κύπρις,
 ᾗσχυεν εὐνῇ· παρθένος δ' ἔτ' ἐστὶ δὴ
 αἰσχύνομαι γὰρ ὀλβίων ἀνδρῶν τέκνα
 λαβὼν ὑβρίζειν, οὐ κατὰξιος γεγώς.
 στένω δὲ τὸν λόγοισι κηδεύοντ' ἐμοὶ
 ἄθλιον Ὀρέστην, εἴ ποτ' εἰς Ἄργος μολῶν
 γάμους ἀδελφῆς δυστυχεῖς ἐσόψεται
 ὅστις δέ μ' εἶναί φησι μῶρον, εἰ λαβὼν
 νέαν ἐς οἴκους παρθένον μὴ θιγγάνω,
 γνώμης πονηροῖς κανόσιν ἀναμετρούμενος
 τὸ σῶφρον ἵστω, καὐτὸς αὖ τοιοῦτος ὢν

ELECTRA

Aegisthus then, in fear lest she should bear
To a prince a son, avenger of Agamemnon,
Kept her at home, betrothed her unto none
But, since this too with haunting dread was
 fraught,
Lest she should bear some noble a child of
 stealth,
He would have slain her, yet, how cruel soe'er,
Her mother saved her from Aegisthus' hand,—
A plea she had for murder of her lord,
But feared to be abhorred for children's blood — 30
Wherefore Aegisthus found out this device
On Agamemnon's son, who had fled the land,
He set a price, even gold to whoso slew,
But to me gives Electra, her to have
To wife,—from Mycenaean fathers sprung
Am I, herein I may not be contemned,
Noble my blood is, but in this world's goods
I am poor, whereby men's high descent is maried,—
To make his fear naught by this spouse of naught
For, had she wed a man of high repute, 40
Agamemnon's slumbering blood-feud had he waked,
Then on Aegisthus vengeance might have fallen
But never I—Cypris my witness is—
Have shamed her couch a virgin is she yet
Myself think shame to take a prince's child
And outrage—I, in birth unmeet for her '
Yea, and for him I sigh, in name my kin,
Hapless Orestes, if to Argos e'er
He come, and see his sister's wretched marriage
If any name me fool, that I should take 50
A young maid to mine home, and touch her not,
Let him know that he meteth chastity
By his own soul's base measure—base as he

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

60 ὦ νύξ μέλαινα, χρυσέων ἄστρον τροφέ,
 ἐν ᾗ τόδ' ἄγγος τῷδ' ἐφεδρεῖον κάρᾳ
 φέρουσα πηγὰς ποταμίας μετέρχομαι,
 οὐ δὴ τι χρείας εἰς τοσόνδ' ἀφιγμένη,
 ἀλλ' ὥς ὕβριν δείξωμεν Αἰγίσθου θεοῖς,
 γόους τ' ἀφίημι αἰθέρ' εἰς μέγαν πατρί
 ἢ γὰρ πανώλης Τυνδαρίς μήτηρ ἐμὴ
 ἐξέβαλέ μ' οἴκων, χάριτα τιθεμένη πόσει
 τεκούσα δ' ἄλλους παῖδας Αἰγίσθῳ πάρα
 πάρεργ' Ὀρέστην καμὲ ποιεῖται δόμων

ΑΓΓΟΥΡΓΟΣ

τί γὰρ τάδ', ὦ δύστην', ἐμὴν μοχθεῖς χάριν
 πόνους ἔχουσα, πρόσθεν εὖ τεθραμμένη,
 καὶ ταῦτ' ἐμοῦ λέγοντος οὐκ ἀφίστασαι ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

70 ἐγὼ σ' ἴσον θεοῖσιν ἡγοῦμαι φίλον·
 ἐν τοῖς ἐμοῖς γὰρ οὐκ ἐνύβρισας κακοῖς.
 μεγάλη δὲ θνητοῖς μοῖρα συμφορᾶς κακῆς
 ἱατρὸν εὐρεῖν, ὥς ἐγὼ σὲ λαμβάνω
 δεῖ δὴ με κακέλευστον εἰς ὅσον σθένω
 μόχθου ἴπικουφίζουσιν, ὥς ῥᾶον φέρῃς,
 συνεκκομίζω σοι πόνους· ἄλλῃ δ' ἔχεις
 τᾶξωθεν ἔργα τᾶν δόμοις δ' ἡμᾶς χρεῶν
 ἐξευτρεπίζειν. εἰσιόντι δ' ἐργάτῃ
 θύραθεν ἡδὺ τᾶνδον εὐρίσκειν καλῶς

ΑΓΓΟΥΡΓΟΣ

80 εἴ τοι δοκεῖ σοι, στείχε· καὶ γὰρ οὐ πρόσω
 πηγαὶ μελάθρων τῶνδ'. ἐγὼ δ' ἄμ' ἡμέρᾳ
 βούς εἰς ἀρούρας εἰσβαλὼν σπερῶ γῆρας.
 ἀργὸς γὰρ οὐδεὶς θεοὺς ἔχων ἀνὰ στόμα
 βίον δύναται· ἂν ξυλλέγειν ἄνευ πόγου.

ELECTRA

Enter ELECTRA, with a water-jar upon her head

ELECTRA

Hail, black-winged Night, nurse of the golden stars,
Wherein I bear this pitcher on mine head
Poised, as I fare to river-cradling springs,—
Not that I do this of pure need constrained,
But to show Heaven Aegisthus' tyranny,—
And wail to the broad welkin for my sire
For mine own mother, Tyndareus' baleful child,
Thrust me from home, to pleasure this her spouse,
And, having borne Aegisthus other sons,
Thrusteth aside Orestes' rights and mine

60

PEASANT

Why wilt thou toil, O hapless, for my sake,
Thus, nor refrain from labour,—thou of old
Royally nurtured,—though I bid thee so?

ELECTRA

Kind I account thee even as the Gods,
Who in mine ills hast not insulted me,
High fortune this, when men for sore mischance
Find such physician as I find in thee
I ought, as strength shall serve, yea, though forbid,
To ease thy toil, that lighter be thy load,
And share thy burdens Work enow afield
Hast thou beseems that I should keep the house
In order When the toiler cometh home,
'Tis sweet to find the household fan-arrayed

70

PEASANT

If such thy mind, pass on in sooth not far
The springs are from yon cot I at the dawn
Will drive my team afield and sow the glebe
None idle—though his lips aye prate of Gods—
Can gather without toil a livelihood

80

[*Exeunt* PEASANT and ELECTRA

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Πυλάδῃ, σὲ γὰρ δὴ πρῶτον ἀνθρώπων ἐγὼ
 πιστὸν νομίζω καὶ φίλον ξένον τ' ἐμοί
 μόνος δ' Ὀρέστην τόνδ' ἐθαύμαζες φίλων
 πράσσονθ' ἂ πράσσω δεῖν ὑπ' Αἰγίσθου παθῶν,
 ὃς μου κατέκτα πατέρα χῆ πανώλεθρος
 μήτηρ ἀφίγμαι δ' ἐκ θεοῦ χρηστηρίων¹
 Ἀργεῖον οὐδας, οὐδενὸς ξυνειδότος,
 φόνον φονεῦσι πατρὸς ἀλλάξων ἐμοῦ
 90 νυκτὸς δὲ τῆσδε πρὸς τάφον μολῶν πατρὸς
 δάκρυά τ' ἔδωκα καὶ κόμης ἀπηρξάμην
 πυρᾷ τ' ἐπέσφαξ' αἷμα μηλείου φόνου,
 λαθὼν τυράννους οἱ κρατοῦσι τῆσδε γῆς.
 καὶ τειχέων μὲν ἐντὸς οὐ βαίνω πόδα,
 δυοῖν δ' ἄμιλλαν ξυντιθεῖς ἀφικόμην
 πρὸς τέρμονας γῆς τῆσδ', ἵν' ἐκβάλω ποδὶ
 ἄλλην ἐπ' αἶαν, εἴ μέ τις γνοίῃ σκοπῶν,
 ζητῶν τ' ἀδελφὴν, φασὶ γάρ νιν ἐν γάμοις
 100 ζευχθεῖσαν οἰκεῖν, οὐδὲ παρθένον μένειν,
 ὥς συγγένωμαι καὶ φόνου συνεργάτιν
 λαβὼν τά γ' εἴσω τειχέων σαφῶς μάθω.
 νῦν οὖν, Ἔως γὰρ λευκὸν ὄμμ' ἀναίρεται,
 ἔξω τρίβου τοῦδ' ἵχνος ἀλλαξώμεθα
 ἢ γάρ τις ἀροτὴρ ἢ τις οἰκέτις γυνή
 φανήσεται νῶν, ἥντιν' ἱστορήσομεν
 εἰ τούσδε ναίει σύγγονος τόπους ἐμή
 ἀλλ' εἰσορῶ γὰρ τήνδε προσπόλων τινά,
 πηγαῖον ἄχθος ἐν κεκαρμένῳ κάρῃ
 110 φέρουσιν ἐξώμεσθα κάκπυθώμεθα
 δούλης γυναικός, ἣν τι δεξώμεσθ' ἔπος
 ἐφ' οἷσι, Πυλάδῃ, τήνδ' ἀφίγμεθα χθόνα

¹ Barnes for MSS *μυστηρίων* "from Phoebus' mystic shrine."

ELECTRA

Enter ORESTES and PYLADES

ORESTES

Pylades, foremost thee of men I count
In loyalty, love, and friendship unto me
Sole of Orestes' friends, thou hast honoured me
In this my plight, wronged foully by Aegisthus,
Who, with my utter-baneful mother, slew
My sire . At Phoebus' oracle-hest I come
To Argos' soil, none privy thereunto,
To pay my father's murderers murder-wage
This night o'erpast to my sire's tomb I went , 90
There tears I gave and offerings of shorn hair,
And a slain sheep's blood poured upon the grave,
Unmarked of despot-rulers of this land
And now I set not foot within their walls,
But blending two assays in one I come
To this land's border,—that to another soil
Forth I may flee, if any watch and know me ,
To seek withal my sister,—for she dwells
In wedlock yoked, men say, nor bides a maid,—
To meet her, for the vengeance win her help, 100
And that which passeth in the city learn
Now—for the Dawn uplifteth eyelids white—
Step we a little from this path aside
Haply shall some hind or some bondwoman
Appear to us, of whom we shall inquire
If in some spot hereby my sister dwell
Lo, yonder I discern a serving-maid
Who on shorn head her burden from the spring
Bears crouch we low, then of this bondmaid ask,
If tidings haply we may win of that 110
For which we came to this land, Pylades

[ORESTES and PYLADES retire to rear

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

- σύντειν', ὦρα, ποδὸς ὀρμάν· στρ. α'
 ὦ ἔμβα ἔμβα κατακλαίονσα
 ἰὼ μοί μοι
 ἐγενόμαν Ἀγαμέμνονος
 κούρα, καί μ' ἔτεκε Κλυταιμνήστρα,
 στυγνὰ Τυνδάρειω κόρα·
 κυκλήσκουσι δέ μ' ἀθλίαν
 Ἥλέκτραν πολιῆται.
 120 φεῦ φεῦ τῶν σχετλίων πόνων
 καὶ στυγεράς ζόας
 ὦ πάτερ, σὺ δ' ἐν Ἀῖδα
 κείσαι, σᾶς ἀλόχου σφαγαῖς
 Αἰγίσθου τ', Ἀγάμεμνον
- ἴθι τὸν αὐτὸν ἔγειρε γόον, μεσφδ.
 ἄναγε πολύδακρυν ἄδονάν.
- σύντειν', ὦρα, ποδὸς ὀρμάν· αντ. α'
 ὦ ἔμβα ἔμβα κατακλαίονσα
 130 ἰὼ μοί μοι
 τίνα πόλιν, τίνα δ' οἶκον, ὦ
 τλᾶμον σύγγονε, λατρεύεις
 οἰκτρὰν ἐν θαλάμοις λιπῶν
 πατράοις ἐπὶ συμφοραῖς
 ἀλγίσταισιν ἀδελφάν ;
 ἔλθοις τῶνδε πόνων ἐμοὶ
 τᾷ μελέᾳ λυτῇ,
 ὦ Ζεῦ Ζεῦ, πατρί θ' αἱμάτων
 ἐχθίστων ἐπίκουρος, Ἄρ-
 γει κέλσας πόδ' ἀλάταν.
- 140 θῆς τόδε τεῦχος ἐμᾶς ἀπὸ κρατὸς ἐ- στρ. β'

ELECTRA

Re-enter ELECTRA

ELECTRA

Bestir thou, for time presses, thy foot's speed ; (*Str* 1)

Haste onward weeping bitterly

I am his child, am Agamemnon's seed,—

Alas for me, for me !—

And I the daughter Clytemnestra bore,

Tyndareus' child, abhorred of all,

And me the city-dwellers evermore

Hapless Electra call

Woe and alas for this my lot of sighing, 120

My life from consolation banned !

O father Agamemnon, thou art lying

In Hades, thou whose wife devised thy dying—

Her heart, Aegisthus' hand

(*Mesode*)

On, wake once more the selfsame note of grieving

Upraise the dirge of tears that bring relieving

Bestir thou, for time presses, thy foot's speed, (*Ant* 1)

Haste onward weeping bitterly

Ah me, what city sees thee in thy need,

Brother ?—alas for thee !

130

In what proud house hast thou a bondman's place,

Leaving thy woeful sister lone

Here in the halls ancestral of our race

In sore distress to moan ?

Come, a Redeemer from this anguish, heeding

My desolation and my pain

Come Zeus, come Zeus, the champion of a bleeding

Father most foully killed—to Argos leading

The wanderer's feet again

(*Str* 2)

Set down this pitcher from thine head : 140

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

λούσ', ἵνα πατρὶ γόους νυχίους
 ἐπορθρεύσω,
 ἰαχὰν μέλος Ἀΐδα,
 Ἀΐδα, πάτερ,
 σοὶ κατὰ γᾶς ἐννέπω γόους,
 οἷς αἰὲ τὸ κατ' ἄμαρ
 διέπομαι, κατὰ μὲν φίλαν
 ὄνυχι τεμνομένα δέραν,
 χέρα δὲ κρᾶτ' ἐπὶ κούριμον
 τιθεμένα θανάτῳ σῶ.

150 ἐ ἔ, δρύπτε κᾶρα· μεσφδ.
 οἶα δέ τις κύκνος ἀχέτας
 ποταμίους παρὰ χεύμασιν
 πατέρα φίλτατον ἀγκαλεῖ,
 ὀλόμενον δολίοις βρόχων
 ἔρκεσιν, ὥς σὲ τὸν ἄθλιον
 πατέρ' ἐγὼ κατακλαίωμαι,

λουτρὰ πανύσταθ' ὕδρανάμενον χροί, ἀντ β'
 κοίτῃ ἐν οἰκτροτάτῃ θανάτου
 ἰὼ μοί μοι
 160 πικρᾶς μὲν πελέκεως τομᾶς
 σᾶς, πάτερ, πικρᾶς δ'
 ἐκ Τροίας ὀδίου βουλᾶς.
 οὐ μίτραισι γυνή σε
 δέξατ' οὐδ' ἐπὶ στεφάνοις.
 ξίφεσι δ' ἀμφιτόμοις λυγρὰν
 Αἰγίσθου λώβαν θεμένα
 δόλιον ἔσχεν ἀκοίταν.

• ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἀγαμέμνωνος ὦ κόρα, στρ. γ'
 ἤλυθον, Ἠλέκτρα, ποτὶ σὰν ἀγρότειραν αὐλάν

ELECTRA

Let me prevent the moan
 With wailings for a father dead,
 Shrieks down to Hades borne,
 Though the grave's gloom, O father, ringing
 Through Hades' hall to thee I call,
 Day after day my cries outflinging,
 And aye my cheeks are furrowed red
 With blood by rending fingers shed
 Mine hands on mine head smiting fall—
 Mine head for thy death shorn

(*Mesode*)

Rend the hair grief-defiled ! 150
 As swan's note, ringing wild
 Where some broad stream still-stealeth,
 O'er its dear sire outpealeth,
 Mid guileful nets who lies
 Dead—so o'er thee the cries
 Wail, father, of thy child,

Thee, on that piteous death-bed laid (*Ant* 2)
 When that last bath was o'er !
 Woe for the bitter axe-edge swayed,
 Father, adrip with gore ! 160
 Woe for the dread resolve, prevailing
 From Ilion to diaw thee on
 To her that waited thee—not hailing
 With chaplets !—nor with wreaths arrayed
 Wast thou, but with the falchion's blade
 She made thee Aegisthus' sport, and won
 That treacherous paramour

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

Atreides' child, Electra, I have come (*Str* 3)
 Unto thy rustic home

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

170 ἔμολέ τις ἔμολε γαλακτοπότας ἀνὴρ
Μυκηναῖος ὄρειβάτας
ἀγγέλλει δ' ὅτι νῦν τριταί-
αν καρύσσουσιν θυσίαν
'Αργεῖοι, πᾶσαι δὲ παρ' Ἡ-
ραν μέλλουσιν παρθενικαὶ στείχειν

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἐπ' ἀγλαίαις, φίλαι,
θυμὸν οὐδ' ἐπὶ χρυσοῖς
ὄρμοισιν πεπόταμαι
τάλαιν', οὐδ' ἰστᾶσα χοροῦς
180 'Αργείαις ἅμα νύμφαις
εἰλικτὸν κρούσω πόδ' ἐμόν
δάκρυσι νυχεύω, δακρύων δέ μοι μέλει
δειλαία τὸ κατ' ἅμαρ
σκέψαι μου πιναρὰν κόμαν
καὶ τρύχη τάδ' ἐμῶν πέπλων,
εἰ πρέποντ' Ἀγαμέμνονος
κούρα τᾷ βασιλείᾳ
Τροία θ', ἃ τοῦμοῦ πατέρος
μέμναταί ποθ' ἀλοῦσα

ΧΟΡΟΣ

190 μεγάλα θεός· ἀλλ' ἴθι, ἀντ γ'
καὶ παρ' ἐμοῦ χρῆσαι πολύπηνα φάρεα δύναι,
χρῦσεά τε χάρισι προσθήματ' ἀγλαίας.
δοκεῖς τοῖσι σοῖς δακρύοις,
μὴ τιμῶσα θεούς, κρατή-
σειν ἐχθρῶν, οὗτοι στοναχαῖς,
ἀλλ' εὐχαῖσι θεοὺς σεβί-
ζουσ' ἔξεις εὐαμερίαν, ὦ παῖ

ELECTRA

One from Mycenae sped this day is here,
 A milk-fed mountaineer 170
 Argos proclaims, saith he, a festival
 The third day hence to fall,
 And unto Heia's fane must every maid
 Pass, in long pomp arrayed

ELECTRA

Friends, not for thought of festal tide,
 Nor carcanet's gold-gleaming pride
 The pulses of my breast are leaping,
 Nor with the brides of Argos keeping
 The measure of the dance, my feet
 The wreathed maze's time shall beat 180
 Nay, but with tears the night I greet,
 And wear the woeful day with weeping
 Look on mine hair, its glory shorn,
 The disarray of mine attire
 Say, if a princess this beseemeth,
 Daughter to Agamemnon born,
 Or Troy, that, smitten by my sire,
 Of him in nightmare memories dreameth?

CHORUS

Great is the Goddess ¹ borrow then of me (*Ant* 3) 190
 Robes woven cunningly,
 And jewels whereby shall beauty fairer shine
 Dost think these tears of thine,
 If thou give honour not to Gods, shall bring
 Thy foes low?—reverencing
 The Gods with prayers, not groans, shalt thou
 obtain
 Clear shining after rain

¹ Therefore her festival is not lightly to be neglected

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐδεὶς θεῶν ἐνοπὰς κλύει
τᾶς δυσδαίμονος, οὐ παλαι-
200 ὦν πατρὸς σφαγιασμῶν
οἷμοι τοῦ καταφθιμένου
τοῦ τε ζῶντος ἀλάτα,
ὃς που γὰρ ἄλλαν κατέχει
μέλεος ἀλαίνων ποτὶ θῆσσαν ἐστίαν,
τοῦ κλεινοῦ πατρὸς ἐκφύς.
αὐτὰ δ' ἐν χερνήσι δόμοις
ναίω ψυχὰν τακομένα
210 δωμάτων πατρίων φυγὰς,
οὐρείας ἀν' ἐρίπνας.
μάτηρ δ' ἐν λέκτροις φονίους
ἄλλω σύγγαμος οἰκεῖ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλῶν κακῶν Ἑλλησιν αἰτίαν ἔχει
σῆς μητρὸς Ἑλένη σύγγονος δόμοις τε σοῖς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἷμοι, γυναῖκες, ἐξέβην θρηνημάτων
ξένοι τινὲς παρ' οἶκον οἶδ' ἐφεστίους
εὐνὰς ἔχοντες ἐξανίστανται λόχου·
φυγῇ, σὺ μὲν κατ' οἶμον, εἰς δόμους δ' ἐγώ,
φῶτας κακούργους ἐξαλύξωμεν ποδί

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

220 μὲν, ὦ τάλαινα· μὴ τρέσσης ἐμὴν χέρα

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ Φοῖβ' Ἀπολλων, προσπίτνω σε μὴ θανεῖν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄλλους κτάνοιμι μᾶλλον ἐχθίους σέθεν·

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἄπελθε, μὴ ψαῦ' ὦν σε μὴ ψαύειν χρεών.

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

No God regards a wretch's cries,
Nor heeds old flames of sacrifice
Once on my father's altars burning 200
Woe for the dead, the unreturning !
Woe for the living, homeless now,
In alien land constrained, I trow
To serfdom's board in grief to bow—
That hero's son afar sojourning !
In a poor hovel I abide,
An exile from my father's door,
Wasting my soul with tears outwelling,
Mid scaurs of yon wild mountain-side — 210
My mother with her paramour
In murder-bond the while is dwelling !

CHORUS

Of many an ill to Hellas and thine house
Was Helen, sister of thy mother, cause

ORESTES *and* PYLADES *approach*

ELECTRA

Woe's me, friends !—needs must I break off my moan !
Lo, yonder, strangers ambushed nigh the house
Out of their hiding-place are rising up !
With flying feet—thou down the path, and I
Into the house,—flee we from evil men !

ORESTES (*intercepting her*)

Tarry, thou hapless one fear not mine hand 220

ELECTRA

Phoebus, I pray thee that I be not slain !

ORESTES (*extending his hand to hers*)

God grant I slay some more my foes than thee !

ELECTRA

Hence !—touch not whom beseems thee not to touch

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅτου θίγοιμ' ἂν ἐνδικώτερον.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ πῶς ξιφήρης πρὸς δόμοις λοχᾶς ἐμοῖς ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μείνας' ἄκουσον, καὶ τάχ' οὐκ ἄλλως ἐρεῖς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἔστηκα πάντως δ' εἰμὶ σή· κρείσσων γὰρ εἶ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἦκω φέρων σοι σοῦ κασιγνήτου λόγους

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ φίλτατ', ἄρα ζῶντος ἢ τεθνηκότος ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

230 ζῇ πρῶτα γάρ σοι τ'ἀγάθ' ἀγγέλλειν θέλω.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

εὐδαιμονοίης, μισθὸν ἡδίστων λόγων

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κοινῇ δίδωμι τοῦτο νῶν ἀμφοῖν ἔχειν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ποῦ γῆς ὁ τλήμων τλήμονας φυγὰς ἔχων ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐχ ἓνα νομίζων φθείρεται πόλεως νόμον

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐ που σπανίζων τοῦ καθ' ἡμέραν βίου ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔχει μέν, ἀσθενὴς δὲ δὴ φεύγων ἀνὴρ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

λόγον δὲ δὴ τίν' ἦλθες ἐκ κείνου φέρων ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰ ζῆς, ὅπως τε ζῶσα συμφορᾶς ἔχεις.

ELECTRA

ORESTES

None is there whom with better right I touch

ELECTRA

Why sword in hand waylay me by mine house ?

ORESTES

Tarry and hear my words shall soon be thine

ELECTRA

I stand, as in thy power,—the stronger thou

ORESTES

I come to bring thee tidings of thy brother

ELECTRA

Friend—friend !—and liveth he, or is he dead ?

ORESTES

He liveth first the good news would I tell 230

ELECTRA

Blessings on thee, thy need for words most sweet !

ORESTES

This blessing to us twain I give to share

ELECTRA

What land hath he for weary exile's home ?

ORESTES

Outcast, he claims no city's citizenship

ELECTRA

Not—surely not in straits for daily bread ?

ORESTES

That hath he yet the exile helpless is

ELECTRA

And what the message thou hast brought from him ?

ORESTES

Liv'st thou ?—he asks, and, living, what thy state ?

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκουν ὀράς μου πρῶτον ὡς ξηρὸν δέμας ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λύπαις γε συντετηκός, ὥστε με στένειν

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ κρᾶτα πλόκαμόν τ' ἐσκυθισμένον ξυρῶ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δάκνει σ' ἀδελφὸς ὃ τε θανὼν ἴσως πατήρ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἴμοι, τί γάρ μοι τῶνδ' ἐστὶ φίλτερον ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φεῦ φεῦ τί δ' αὖ σὺ σῶ κασιγνήτῳ δοκεῖς ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἀπὼν ἐκεῖνος, οὐ παρὼν ἡμῖν φίλος

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐκ τοῦ δὲ ναίεις ἐνθάδ' ἄστεως ἐκάς ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐγημάμεσθ', ὦ ξεῖνε, θανάσιμον γάμον

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ῥῆμωξ' ἀδελφὸν σόν Μυκηναίων τινί ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐχ ὧ πατήρ μ' ἤλπιζεν ἐκδώσειν ποτέ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἴφ', ὡς ἀκούσας σῶ κασιγνήτῳ λέγω.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐν τοῖσδ' ἐκείνου τηλορὸς ναίω δόμοις

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σκαφεύς τις ἢ βουφορβὸς ἄξιος δόμων.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πένης ἀνὴρ γειναῖος εἷς τ' ἔμ' εὐσεβής

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἡ δ' εὐσέβεια τίς πρόσσεστι σῶ πόσει ,

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

Seest thou not how wasted is my form ?—

ORESTES

So sorrow-broken that myself could sigh 240

ELECTRA

Mine head withal—my tresses closely shorn.

ORESTES

Heart-wrung by a brother's fate, a father's death ?

ELECTRA

Ah me, what is to me than these more dear ?

ORESTES

Alas ! art thou not to thy brother dear ?

ELECTRA

Far off he stays, nor comes to prove his love

ORESTES

Why dost thou dwell here, from the city far ?

ELECTRA

I am wedded, stranger—as in bonds of death

ORESTES

A Mycenaean lord ? Alas thy brother !

ELECTRA

Not one to whom my sire once hoped to wed me

ORESTES

Tell me, that hearing I may tell thy brother. 250

ELECTRA

In this his house from Argos far I live

ORESTES

Delver or neatherd should but match such house !

ELECTRA

Poor, yet well-born, and reverencing me

ORESTES

Now what this reverence rendered of thy spouse ?

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐπώποτ' εὐνῆς τῆς ἐμῆς ἔτλη θιγεῖν

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄγνευμ' ἔχων τι θεῖον ἢ σ' ἀπαξιῶν ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

γονέας ὑβρίζειν τοὺς ἐμοὺς οὐκ ἠξίου

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ πῶς γάμον τοιοῦτον οὐχ ἥσθη λαβών ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐ κύριον τὸν δόντα μ' ἡγεῖται, ξένε

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

260 ξυνήκ' Ὀρέστη μὴ ποτ' ἐκτίση δίκην

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τοῦτ' αὐτὸ ταρβῶν, πρὸς δὲ καὶ σώφρων ἔφν

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φεῦ

γενναῖον ἄνδρ' ἔλεξας, εὖ τε δραστέον.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

εἰ δὴ ποθ' ἤξει γ' εἰς δόμους ὁ νῦν ἀπών

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μήτηρ δέ σ' ἡ τεκούσα ταῦτ' ἠνέσχετο ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

γυναῖκες ἀνδρῶν, ὦ ξέν', οὐ παίδων φίλαι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τίνος δέ σ' εἶνεχ' ὑβρισ' Αἰγισθος τάδε ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τεκεῖν μ' ἐβούλετ' ἀσθενῇ, τοιῷδε δούς

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὥς δῆθε παῖδας μὴ πέκοις ποινάτορας ;

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

Never hath he presumed to touch my couch

ORESTES

A vow of chastity, or scorn of thee ?

ELECTRA

He took not on him to insult my sires

ORESTES

How ? did he not exult to win such bride ?

ELECTRA

He deems that who betrothed me had not right

ORESTES

I understand '—and feared Orestes' vengeance ? 260

ELECTRA

Yea, this yet virtuous is he therewithal

ORESTES

A noble soul this, worthy of reward !

ELECTRA

Yea, if the absent to his home return

ORESTES

But did the mother who bare thee suffer this ?

ELECTRA

Wives be their husbands', not their children's
friends

ORESTES

Why did Aegisthus this despite to thee ?

ELECTRA

That weaklings¹ of weak sire my sons might prove

ORESTES

Ay, lest thou bear sons to avenge the wrong ?

¹ i e Politically and socially

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τοιαυτ' ἐβούλευσ'· ὦν ἐμοὶ δοίη δίκην

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

270 οἶδεν δέ σ' οὔσαν παρθένον μητρὸς πόσις ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ οἶδε σιγῇ τοῦθ' ὑφαιρούμεσθά νιν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

αἶδ' οὖν φίλαι σοι τούσδ' ἀκούουσιν λόγους ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὥστε στέγειν γε τὰμὰ καὶ σ' ἔπη καλῶς

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δῆτ' Ὀρέστης πρὸς τάδ', Ἄργος ἦν μόλη ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἥρου τόδ' , αἰσχρὸν γ' εἶπας οὐ γὰρ νῦν ἀκμή ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐλθὼν δὲ δὴ πῶς φονέας ἂν κτάνοι πατρός ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τολμῶν ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν οἷ' ἐτολμήθη πατήρ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἦ καὶ μετ' αὐτοῦ μητέρ' ἂν τλαίης κτανεῖν ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ταὐτῷ γε πελέκει τῷ πατήρ ἀπώλετο.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

280 λέγω τάδ' αὐτῷ, καὶ βέβαια τὰπὸ σοῦ ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

θάνοιμι μητρὸς αἷμ' ἐπισφάξας' ἐμῆς

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φεῦ·

εἴθ' ἦν Ὀρέστης πλησίον κλύων τάδε

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἄλλ', ὦ ξέν', οὐ γνοίην ἂν εἰσιδαῦσά νιν,

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

So schemed he—God grant I requite him yet !

ORESTES

Knows he, thy mother's spouse, thou art maiden still ? 270

ELECTRA

Nay, for by silence this we hide from him

ORESTES

Friends, then, are these which hearken these thy
words ?

ELECTRA

Yea, true to keep thy counsel close and mine

ORESTES

What help, if Argos-ward Orestes came ?

ELECTRA

Thou ask !—out on thee !—is it not full time ?

ORESTES

How slay his father's murderers, if he came ?

ELECTRA

Daring what foes against his father dared

ORESTES

And with him wouldst thou, couldst thou, slay thy
mother ?

ELECTRA

Ay !—with that axe whereby my father died !

ORESTES

This shall I tell him for thy firm resolve ? 280

ELECTRA

My mother's blood for *his*—then welcome death !

ORESTES

Ah, were Orestes nigh to hear that word !

ELECTRA

But, stranger, though I saw, I should not know him

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

νέα γάρ, οὐδὲν θαῦμ', ἀπεζεύχθης νέου

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

εἷς ἂν μόνος νιν τῶν ἐμῶν γνοίῃ φίλων

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄρ' ὃν λέγουσιν αὐτὸν ἐκκλέψαι φόνου,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πατρός γε παιδαγωγὸς ἀρχαῖος γέρων

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὁ κατθανὼν δὲ σὸς πατὴρ τύμβου κυρεῖ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἔκυρσεν ὥς ἔκυρσεν, ἐκβληθεὶς δόμων

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

290

οἶμοι, τόδ' οἶον εἶπας· αἰσθησις γὰρ οὖν
καὶ τῶν θυραίων πημάτων δάκνει βροτούς
λέξον δ', ἵν' εἰδὼς σὺ κασιγνήτῳ φέρω
λόγους ἀτερπεῖς, ἀλλ' ἀναγκαίους κλύειν
ἔνεστι δ' οἶκτος, ἀμαθία μὲν οὐδαμοῦ,
σοφοῖσι δ' ἀνδρῶν καὶ γὰρ οὐδ' ἀζήμιον
γνώμην ἐνεῖναι τοῖς σοφοῖς λίαν σοφὴν

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ γὰρ τὸν αὐτὸν τῷδ' ἔρον ψυχῆς ἔχω
πρόσω γὰρ ἄστεως οὔσα τὰν πόλει κακὰ
οὐκ οἶδα, νῦν δὲ βούλομαι καὶ γὰρ μαθεῖν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

300

λέγοιμ' ἂν, εἰ χρή· χρή δὲ πρὸς φίλον λέγειν
τύχας βαρείας τὰς ἐμὰς καμμοῦ πατρός
ἐπεὶ δὲ κινεῖς μῦθον, ἱκετεύω, ξένε,
ἄγγελλ' Ὀρέστη τὰ μὰ καὶ κείνου κακά,
πρῶτον μὲν οἷοις ἐν πέπλοις αὐλίζομαι,¹

¹ So MSS. Weil reads αὐαίνομαι, "wastes my life away".
Tucker suggests ἀγλάζομαι (ironical) "I am fair-arrayed".

ELECTRA

ORESTES

No marvel—a child parted from a child

ELECTRA

One only of my friends would know him now,—

ORESTES

Who stole him out of murder's clutch, men say ?

ELECTRA

That old man, once the child-waif of my sire

ORESTES

And thy dead father—hath he found a tomb ?

ELECTRA

Such tomb as he hath found, flung forth his halls !

ORESTES

Ah me, what tale is this !—Yea, sympathy 290
Even for strangers' pain wings human hearts
Tell on, that, knowing, to thy brother I
May bear the joyless tale that must be heard
Yea, pity dwells, albeit ne'er in churls,
Yet in the wise—this is the penalty
Laid on the wise for souls too finely wrought

CHORUS

His heart's desire, the same is also mine
For, from the town far dwelling, nought know I
The city's sins now fain would I too hear

ELECTRA

Tell will I—if I may Sure I may tell 300
A friend my grievous fortune and my sire's
Since thou dost wake the tale, I pray thee, stranger,
Report to Orestes all mine ills and his
Tell in what raiment I am hovel-housed,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πίνω θ' ὅσφ' βέβριθ', ὑπὸ στέγαισί τε
 οἴαισι ναίω βασιλικῶν ἐκ δωμάτων,
 αὐτὴ μὲν ἐκμοχθοῦσα κερκίσιν πέπλους,
 ἢ γυμνὸν ἔξω σῶμα καὶ στερήσομαι,
 αὐτὴ δὲ πηγὰς ποταμίους φορουμένη
 310 ἀνέορτος ἱερῶν καὶ χορῶν τητωμένη,
 ἀναίνομαι γυναῖκας, οὔσα παρθένος,
 ἀναίνομαι δὲ Κάστορ', ᾧ, πρὶν εἰς θεοὺς
 ἐλθεῖν ἔμ' ἐμνήστευον, οὔσαν ἐγγενῇ
 μήτηρ δ' ἐμὴ Φρυγίοισιν ἐν σκυλεύμασι
 θρόνῳ κάθεται, πρὸς δ' ἔδραισιν Ἀσίδες
 δμῳαὶ στατίζουσ', ἃς ἔπερσ' ἐμὸς πατήρ,
 Ἰδαῖα φάρη χρυσέαις ἐξευγμέναι
 πόρπαισιν αἶμα δ' ἔτι πατρὸς κατὰ στέγας
 320 μέλαν σέσηπεν· ὃς δ' ἐκείνον ἔκτανεν,
 εἰς ταῦτ' αἰνῶν ἄρματ' ἐκφοιτᾷ πατρί,
 καὶ σκῆπτρ' ἐν οἷς Ἑλλήσιν ἐστρατηλάτει
 μαιφόνοισι χερσὶ γαυροῦται λαβών.
 Ἀγαμέμνωνος δὲ τύμβος ἡτιμασμένος
 οὔπω χροάς ποτ' οὐδὲ κλῶνα μυρσίνης
 ἔλαβε, πυρὰ δὲ χέρσος ἀγλαισμάτων
 μέθη δὲ βρεχθεὶς τῆς ἐμῆς μητρὸς πόσις
 ὁ κλεινός, ὥς λέγουσιν, ἐνθρόσκει τάφῳ
 πέτροις τε λύνει μνήμα λάινον πατρός,
 καὶ τοῦτο τολμᾷ τοῦπος εἰς ἡμᾶς λέγειν·
 330 ποῦ παῖς Ὀρέστης, ἄρά σοι τύμβῳ καλῶς
 παρὼν ἀμύνει, ταῦτ' ἀπὼν ὑβρίζεται.
 ἀλλ', ὦ ξέν', ἰκετεύω σ', ἀπάγγελτον τάδε·
 πολλοὶ δ' ἐπιστέλλουσιν, ἐρμηνεὺς δ' ἐγώ,
 αἱ χεῖρες, ἢ γλῶσσ' ἢ ταλαίπωρός τε φρὴν
 κάρα τ' ἐμὸν ξυρῆκες ὃ τ' ἐκείνου τεκῶν
 αἰσχροὺν γάρ, εἰ πατὴρ μὲν ἐξεῖλεν Φρύγας,

ELECTRA

Under what squalor I am crushed, and dwell
 Under what roof, after a palace home,
 How mine own shuttle weaves with pain my robes,—
 Else must I want, all vestitureless my frame,—
 How from the stream myself the water bear,
 Banned from the festal rite, denied the dance, 310
 No part have I with wives, who am a maid,
 No part in Castor, though they plighted me
 To him, my kinsman, ere to heaven he passed
 Mid Phrygian spoils upon a throne the while
 Sitteth my mother at her footstool stand
 Bondmaids of Asia, captives of my sire,
 Their robes Idaean with the brooches clasped
 Of gold—and yet my sue's blood 'neath the
 loofs,

A dark clot, festers! He that murdered him
 Mounteth his very car, rides forth in state, 320
 The sceptre that he marshalled Greeks withal
 Flaunting he graspeth in his blood-stained hand
 And Agamemnon's tomb is set at nought
 Drink-offerings never yet nor myrtle-spray
 Had it, a grave all bare of ornament
 Yea, with wine drunken, he, my mother's spouse—
 Named of men "glorious"—leaps upon the grave,
 And pelts with stones my father's monument,
 And against us he dares to speak this taunt
 "Where is thy son Orestes?—bravely nigh 330
 To shield thy tomb!" So is the absent mocked
 But, stranger, I beseech thee, tell him this
 Many are summoning him,—their mouthpiece I,—
 These hands, this tongue, this stricken heart of
 mine,
 My shorn head, his own father therewithal
 Shame, that the sire destroyed all Phrygia's race,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὁ δ' ἄνδρ' ἐν' εἰς ὧν οὐ δυνήσεται κτανεῖν
νέος πεφυκῶς καὶ ἁμείνωνος πατρός

ΧΟΡΟΣ

340

καὶ μὴν δέδορκα τόνδε, σὸν λέγω πόσιν,
λήξαντα μόχθου πρὸς δόμους ὠρμημένον.

ΑΥΤΟΤΡΓΟΣ

ἔα· τίνας τούσδ' ἐν πύλαις ὀρώ ξένους,
τίνος δ' ἑκατι τάσδ' ἐπ' ἀγραύλους πύλας
προσήλθον, ἥ' μοῦ δεόμενοι, γυναικί τοι
αἰσχρὸν μετ' ἀνδρῶν ἐστάναι νεανιῶν

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ φίλτατ', εἰς ὑποπτα μὴ μόλῃς ἐμοί
τὸν ὄντα δ' εἴσει μῦθον οἶδε γὰρ ξένοι
ἤκουσ' Ὀρέστου πρὸς με κήρυκες λόγων.
ἀλλ', ὦ ξένοι, σύγγνωτε τοῖς εἰρημένοις.

ΑΥΤΟΤΡΓΟΣ

τί φασίν; ἀνὴρ ἔστι καὶ λεύσσει φάος,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

350

ἔστιν λόγῳ γοῦν φασὶ δ' οὐκ ἄπιστ' ἐμοί

ΑΥΤΟΤΡΓΟΣ

ἦ καί τι πατὴρ σὼν τε μέμνηται κακῶν,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐν ἐλπίσιν ταῦτ'· ἀσθενὴς φεύγων ἀνὴρ.

ΑΥΤΟΤΡΓΟΣ

ἦλθον δ' Ὀρέστου τίν' ἀγορεύοντες λόγον;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σκοποὺς ἔπεμψε τούσδε τῶν ἐμῶν κακῶν

ΑΥΤΟΤΡΓΟΣ

οὐκ οὐν τὰ μὲν λεύσσουσι, τὰ δὲ σύ που λέγεις,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἴσασιν, οὐδὲν τῶνδ' ἔχουσιν ἐνδεές.

ELECTRA

And the son singly cannot slay one man,
Young though he be, and of a nobler sire !

CHORUS

But lo, yon man—thy spouse it is I name—
Hath ceased from toil, and homeward hasteneth. 340

Enter PEASANT

PEASANT

How now ? What strangers these about my doois ?
For what cause unto these my rustic gates
Come they ?—or seek they me ? Beseemeth not
That with young men a wife should stand in talk

ELECTRA

O kindest heart, do not suspect me thou,
And thou shalt hear the truth These strangers come
Heralds to me of tidings of Orestes
And, O ye strangers, pardon these his words

PEASANT

What say they ? Liveth he, and seeth light ?

ELECTRA

Yea, by their tale—and I mistrust it not 350

PEASANT

Ha !—and remembereth thy sire's wrongs and thine ?

ELECTRA

Hope is as yet all weak the exile is

PEASANT

And what word from Orestes have they brought ?

ELECTRA

These hath he sent, his spies, to mark my wrongs

PEASANT

They see but part thou haply tell'st the rest ?

ELECTRA

They know, hereof nought lacketh unto them

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΑΥΤΟΤΡΓΟΣ

οὐκοῦν πάλαι χρῆν τοῖσδ' ἀνεπτόχθαι πύλας.
χωρεῖτ' ἐς οἴκους ἀντὶ γὰρ χρηστῶν λόγων
ξενίων κυρήσεθ', οἷ' ἐμὸς κεύθει δόμος
360 αἴρεσθ', ὀπαδοί, τῶνδ' ἔσω τεύχη δόμων
καὶ μηδὲν ἀντεῖπητε, παρὰ φίλου φίλοι
μολόντες ἀνδρός καὶ γὰρ εἰ πένης ἔφυν,
οὔτοι τό γ' ἦθος δυσγενὲς παρέξομαι

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πρὸς θεῶν, ὃδ' ἀνὴρ δς συνεκκλέπτει γάμους
τοὺς σούς, Ὀρέστην οὐ κατασχύνειν θέλων ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὔτος κέκληται πόσις ἐμὸς τῆς ἀθλίας

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φεῦ·
οὐκ ἔστ' ἀκριβὲς οὐδὲν εἰς εὐανδρίαν
ἔχουσι γὰρ παραγμὸν αἱ φύσεις βροτῶν
ἤδη γὰρ εἶδον παῖδα γενναίου πατρὸς
370 τὸ μηδὲν ὄντα, χρηστὰ δ' ἐκ κακῶν τέκνα,
λιμὸν τ' ἐν ἀνδρὸς πλουσίου φρονήματι,
γνώμην δὲ μεγάλην ἐν πένητι σώματι.
πῶς οὖν τις αὐτὰ διαλαβὼν ὀρθῶς κρινεῖ ,
πλούτῳ , πονηρῷ τᾶρα χρήσεται κριτῇ
ἢ τοῖς ἔχουσι μηδέν ; ἀλλ' ἔχει νόσον
πενία, διδάσκει δ' ἀνδρα τῇ χρεῖα κακόν
ἀλλ' εἰς ὅπλ' ἔλθω , τίς δὲ πρὸς λόγῃην βλέπων
μάρτυς γένοιτ' ἂν ὅστις ἐστὶν ἀγαθός ,
κράτιστον εἰκῇ ταῦτ' ἔαν ἀφειμένα.
380 οὔτος γὰρ ἀνὴρ οὔτ' ἐν Ἀργείοις μέγας
οὔτ' αὖ δοκήσει δωμάτων ὠγκωμένος,
ἐν τοῖς δὲ πολλοῖς ὢν, ἄριστος ἡύρέθη.
οὐ μὴ ἀφρονήσεθ', οἷ' κενῶν δοξασμάτων

ELECTRA

PEASANT

Then should our doors ere this have been flung
wide

Pass ye within for your fan tidings' sake
Receive such guest-cheer as mine house contains
Ye henchmen, take their gear these doors within 360
Say me not nay—friends are ye from a friend
Which come to me for, what though I be poor,
Yet will I nowise show a low-born soul [*Goes to rear*

ORESTES

'Fore heaven, is this the man who keepeth close
Thy wedlock-secret, not to shame Orestes ?

ELECTRA

Even he, named spouse of me the hapless one

ORESTES

Lo, there is no sure test for manhood's worth
For mortal natures are confusion-fraught
I have seen ere now a noble father's son
Proved nothing-worth, seen good sons of ill sines, 370
Starved leanness in a rich man's very soul,
And in a poor man's body a great heart
How then shall one discern 'twixt these and
judge ?

By wealth ?—a sorry test were this to use
Or by the lack of all ?—nay, poverty
Is plague-struck, schooling men to sin through need
To prowess shall I turn me ?—who, that looks
On spears, can swear which spearman's heart is
brave ?

Leave Fortune's gifts to fall out as they will !
Lo, this man is not among Aigives great, 380
Nor by a noble house's name exalted,
But one of the many—proved a king of men !
Learn wisdom, ye which wander aimless, swoln

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

390 πλήρεις πλανᾷσθε, τῇ δ' ὁμιλία βροτοὺς
 κρινεῖτε καὶ τοῖς ἡθεσιν τοὺς εὐγενεῖς ,
 οἱ γὰρ τοιοῖδε τὰς πόλεις οἰκοῦσιν εὖ
 καὶ δώμαθ', αἱ δὲ σάρκες αἱ κεναὶ φρενῶν
 ἀγάλματ' ἀγορᾶς εἰσιν οὐδὲ γὰρ δόρυ
 μᾶλλον βραχίον σθεναρὸς ἀσθενοῦς μένει
 ἐν τῇ φύσει δὲ τοῦτο κἂν εὐψυχία
 ἀλλ' ἄξιος γὰρ ὅ τε παρὼν ὁ τ' οὐ παρὼν
 Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖς, οὐπερ εἶνεχ' ἤκομεν,
 δεξώμεθ' οἴκων καταλύσεις χωρεῖν χρεῶν,
 δμῶες, δόμων τῶνδ' ἐντός ὡς ἐμοὶ πένης
 εἴη πρόθυμος πλουσίου μᾶλλον ξένος
 αἰνῶ μὲν οὖν τοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς εἰσδοχὰς δόμων
 ἐβουλόμην δ' ἄν, εἰ κασίγνητός με σὸς
 εἰς εὐτυχοῦντας ἦγεν εὐτυχῶν δόμους
 400 ἴσως δ' ἂν ἔλθοι Λοξίου γὰρ ἔμπεδοι
 χρησμοί, βροτῶν δὲ μαντικὴν χαίρειν ἐῷ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

νῦν ἢ πάροιθεν μᾶλλον, Ἥλέκτρα, χαρᾷ
 θερμαινόμεσθα καρδίαν ἴσως γὰρ ἂν
 μόλις προβαίνουσ' ἢ τύχη σταίη καλῶς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ τλήμον, εἰδὼς δωμάτων χρεῖαν σέθεν
 τί τούσδ' ἐδέξω μείζονας σαντοῦ ξένους ,

ΑΥΤΟΥΡΓΟΣ

τί δ' , εἴπερ εἰσὶν ὡς δοκοῦσιν εὐγενεῖς,
 οὐκ ἔν τε μικροῖς ἐν τε μὴ στέρξουσ' ὁμῶς ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

410 ἐπεὶ νυν ἐξήμαρτες ἐν σμικροῖσιν ὦν,
 ἔλθ' ὡς παλαιὸν τροφὸν ἐμοῦ φίλον πατρός
 ὃς ἀμφὶ ποταμὸν Ταναὸν Ἀργείας ὄρους
 τέμνοντα γαίας Σπαρτιάτιδος τε γῆς

ELECTRA

With vain imaginings by converse judge
Men, even the noble by their daily walk
For such be they which govern states aright
And homes but fleshly bulks devoid of wit
Are statues in the market-place Nor bides
The strong arm staunchlier than the weak in fight,
But this of nature's inborn courage springs 390
But—seeing worthy is Agamemnon's son,
Present or absent, for whose sake we come,—
Accept we shelter of this roof Ho, thralls,
Enter this house For me the host whose heart
Leaps out in welcome, rather than the rich !
Thanks for the welcome into this man's house ,
Yet fain would I it were thy brother now
That prospering led me into prosperous halls
Yet may he come , for Loxias' oracles
Fail not Of men's soothsaying will I none 400

[ORESTES and PYLADES enter cottage

CHORUS

Now, more than heretofore, Electra, glows
Mine heart with joy Thy fortune now, though late
Advancing, haply shall be stablished fair

ELECTRA

Poor man, thou know'st thine house's poverty.
Wherefore receive these guests too great for thee ?

PEASANT

How ?—an they be of high birth, as they seem,
Will they content them not with little or much ?

ELECTRA

Since then thou so hast eried, and thou so poor,
Go to the ancient fosterer of my sire,
Who on the banks of Tanaus, which parts 410
The Argive marches from the Spartan land,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ποιίμναις ὁμαρτεῖ πόλεος ἐκβεβλημένος·
 κέλευε δ' αὐτὸν εἰς δόμους ἀφίγμενον
 ἔλθειν, ξένων τ' εἰς δαῖτα πορσύναι τινα
 ἥσθησεται τοι καὶ προσεύξεται θεοῖς,
 ζῶντ' εἰσακούσας παῖδ' ὃν ἐκσώζει ποτέ
 οὐ γὰρ πατρώων ἐκ δόμων μητρὸς πάρα
 λάβοιμεν ἄν τι· πικρὰ δ' ἀγγείλαιμεν ἄν,
 εἰ ζῶντ' Ὀρέστην ἢ τάλαιν' αἰσθοιτ' ἔτι

Αἴτοτρος

- 420 ἀλλ' εἰ δοκεῖ σοι, τοῖσδ' ἀπαγγελῶ λόγους
 γέροντι· χῶρει δ' εἰς δόμους ὅσον τάχος
 καὶ τᾶνδον ἐξάρτυε πολλά τοι γυνή
 χρήζουσ' ἄν εὖροι δαιτὶ προσφορήματα
 ἔστιν δὲ δὴ τοσαῦτά γ' ἐν δόμοις ἔτι,
 ὥσθ' ἔν γ' ἐπ' ἡμαρ τοῖσδε πληρῶσαι βορᾶς.
 ἐν τοῖς τοιούτοις δ' ἡνίκ' ἄν γνώμη πέσῃ,
 σκοπῶ τὰ χρήμαθ' ὥς ἔχει μέγα σθένος,
 ξένους τε δοῦναι σῶμά τ' εἰς νόσον πεσόν
 430 δαπάναισι σῶσαι· τῆς δ' ἐφ' ἡμέραν βορᾶς
 εἰς μικρὸν ἤκει· πᾶς γὰρ ἐμπλησθεὶς ἀνὴρ
 ὁ πλούσιός τε χῶ πένης ἴσον φέρει.

Χορός

- κλειναὶ νᾶες, αἵ ποτ' ἔμβατε Τροίαν στρ. α'
 τοῖς ἀμετρήτοις ἑρετμοῖς
 πέμπουσαι χοροὺς μετὰ Νηρηίδων,
 ἔν' ὁ φίλαυλος ἔπαλλε δελ-
 φὶς πρόραις κυανεμβόλοις
 εἰλισσόμενος,
 πορεύων τὸν τᾶς Θέτιδος
 440 κούφον ἄλμα ποδῶν Ἀχιλῆ
 σὺν Ἀγαμέμνονι Τρωϊάς
 ἐπὶ Σιμουντίδας ἀκτάς

ELECTRA

An outcast from our city, tends his flocks
Bid him to wend home straightway, and to come
And furnish somewhat for the strangers' meat
He shall rejoice, yea, render thanks to heaven,
To hear how lives the child whom once he saved
For of my mother from my father's halls
Nought should we gain our tidings should we rue
If that wretch heard that yet Orestes lives

PEASANT

If thus thou wilt, thy message will I bear 420
To yon grey sire but pass thou in with speed,
And there make ready Woman's will can find
Many a thing shall eke the feasting out
Yea, and within the house is store enough
To satisfy for one day these with meat
In such things, when my thoughts turn thitherward,
I mark what mighty vantage is in wealth,
To give to guests, to medicine the body
In sickness, but for needs of daily food
Not far it reacheth Each man, rich and poor, 430
Can be but filled, when hunger is appeased

[*Exit* PEASANT ELECTRA *enters the cottage*]

CHORUS

O galleys renowned, by your myriad-sweeping (*Str* 1)
Oars hauled high on the Trojan strand,
Whom the Sea-maids followed, with dances
surrounding [ing
Your dusky prows, when the dolphin was bound-
Around them, bewitched by your music, and leaping
In sinuous rapture on every hand,
Escorting Achilles, the fleetfoot son
Of Thetis, with King Agamemnon on
Unto where broad Simois, seaward-creeping 440
Rippled and glittered o'er Trojan sand

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Νηρήδες δ' Εὐβοΐδας ἀκτὰς λιπούσαι ἀντ. α'
 Ἑφαίστου χρυσέων ἀκμόνων
 μόχθους ἀσπιστὰς ἔφερον τευχέων,
 ἀνά τε Πήλιον ἀνά τε πρύ-
 μνας Ὅσσας ἱερὰς νάπας,
 Νυμφαΐας σκοπιάς,
 ἐμάστευον, ἔνθα πατήρ
 ἱππότας τρέφεν Ἑλλάδι φῶς,
 Θέτιδος εἰνάλιον γόνον,
 ταχύπορον πόδ' Ἀτρείδαις.

Ἰλιόθεν δ' ἔκλυόν τινος ἐν λιμέσιν στρ β'
 Ναυπλίοισι βεβῶτος
 τὰς σᾶς, ὦ Θέτιδος παῖ,
 κλεινὰς ἀσπίδος ἐν κύκλῳ
 τοιάδε σήματα, δείματα
 Φρύγια, τετύχθαι
 περιδρόμῳ μὲν ἵπτος ἔδρα
 Περσέα λαιμοτόμον ὑπὲρ
 ἄλος ποτανοῖσι πεδίλοι-
 σι φυὰν Γοργόνος ἴσχειν,
 Διὸς ἀγγέλω σὺν Ἑρμῇ
 τῷ Μαΐας ἀγροτῇρι κούρῳ

ἐν δὲ μέσῳ κατέλαμπε σάκει φαέθων ἀντ β'
 κύκλος αἰελλοιο
 ἵπποισι ἅμ πτεροέσσαις
 ἄστρων τ' αἰθέριοι χοροί,
 Πλειάδες, Ὕαδες, Ἑκτορος
 ὄμμασι τροπαῖοι·
 ἐπὶ δὲ χρυσοτύπῳ κράνει
 Σφίγγες ὄνυξιν ἀοίδιμον

ELECTRA

And the Sea-maids fleeted by shores Euboean (*Ant* 1)
From the depths where the golden anvils are
Of the Fire-god, a hero's harness bearing—
Over Pelion, over the wild spurs faring
Of Ossa, over the glens Nymphæan,
From the watchtower-crags outgazing afar
They sought where his father, the chariot-lord,
Fostered for Thetis a sea-born ward,
A light for Hellas, a victory-pæan, 450
The fleetfoot help to the Atreids' war

Of a farer from Ilium heard I the story, (*Str* 2)
Who had stepped to the strand in the Nauphan
haven,
Heard, O Thetis' son, of thy buckler of glory,
Of the blazonry midst of the round of it graven
Whose god-fashioned tokens of terror made craven
The hearts of the Trojans in battle adread,—
How gleamed on the border that compassed its
splendour
Perseus, on sandals swift-winged as he fled 460
Bearing throat-severed the Gorgon-fiend's head,
While Maia's son, Prince of the Fields, for defender,
Herald of Zeus, at his side ever sped

(*Ant* 2)
And flamed in the midst of the buckler outblazing
The orb of the Sun-god, his heaven-track riding
On the car after coursers wing-wafted on-racing
And therein were the stais in their sky-dance
gliding,
The Pleiads and Hyades, evil-betiding
To Hector, for death in his eyes did they fling [ing
On the golden-forged helmet were Sphinxes, bear- 470
In their talons the victim that minstrels sing

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἄγραν φέρουσai περιπλεύρω
 δὲ κύτει πύρπνοος ἔσπεν-
 δε δρόμῳ λέαινα χαλαῖς
 Πειρηναῖον ὀρώσα πῶλον ἐπῶδ

ἄορι δ' ἐν φονίῳ¹ τετραβάμονες ἵπποι ἔπαλλον,
 κελαινὰ δ' ἀμφὶ νῶθ' ἴετο κόνις
 τοιῶνδ' ἀνακτα δοριπόνων
 480 ἔκανες ἀνδρῶν, Τυνδαρί,
 σὰ λέχεα, κακόφρων κόρα
 τοιγάρ σέ ποτ' οὐρανίδαί
 πέμπουσιν θανάτοις ἧ σὰν
 ἔτ' ἔτι φόνιον ὑπὸ δέραν
 ὄψομαι αἶμα χυθὲν σιδάρῳ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ποῦ ποῦ νεᾶνις πότνι' ἐμῇ δέσποινά τε,
 Ἀγαμέμνωνος παῖς, ὅν ποτ' ἐξέθρεψ' ἐγώ,
 490 ὥς πρόσβασιν τῶνδ' ὀρθίαν οἴκων ἔχει
 ῥυσθῇ γέροντι τῷδε προσβῆναι ποδί
 ὅμως δὲ πρὸς γε τοὺς φίλους ἐξελκτέον
 διπλῆν ἄκανθαν καὶ παλίρροπον γόνυ
 ὦ θύγατερ, ἄρτι γάρ σε πρὸς δόμοις ὀρώ,
 ἦκω φέρων σοι τῶν ἐμῶν βοσκημάτων
 ποίμνης νεογνὸν θρέμμ' ὑποσπάσας τόδε,
 στεφάνους τε τευχέων τ' ἐξελὼν τυρεύματα,
 παλαιόν τε θησαύρισμα Διονύσου τόδε
 ὁσμῇ κατῆρες, μικρόν, ἀλλ' ἐπεισβαλεῖν
 ἡδὺ σκύφον τοῦδ' ἀσθeneστέρῳ ποτῷ.
 ἴτω φέρων τις τοῖς ξένοις τὰδ' εἰς δόμους
 ἐγὼ δὲ τρύχει τῷδ' ἐμῶν πέπλων κόρας
 δακρύοισι τέγξας ἐξομόρξασθαι θέλω

¹ Hartung for ἐν δὲ δόρῳ of MSS

ELECTRA

On the corslet his bosom encompassing
 The fire-breathing lioness rushed, up-glancing
 At the winged steed tripped by Penene's spring¹
(*Epode*)

And battle-steeds pranced on his falchion of slaughter,
 O'er then shoulders was floating the dark dust-
 cloud —

And thou slewest the chieftain, O Tyndareus' daughter, 480
 That captained such heroes, so godlike and proud!
 Thine adultery slew him, O thou false-hearted!

Therefore the Dwellers in Heaven shall repay
 Death unto thee in the on-coming day
 I shall see it—shall see when the life-blood hath started
 From thy neck at the kiss of the steel that shall slay!

Enter OLD MAN

OLD MAN

Where shall the princess, my young mistress, be,
 Child of the great king fostered once of me?
 How steep ascent hath she to this her home
 For mine eld-wrinkled feet to attain thereto! 490
 Howbeit to those I love must I drag on
 Mine age-cramped spine, must drag my bowing knees

Enter ELECTRA

Daughter,—for now I see thee at thy door,—
 Lo, I am come I bring thee from my flocks
 A suckling lamb, yea, taken from the ewe,
 Gailands, and cheeses from the presses drawn,
 And this old treasure-drop of the Wine-god's boon,
 Rich-odoured—little enow, yet weaker draughts
 Are turned to nectar, blent with a cup of this
 Let one bear these unto thy guests within 500
 Lo, with this tattered vesture am I fain
 To wipe away the tears that dim mine eyes.

¹ Bellerophon, mounted on Pegasus, attacking the Chimaera

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τί δ', ὦ γεραιέ, διάβροχον τόδ' ὄμμ' ἔχεις ,
μὼν τὰμὰ διὰ χρόνου σ' ἀνέμνησεν κακά ,
ἢ τὰς Ὀρέστου τλήμονας φυγὰς στένεις
καὶ πατέρα τὸν ἐμὸν, ὃν ποτ' ἐν χεροῖν ἔχων
ἀνόνητ' ἔθρεψάς σοί τε καὶ τοῖς σοῖς φίλοις ,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

510 ἀνόνηθ' ὅμως δ' οὖν τοῦτό γ' οὐκ ἠνεσχόμην.
ἦλθον γὰρ αὐτοῦ πρὸς τάφον πάρεργ' ὁδοῦ,
καὶ προσπεσὼν ἔκλαυσ', ἐρημίας τυχὼν,
σπονδὰς τε, λύσας ἄσκον δν φέρω ξένοις,
ἔσπεισα, τύμβῳ δ' ἀμφέθηκα μυρσίνας
πυρᾶς δ' ἐπ' αὐτῆς οἷν μελάγχχιμον πόκῳ
σφάγιον ἐσεῖδον αἷμά τ' οὐ πάλαι χυθὲν
ξανθῆς τε χαίτης βοστρύχους κεκαρμένους
καθαύμας, ὦ παῖ, τίς ποτ' ἀνθρώπων ἔτλη
πρὸς τύμβον ἐλθεῖν οὐ γὰρ Ἀργείων γέ τις·
ἀλλ' ἦλθ' ἴσως πον σὸς κασίγνητος λάθρα,
520 μολῶν δ' ἐθαύμας ἄθλιον τύμβον πατρός.
σκέψαι δὲ χαίτην προστιθείσα σῇ κόμῃ,
εἰ χρῶμα ταῦτὸν κουρίμης ἔσται τριχός
φιλεῖ γάρ, αἷμα ταῦτὸν οἷς ἂν ἦ πατρός,
τὰ πόλλ' ὅμοια σώματος πεφυκέναι

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἄξι' ἀνδρός, ὦ γέρον, σοφοῦ λέγεις,
εἰ κρυπτὸν εἰς γῆν τήνδ' ἂν Αἰγίσθου φόβῳ
δοκεῖς ἀδελφὸν τὸν ἐμὸν εὐθαρσῇ μολεῖν.
ἔπειτα χαίτης πῶς συνοίσεται πλόκος,
ὁ μὲν παλαιστραῖς ἀνδρὸς εὐγενοῦς τραφεῖς,
ὁ δὲ κτενισμοῖς θήλυς , ἀλλ' ἀμήχανον.
530 πολλοῖς δ' ἂν εὖροις βοστρύχους ὁμοπτέρους

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

Whence to thine eyes, grey sire, this sorrow-rain ?
Have mine ills wakened memories long asleep ?
Or for Orestes' exile groanest thou,
And for my sire, whom in thine arms of old
Thou fosteredst ?—all in vain for thee and thine !

OLD MAN

In vain ! Yet this despair could I not brook
I turned, in coming, to his tomb aside,
There kneeling, for its desolation wept, 510
Poured a drink-offering from the skin I bare
Thy guests, and crowned the tomb with myrtle-
sprays
But—on the grave a black-fleeced ewe I saw
New-slain, and blood but short time since out-
poured,
And severed locks thereby of golden hair !
I marvelled, daughter, who of men had dared
Draw nigh the tomb no Argive he, I wot
Haply thy brother hath in secret come,
And honoured so his father's grave forlorn
Look on the tress ; yea, lay it to thine hair, 520
Mark if the shorn lock's colour be the same
For they which share one father's blood shall oft
By many a bodily likeness kinship show

ELECTRA

Not worthy a wise man, ancient, be thy words—
To think mine aweless brother would have come,
Fearing Aegisthus, hither secretly
Then, how should tress be matched with tress of
hair—
That, a young noble's trained in athlete-strife,
This, womanlike comb-sleeked ? It cannot be.
Sooth, many shouldst thou find of hair like-hued, 530

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ μὴ γεγῶσιν αἵματος ταυτοῦ, γέρον
ἀλλ' ἢ τις αὐτοῦ τάφον ἐποικτείρας ξένος¹
ἐκέirat', ἢ τῆσδε σκοπὸς λαθὼν χθονός

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ.

σὺ δ' εἰς ἵχνος βᾶς' ἀρβύλης σκέψαι βάσιν,
εἰ σύμμετρος σῶ ποδὶ γενήσεται, τέκνον

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πῶς δ' ἂν γένοιτ' ἂν ἐν κραταιλέῳ πέδῳ
γαίας ποδῶν ἔκμακτρον, εἰ δ' ἔστιν τόδε,
δυοῖν ἀδελφοῖν ποὺς ἂν οὐ γένοιτ' ἴσος
ἀνδρός τε καὶ γυναικός, ἀλλ' ἄρσῃν κρατεῖ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

540

οὐκ ἔστιν, εἰ καὶ γῆν κασίγνητος μόλοι,
κερκίδος ὅτῳ γνοίης ἂν ἐξύφασμα σῆς,
ἐν ᾧ ποτ' αὐτὸν ἐξέκλεψα μὴ θανεῖν,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ οἶσθ', Ὀρέστης ἡνίκ' ἐκπίπτει χθονός,
νέαν μ' ἔτ' οὔσαν, εἰ δὲ κᾶκρεκον πέπλους,
πῶς ἂν τότ' ὦν παῖς ταῦτ' ἄν ἔχοι φάρη,
εἰ μὴ ξυναύξοιθ' οἱ πέπλοι τῷ σώματι;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

οἱ δὲ ξένοι ποῦ, βούλομαι γὰρ εἰσιδὼν
αὐτοὺς ἐρέσθαι σοῦ κασιγνήτου πέρι

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἷδ' ἐκ δόμων βαίνουσι λαιψηρῶ ποδί.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

550

ἀλλ' εὐγενεῖς μέν, ἐν δὲ κιβδήλῳ τόδε·
πολλοὶ γὰρ ὄντες εὐγενεῖς εἰσιν κακοί
ὅμως δὲ χαίρειν τοὺς ξένους προσεννέπω

¹ This line and the next are transferred by Paley from their old place after 544

ELECTRA

Though of the same blood, ancient, never born
Nay, pitying his tomb, some stranger shore it,
Or Argive friend, my brother's secret spy

OLD MAN

A sandal's print is there go, look thereon,
Child ; mark if that foot's contour match with thine

ELECTRA

How on a stony plain should there be made
Impress of feet ? Yea, if such print be there,
Brother's and sister's foot should never match—
A man's and woman's greater is the male

OLD MAN

Is there no weft of thine own loom—whereby 540
To know thy brother, if he should return—
Wherein I stole him, years ago, from death ?

ELECTRA

Know'st thou not, when Orestes fled the land,
I was a child ? Yea, had I woven vests,
How should that lad the same cloak wear to-day,
Except, as waxed the body, vestures grew ?

OLD MAN

Where be the strangers ? I would fain behold
And of thine absent brother question them

ELECTRA

Lo, here with light foot step they forth the house
Re-enter ORESTES and PYLADES

OLD MAN (*aside*)

High-born of men —yet false the coin may be, 550
For many nobly born be knaves in gain
Yet—(*aloud*) to the strangers greeting fair I give

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

χαῖρ', ὦ γεραιέ. τοῦ ποτ', Ἥλέκτρα, τόδε
παλαιὸν ἀνδρὸς λείψανον φίλων κυρεῖ ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὗτος τὸν ἀμὸν πατέρ' ἔθρεψεν, ὦ ξένε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί φῆς , ὅδ' ὃς σὸν ἐξέκλεψε σύγγονον ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὅδ' ἔσθ' ὁ σώσας κείνον, εἴπερ ἔστ' ἔτι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔα·

τί μ' εἰσδέδορκεν ὥσπερ ἀργύρου σκοπῶν
λαμπρὸν χαρακτῆρ', ἧ προσεικάζει μέ τῳ ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

560 ἴσως Ὀρέστου σ' ἥλιχ' ἥδεται βλέπων

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φίλου γε φωτός τί δὲ κυκλεῖ πέριξ πόδα ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καυτὴ τόδ' εἰσορῶσα θαυμάζω, ξένε.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

ὦ πότνι', εὐχου, θύγατερ Ἥλέκτρα, θεοῖς—

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τί τῶν ἀπόντων ἢ τί τῶν ὄντων πέρι ,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

λαβεῖν φίλον θησαυρόν, ὃν φαίνει θεός.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ιδού, καλῶ θεούς. ἢ τί δὴ λέγεις, γέρον ,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

βλέψον νυν εἰς τόνδ', ὦ τέκνον, τὸν φίλτατον.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πάσαι δέδοικα, μὴ σύ γ' οὐκέτ' εὖ φρονῆς

ELECTRA

ORESTES

Greeting, grey sirs ! Electra, of thy friends
Who hath this time-worn wreck of man to thine ?

ELECTRA

This, stranger, was my father's foster-son

ORESTES

How say'st thou ?—thus, who stole thy brother
hence ?

ELECTRA

Even he who saved him, if he liveth yet

ORESTES

Why looks he on me, as who eyes the stamp
On silver ?—likening me to any man ?

ELECTRA

Joying perchance to see Orestes' friend

560

ORESTES

Yea, dear he is —yet wherefore pace me round ?

ELECTRA

I also marvel, stranger, seeing this

OLD MAN

Daughter Electra—princess !—pray the Gods—

ELECTRA

For what—of things that are or are not ours ?

OLD MAN

To win the precious treasure God reveals !

ELECTRA

Lo, I invoke them What dost mean, old sire ?

OLD MAN

Look on him now, child,—on thy best-beloved !

ELECTRA

Long have I dreaded lest thy wits be crazed

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

οὐκ εὖ φρονῶ ἔγωγὸν σὸν κασίγνητον βλέπων ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

570

πῶς εἶπας, ὦ γεραί, ἀνέλπιστον λόγον ,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

ὁρᾶν Ὀρέστην τόνδε τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ποῖον χαρακτήρ' εἰσιδών, ὦ πείσομαι ;

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

οὐλὴν παρ' ὀφρύν, ἣν ποτ' ἐν πατρὸς δόμοις
νεβρὸν διώκων σοῦ μέθ' ἡμάχθῃ πεσών.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πῶς φῆς , ὁρῶ μὲν πτώματος τεκμήριον

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

ἔπειτα μέλλεις προσπίτνειν τοῖς φιλτάτοις ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἄλλ' οὐκέτ', ὦ γεραιέ συμβόλοισι γὰρ
τοῖς σοῖς πέπεισμαι θυμόν ὦ χρόνῳ φανείς,
ἔχω σ' ἀέλπτως

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κάξ ἐμοῦ γ' ἔχει χρόνῳ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐδέποτε δόξασ'.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

580

οὐδ' ἐγὼ γὰρ ἤλπισα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐκεῖνος εἰ σύ ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σύμμαχός γέ σοι μόνος,
ἦν ἐκσπᾶσμαι γ' ὃν μετέρχομαι βόλον.
πέποιθα δ' ἡ χρὴ μηκέθ' ἡγεῖσθαι θεούς,
εἰ τᾶδικ' ἔσται τῆς δίκης ὑπέρτερα.

ELECTRA

OLD MAN

I, crazed '—who look upon thy brother,—there '

ELECTRA

What mean'st thou, ancient, by a word past hope ? 570

OLD MAN

I see Orestes, Agamemnon's son

ELECTRA

What token hast thou marked, that I may trust ?

OLD MAN

A scar along his brow · in his father's halls
Chasing with thee a fawn, he fell and gashed it

ELECTRA

How say'st thou ? Yea, I see the mark thereof '

OLD MAN

Now, art thou slow to embrace thy best-beloved ?

ELECTRA

No, ancient, no ' By all thy signs convinced
Mine heart is Thou who hast at last appeared,
Unhoped I clasp thee '

ORESTES

Clasped at last of me '

ELECTRA

Never I looked for this !

ORESTES

Nor dared I hope

580

ELECTRA

And art thou he ?

ORESTES

Yea, thy one champion I,—

If I draw in the net-cast that I seek
And sure I shall ! We must believe no more
In Gods, if wrong shall triumph over right

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔμολες, ἔμολες, ὦ χρόνιος ἡμέρα,
κατέλαμψας, ἔδειξας ἐμφανῇ
πόλει πυρσόν, ὃς παλαιᾷ φυγᾷ
πατρίων ἀπὸ δωμάτων τάλας
ἀλαίνων ἔβα θεὸς αὖ θεὸς
590 ἄμετέραν τις ἄγει
νίκαν, ὦ φίλα.
ἄνεχε χέρας, ἄνεχε
λόγον, ἴει λιτὰς εἰς τοὺς θεούς,
τύχα σοι τύχα
κασίγνητον ἐμβατεῦσαι πόλιν

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἶεν· φίλας μὲν ἡδονὰς ἀσπασμάτων
ἔχω, χρόνῳ δὲ καὶ θις αὐτὰ δώσομεν.
σὺ δ', ὦ γεραιέ, καίριος γὰρ ἦλυθες,
λέξουν, τί δρῶν ἂν φονέα τισαίμην πατρὸς
600 μητέρα τε τὴν κοινωνὸν ἀνοσίῳ γάμων,
ἔστιν τί μοι κατ' Ἄργος εὐμενὲς φίλων,
ἢ πάντ' ἀνεσκευάσμεθ', ὥσπερ αἱ τύχαι;
τῷ συγγένωμαι, νύχιος ἢ καθ' ἡμέραν,
ποῖαν ὁδὸν τραπώμεθ' εἰς ἐχθροὺς ἐμούς,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ὦ τέκνον, οὐδεὶς δυστυχοῦντί σοι φίλος.
εὖρημα γὰρ τὸ χρῆμα γίγνεται τόδε,
κοινῇ μετασχεῖν τάγαθοῦ καὶ τοῦ κακοῦ
σὺ δ', ἐκ βάθρων γὰρ πᾶς ἀνῆρησαι φίλοις
οὐδ' ἐλλέλοιπας ἐλπίδ', ἴσθι μου κλύων,
610 ἐν χειρὶ τῇ σῇ πάντ' ἔχεις καὶ τῇ τύχῃ
πατρῷον οἶκον καὶ πόλιν λαβεῖν σέθεν

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δῆτα δρῶντες τοῦδ' ἂν ἐξικοίμεθα;

ELECTRA

CHORUS

Thou hast come, thou hast come, dawn long delayed !
Thou hast flashed from the sky, thou hast lifted
on high
O'er the land as a beacon the exile that strayed
From his father's halls, while the years dragged by
In misery
Victory ! God unto us is bringing 590
Victory, O my friend !
Lift up thine hands and thy voice upringing
In prayers to the Gods, that, with Fortune flinging
Her shield round about him, thy brother through
Argos' gates may wend !

ORESTES

Hold—the sweet bliss of greeting I receive
Of thee, hereafter must I render back
But, ancient—for in season hast thou come,—
Say, how shall I requite my father's slayer,
And her that shares his guilty couch, my mother ? 600
Have I in Argos any loyal friend,
Or, like my fortunes, am I bankrupt all ?
With whom to league me ?—best were night, or
day ?
What path shall I essay to assault my foes ?

OLD MAN

Ah son, no friend hast thou in thy misfortune
Nay, but this thing as treasure-trove is rare,
That one should share thine evil as thy good
Since thou art wholly, as touching friends, bereft,—
Art even hope-forlorn,—be assured of me,
In thine own hand and fortune is thine all 610
For winning father's house and city again

ORESTES

What shall I do then, to attain thereto ?

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

κτανὼν Θυέστου παῖδα σὴν τε μητέρα

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἤκω 'πὶ τόνδε στέφανον· ἀλλὰ πῶς λάβω ,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

τειχέων μὲν ἔλθων ἐντὸς οὐδ' ἂν εἰ θέλοις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φρουραῖς κέκασται δεξιαῖς τε δορυφόρων ,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ἔγνωσ' φοβεῖται γάρ σε κούχ' εὐδαι σαφῶς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἶεν σὺ δὴ τοῦνθένδε βούλευσον, γέρον

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

κἀμοῦ γ' ἄκουσον· ἄρτι γάρ μ' ἐσηλθέ τι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

620 ἐσθλόν τι μηνύσεις, αἰσθοίμην δ' ἐγώ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

Αἴγισθον εἶδον, ἡνίχ' εἶρπον ἐνθάδε,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

προσηκάμην τὸ ῥηθέν ἐν ποίοις τόποις ,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ἀγρῶν πέλας τῶνδ' ἵπποφορβίων ἔπι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δρῶνθ' ; ὁρῶ γὰρ ἐλπιδ' ἐξ ἀμηχάνων.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

Νύμφαις ἐπόρσυν' ἔροτιν, ὥς ἔδοξέ μοι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τροφεῖα παίδων, ἥ πρὸ μέλλοντος τόκου ,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἓν· βουσφαγεῖν ὠπλίζετο.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πόσων μετ' ἀνδρῶν ; ἥ μόνος δμῶων μέτα ;

ELECTRA

OLD MAN

Thyestes' son and thine own mother slay

ORESTES

To win this prize I come How shall I grasp it ?

OLD MAN

Through yon gates, never, how good soe'er thy will

ORESTES

With guards beset is he, and spearmen's hands ?

OLD MAN

Thou sayest he fears thee, that he cannot sleep

ORESTES

Ay so.—what followeth, ancient, counsel thou

OLD MAN

Hear me—even now a thought hath come to me

ORESTES

Be thy device good, keen to follow I !

620

OLD MAN

Aegisthus saw I, hither as I toiled,—

ORESTES

Now welcome be the word ! Thou saw'st him—where ?

OLD MAN

Nigh to these fields, by pastures of his steeds

ORESTES

What doth he ? From despair I look on hope !

OLD MAN

A feast would he prepare the Nymphs, meseemed

ORESTES

For nursing-dues of babes, or birth at hand ?

OLD MAN

Nought know I, save his purposed sacrifice

ORESTES

With guards how many ?—or alone with thralls ?

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

οὐδεὶς παρῆν Ἀργεῖος, οἰκεία δὲ χεῖρ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

630

οὐ πού τις ὅστις γνωριεῖ μ' ἰδών, γέρον ,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

δμῶες μέν εισιν, οἳ σέ γ' οὐκ εἰδόν ποτε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἡμῖν ἂν εἶεν, εἰ κρατοῖμεν, εὐμενεῖς ,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

δούλων γὰρ ἴδιον τοῦτο, σοὶ δὲ σύμφορον

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πῶς οὖν ἂν αὐτῷ πλησιασθείην ποτέ ,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

στείχων ὅθεν σε βουθυτῶν ἐσόψεται

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὁδὸν παρ' αὐτήν, ὥς ἔοικ', ἀγροὺς ἔχει.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ὅθεν γ' ἰδὼν σε δαιτὶ κοινωνὸν καλεῖ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πικρόν γε συνθoinάτορ', ἦν θεὸς θέλη

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

τοῦνθένδε πρὸς τὸ πῦπτον αὐτὸς ἐννόει

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

640

καλῶς ἔλεξας. ἡ τεκούσα δ' ἐστὶ ποῦ ,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

Ἄργει· παρέσται δ' ἐν τάχει θοίνην ἔπι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δ' οὐχ ἄμ' ἐξωρμᾶτ' ἐμὴ μήτηρ πόσει ,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ψόγον τρέμουσα δημοτῶν ἐλείπετο.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ξυνήχ'. ὕποπτος οὔσα γιγνώσκει πόλει.

ELECTRA

OLD MAN

They only of his household , Argives none

ORESTES

None, ancient, who might look on me, and know ? 630

OLD MAN

Thralls are they who looked never on thy face

ORESTES

Haply my partisans, if I prevail ?

OLD MAN

The bondman's wont, by happy chance for thee

ORESTES

How then shall I make shift to approach to him ?

OLD MAN

Pass full in view at hour of sacrifice

ORESTES

Hard by the highway be his lands, I trow

OLD MAN

Thence shall he see, and bid thee to the feast

ORESTES

A bitter fellow-feaster, heaven to help !

OLD MAN

Thereafter thou take thought, as fortune falls

ORESTES

Well hast thou said My mother—where is she ? 640

OLD MAN

In Argos, yet shall soon attend the feast

ORESTES

Why went not forth my mother with her lord ?

OLD MAN

Fearing the people's taunts there tarried she

ORESTES

Yea—knowing how men look askance on her

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

τοιαῦτα· μισεῖται γὰρ ἀνόσιος γυνή.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πῶς οὖν ἐκείνην τόνδε τ' ἐν ταύτῳ κτενῶ ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐγὼ φόνον γε μητρὸς ἐξαρτύσομαι

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ μὴν ἐκείνᾳ γ' ἡ τύχη θήσει καλῶς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὑπηρετεῖτω μὲν δυοῖν ὄντοιν ὅδε.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

650 ἔσται τάδ'· εὐρίσκεις δὲ μητρὶ πῶς φόνον ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

λέγ', ὦ γεραιέ, τάδε Κλυταιμνήστρα μολῶν
λεχῶ μ' ἀπάγγελλ' οὔσαν ἄρσενος τόκου

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

πότ' ἄρα πάλαι τεκούσαν ἦ νεωστὶ δῆ ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

δέχ' ἡλίους, ἐν οἷσιν ἀγνεύει λεχῶ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

καὶ δὴ τί τοῦτο μητρὶ προσβάλλει φόνον ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἥξει κλύουσα λόχ' ἐμοῦ νοσήματα.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

πόθεν ; τί δ' αὐτῇ σοῦ μέλειν δοκεῖς, τέκνον ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ναί· καὶ δακρύσει γ' ἀξίωμ' ἐμῶν τόκων.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΣ

ἴσως· πάλιν τοι μῦθον εἰς καμπὴν ἄγε.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

660 ἐλθοῦσα μέντοι δῆλον ὥς ἀπόλλυται.

ELECTRA

OLD MAN

Even so , a woman for her crimes abhorréd

ORESTES

How shall I slay together him and her ?

ELECTRA

Even I my mother's slaying will prepare.

ORESTES

Good sooth, for *his* shall Fortune smooth the path

ELECTRA

Herein shall twain be served of this one man

OLD MAN

Yea How wilt thou contrive thy mother's death ? 650

ELECTRA

Go, ancient, say to Clytemnestra this—

Report me mother of a child, a male

OLD MAN

Long since delivered, or but as of late ?

ELECTRA

Within these ten days—purifying's space

OLD MAN

Yet—to thy mother how doth this bring death ?

ELECTRA

At tidings of my travail will she come

OLD MAN

How ?—deem'st thou, child, she careth aught for thee ?

ELECTRA

Yea—even to weeping for my babes' high birth !

OLD MAN

Haply yet toward thy goal turn thou thy speech

ELECTRA

Let her but come, and surely is she dead

660

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

καὶ μὴν ἐπ' αὐτάς γ' εἰσίστω δόμων πύλας.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκουν τραπέσθαι σμικρὸν εἰς "Αἰδου τόδε ,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

εἰ γὰρ θάνοιμι τοῦτ' ἰδὼν ἐγὼ ποτε.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πρώτιστα μέν νυν τῷδ' ὑφήγησαι, γέρον.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

Αἰγισθος ἔνθα νῦν θυηπολεῖ θεοῖς ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἔπειτ' ἀπαντῶν μητρὶ τὰπ' ἐμοῦ φράσον

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

ὥστ' αὐτά γ' ἐκ σοῦ στόματος εἰρήσθαι δοκεῖν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σὸν ἔργον ἤδη· πρόσθεν εἰληχας φόνου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

στείχοιμ' ἄν, εἴ τις ἡγεμὼν γίγνοιθ' ὁδοῦ.

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

670 καὶ μὴν ἐγὼ πέμποιμ' ἄν οὐκ ἀκουσίως

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ πατρῷε καὶ τροπαῖ' ἐχθρῶν ἐμῶν,¹

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἴκτειρέ θ' ἡμᾶς, οἴκτρὰ γὰρ πεπόνθαμεν,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

οἴκτειρε δῆτα σούς γε φύντας ἐκγόνους.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

"Ηρα τε, βωμῶν ἢ Μυκηναίων κρατεῖς,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

νίκην δὸς ἡμῖν, εἰ δίκαι' αἰτούμεθα.

¹ Lines 671-682 have been variously arranged and assigned Murray's arrangement is here adopted, as most dramatic.

ELECTRA

OLD MAN

Nay then, to the very house-door let her come

ELECTRA

Is not the bypath thence to Hades' short ?

OLD MAN

Oh but to see this hour, then welcome death !

ELECTRA

First, ancient, then, be guide unto this man.

OLD MAN

To where Aegisthus doeth sacrifice ?

ELECTRA

Then seek my mother, and my message tell

OLD MAN

Yea, it shall seem the utterance of thy lips

ELECTRA (*to Orestes*)

Now to thy work Thou drewest first blood-lot

ORESTES

I will set forth if any guide appear

OLD MAN

Even I will speed thee thither nothing loth

ORESTES

My fathers' God, Zeus, smiter of my foes,

ELECTRA

Pity us · pitiful our wrongs have been

OLD MAN

Yea, pity those whose lineage is of thee !

ELECTRA

Queen of Mycenae's altars, Hera, help !

ORESTES

Giant to us victory, if we claim the right

670

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

δὸς δῆτα πατρὸς τοῖσδε τιμωρὸν δίκην.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ Γαῖ' ἄνασσα, χεῖρας ἦ δίδωμ' ἐμάς,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σύ τ', ὦ κάτω γῆς ἀνοσίως οἰκῶν πάτερ,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

ἄμυν' ἄμυνε τοῖσδε φιλτάτοις τέκνοις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

680 νῦν πάντα νεκρὸν ἔλθ' σύμμαχον λαβών,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὔπερ γε σὺν σοὶ Φρύγας ἀνῆλωσαν δορί,

ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΣ

χῶσοι στυγούσιν ἀνοσίους μιάστορας

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἤκουσας, ὦ δαίμ' ἐξ ἐμῆς μητρὸς παθών,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πάντ', οἶδ', ἀκούει τάδε πατήρ στείχειν δ' ἀκμή.

καὶ σοι προφωνῶ πρὸς τὰδ' Αἰγισθον θανεῖν

ὥς, εἰ παλαισθεῖς πτώμα θανάσιμον πεσεῖ,

τέθνηκα καὶ γώ, μηδέ με ζῶσαν λέγε.

παίσω γὰρ ἡπαρ¹ τοῦμόν ἀμφήκει ξίφει.

δόμων δ' ἔσω βᾶσ' εὐτρεπὲς ποιήσομαι,

690 ὥς, ἣν μὲν ἔλθῃ πύστις εὐτυχῆς σέθεν,

ὀλολύξεται πᾶν δῶμα· θνήσκοντος δὲ σοῦ

τᾶναντί ἔσται τῶνδε· ταῦτά σοι λέγω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πάντ' οἶδα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πρὸς τὰδ' ἄνδρα γίγνεσθαι σε χρή.

ὑμεῖς δέ μοι, γυναῖκες, εὖ πυρσεύετε

¹ Geel for κᾶρα γάρ of MS

ELECTRA

OLD MAN

Grant for then father vengeance unto these !

ELECTRA

O Earth, O Queen, on whom I lay mine hands,

ORESTES

Father, by foul wrong dweller 'neath the earth,

OLD MAN

Help, help them, these thy children best-beloved

ORESTES

Come ! bring all those thy battle-helpers slain, 680

ELECTRA

All them whose spears with thee laid Phrygians low,

OLD MAN

Yea, all which hate defile's impious !

ORESTES

Hear'st thou, O foully-entreated of my mother ?

ELECTRA

Our sire hears all, I know —but time bids forth.

Therefore I warn thee, Aegisthus needs must die

If thou, o'ermastered, fall a deadly fall,

I die too, count me then no more alive .

For I with sword twin-edged will pierce mine heart

Now pass I in, to set in order all,

For, if there come fair tidings touching thee, 690

The house shall shout its joy, but, if thou die,

Far other shall betide Thus charge I thee

ORESTES

All know I

ELECTRA

Wherefore must thou play the man.

And ye, girls, beacon-like raise signal cry

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

κραυγὴν ἀγῶνος τοῦδε. φρουρήσω δ' ἐγὼ
 πρὸ χειρον ἔγχος χειρὶ βαστάζουσ' ἐμῇ
 οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἐχθροῖς τοῖς ἐμοῖς νικωμένη
 δίκην ὑφέξω σῶμ' ἐμὸν καθυβρίσαι

ΧΟΡΟΣ

	ἀταλᾶς ὑπὸ ματρὸς	στρ α'
700	Ἄργείων ὄρέων ποτὲ κληδὼν ἐν πολιαῖσι μένει φάμαις εὐαρμόστοις ἐν καλάμοις Πᾶνα μοῦσαν ἀδύθροον πνέοντ', ἀγρῶν ταμίαν, χρυσέαν ἄρνα καλλίποκον πορεῦσαι πετρίνοις δ' ἐπιστὰς κᾶρυξ ἱαχεν βάθροισ ἀγορὰν ἀγοράν, Μυκηναῖοι, 710 στείχετε μακαρίων ὀψόμενοι τυράννων φάσματα, † δείματα χοροὶ δ' Ἀτρειδᾶν ἐγέραιρον † οἴκους ¹	
	θυμέλαι δ' ἐπίτναντο	ἀντ α'
	χρυσήλατοι, σελαγεῖτο δ' ἄν' ἄστν πῦρ ἐπιβώμιον Ἀργείων λωτὸς δὲ φθόγγον κελάδει	

¹ The text of ll 711, 712 is corrupt, and scholars are not agreed as to the sense

ELECTRA

Of this strife's issue I will keep good watch,
 Holding the sword aye ready in my grasp
 For never, overmastered, to my foes
 Will I for vengeance-outrage yield me up

[*Returns within cottage* *Exeunt* OR *PYL* and *O M*]

CHORUS

In ancient song is the tale yet told¹ (Str 1)
 How Pan, the Master of forest and mead, 700
 Unearthly sweet while the melody rolled
 From his pipes of cunningly-linked reed,
 Did of yore from the mountains of Argos lead,
 From the midst of the tender ewes of the fold,
 A lamb bright-fleeced with the splendour of gold—
 From the steps of marble the herald then
 Cried all the folk to the market-place—
 “To the gathering away, O Argive men!
 On the awesome portent press to gaze 710
 Of the lords of the heaven-favoured race!”
 And with blithe acclaim the dancers came, and with
 songs of praise

(Ant. 1.)

And the gold-laid pavements in glorious wise
 Were tapestry-spread through street on street
 Flashed flames of the Argives' sacrifice,
 And the voices were ringing of flutes most sweet,
 Which render the Muses service meet.

¹ When Atreus and Thyestes both claimed the throne, it was decided that whichever of them should display a divine portent should be king. A lamb with golden fleece appeared amongst the flocks of Atreus, but Aerope, his wife, conveyed it to her paramour Thyestes. Atreus, in revenge, threw Aerope into the sea, murdered Thyestes' sons, and served their flesh up at a feast to their father. Euripides omits the details of this vengeance, and passes on directly to its consequences in the judgment of Heaven.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

720 κάλλιστον, Μουσᾶν θεράπων
 μολπαὶ δ' ἠϋξοντ' ἐραταὶ
 χρυσέας ἀρνὸς ὥς ἐστὶ λάχος¹ Θυέστου·
 κρυφαῖαις γὰρ εὐναῖς
 πείσας ἄλοχον φίλαν
 Ἀτρέως, τέρας ἐκκομίζει πρὸς
 δῶματα νεόμενος δ' εἰς ἀγόρους αὐτεὶ
 τὰν κερόεσσαν ἔ-
 χειν χρυσόμαλλον κατὰ δῶμα ποίμναν.

τότε δὴ τότε φαεινὰς στρ. β'
 ἄστρον μετέβασ' ὁδοῦς
 730 Ζεὺς καὶ φέγγος ἀελίου
 λευκὸν τε πρόσωπον αἰοῦς,
 τὰ δ' ἔσπερα νῶτ' ἐλαύνει
 θερμᾷ φλογὶ θεοπύρῳ,
 νεφέλαι δ' ἐνυδροὶ πρὸς ἄρκτον,
 ξηραὶ τ' Ἀμμωνίδες ἔδραι
 φθίνουσ' ἀπειρόδροσοι,
 καλλίστων ὄμβρων Διόθεν στερεῖσαι

λέγεται, τάδε δὲ πίστιν αντ. β'
 σμικρὰν παρ' ἑμοίγ' ἔχει,
 στρέψαι θερμὰν ἀέλιον
 740 χρυσωπὸν ἔδραν ἀλλάξαν-
 τα δυστυχίᾳ βροτείῳ
 θνατᾶς ἐνεκεν δίκας
 φοβεροὶ δὲ βροτοῖσι μῦθοι
 κέρδος πρὸς θεῶν θεραπείας
 ὧν οὐ μνασθεῖσα πόσιν
 κτείνεις, κλεινῶν συγγενέτερι' ἀδελφῶν

¹ Paley for (corrupt) ἐπίλογοι of MSS

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἔα ἔα

φίλαι, βοῆς ἠκούσατ', ἥ δοκὼ κενὴ
ὑπῆλθέ μ', ὥστε νερτέρᾳ βροντῇ Διός ;
ἰδού, τὰδ' οὐκ ἄσημα πνεύματ' αἴρεται·
δέσποιν', ἄμειψον δώματ', Ἡλέκτρα, τάδε.

750

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

φίλαι, τί χρῆμα ; πῶς ἀγῶνος ἤκομεν ,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδα πλὴν ἔν φόνιον οἰμωγὴν κλύω.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἤκουσα καὶ γώ, τηλόθεν μέν, ἀλλ' ὅμως.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μακρὰν γὰρ ἔρπει γῆρυς, ἐμφανὴς γε μήν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Ἄργεῖος ὁ στεναγμὸς ἢ φίλων ἐμῶν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδα· πᾶν γὰρ μίγνυται μέλος βοῆς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σφαγὴν αὐτεῖς τήνδε μοι· τί μέλλομεν ,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔπισχε, τρανῶς ὥς μάθης τύχης σέθεν

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἔστι· νικώμεσθα· ποῦ γὰρ ἄγγελοι ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

760 ἥξουσιν· οὗτοι βασιλέα φαῦλον κτανεῖν.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ καλλίνικοι παρθένοι Μυκηνίδες,
νικῶντ' Ὀρέστην πᾶσιν ἀγγέλλω φίλοις,
Ἄγαμέμνονος δὲ φονέα κείμενον πέδῳ
Αἴγισθον· ἀλλὰ θεοῖσιν εὐχέσθαι χρεῶν.

ELECTRA

Ha, friends !
Heard ye a great voice—or am I beguiled
Of fancy ?—like earth-muffled thunder of Zeus ?
Lo there, the gale is swelling all too plain !
Princess, come forth thine house !—Electra, come ! 750

Enter ELECTRA

ELECTRA

Friends, what befalls ? How doth our conflict speed ?

CHORUS

I know but this, I hear a cry of death

ELECTRA

I also hear—far off—yet oh, I hear !

CHORUS

Faint from the distance stole the cry, yet clear

ELECTRA

A shriek of Argives ?—or of them I love ?

CHORUS

I know not all confused rang out the strain

ELECTRA

Thine answer is my death !—why linger I ?

CHORUS

Stay, till in certainty thou learn thy fate

ELECTRA

No—vanquished !—where be they, his messengers ?

CHORUS

They yet shall come, not lightly slain are kings 760

Enter MESSENGER

MESSENGER

Victory ! victory, Mycenaean maids !
To all friends, tidings of Orestes' triumph !
Lo heth Agamemnon's murderer
Aegisthus · render thanks unto the Gods

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τίς δ' εἶ σύ , πῶς μοι πιστὰ σημαίνεις τάδε ,

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐκ οἶσθ' ἀδελφοῦ μ' εἰσορώσα πρόσπολον ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ φίλτατ' , ἔκ τοι δείματος δυσγνωσίαν
εἶχον προσώπου· νῦν δὲ γινώσκω σε δὴ
τί φής , τέθνηκε πατὴρ ἐμοῦ στυγνὸς φονεὺς ,

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

770 τέθνηκε δὶς σοι ταῦθ' , ἃ γ' οὖν βούλει, λέγω.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ θεοί, Δίκη τε πάνθ' ὀρώσ', ἡλθές ποτε
ποίω τρόπῳ δὲ καὶ τίνι ῥυθμῷ φόνου
κτείνει Θυέστου παῖδα, βούλομαι μαθεῖν

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἐπεὶ μελάρων τῶνδ' ἀπήραμεν πόδα,
εἰσβάντες ἤμεν δίκροτον εἰς ἀμαξιτόν,
ἔνθ' ἦν ὁ κλεινὸς τῶν Μυκηναίων ἀναξ
κυρεῖ δὲ κήποις ἐν καταρρύτοις βεβώς,
δρέπων τερείνης μυρσίνης κάρᾳ πλόκους
780 ἰδὼν τ' αὐτεῖ· χαίρετ', ὦ ξένοι τίνες ,
πόθεν πορεύεσθ' ; ἔστε τ' ἐκ ποίας χθονός ,
ὁ δ' εἶπ' Ὀρέστης Θεσσαλοί πρὸς δ' Ἀλφεὸν
θύσοντας ἐρχόμεσθ' Ὀλυμπίῳ Δί.
κλύων δὲ ταῦτ' Ἀἴγισθος ἐννέπει τάδε
νῦν μὲν παρ' ἡμῖν χρὴ συνεστίους ἐμοὶ
θόλην γενέσθαι τυγχάνω δὲ βουθυτῶν
Νύμφαις· ἐῷοι δ' ἐξαναστάντες λέχους
εἰς ταῦτόν ἥξετ'. ἀλλ' ἴωμεν εἰς δόμους—
καὶ ταῦθ' ἄμ' ἡγόρευε καὶ χερὸς λαβὼν
παρήγεν ἡμᾶς—οὐδ' ἀπαρνείσθαι χρεῶν.
790 ἐπεὶ δ' ἐν οἴκοις ἤμεν, ἐννέπει τάδε·

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

Who art thou ?—what attests thy tidings' truth ?

MESSENGER

Look,—dost thou know me not,—thy brother's
henchman ?

ELECTRA

O friend, I knew not, out of very fear,
Thy face, but now in very sooth I know
How say'st thou ?—is my sire's foul murderer dead ?

MESSENGER

Dead Twice I say it, since thou will'st it so 770

ELECTRA

Gods ! All-seeing Justice, thou hast come at last !
In what wise, and by what device of death,
Slew he Thyestes' son ? I fain would know

MESSENGER

Soon as our feet from thine abode had passed,
The highway chariot-rutted entered we :
There was this Mycenaean king renowned.
Into his watered garden had he turned,
Plucking soft myrtle-sprays to bind his brows
He saw, and cried, " Hail strangers, who be ye ?
Whence journeying, and children of what land ? " 780
" Thessalians we," Orestes spake, " who seek
Alpheus, to sacrifice to Olympian Zeus "
Now when Aegisthus heard this, answered he
" Nay, at this altar-feast ye needs must be
My guests I sacrifice unto the Nymphs
With morn'ing shall ye rise from sleep, and speed
No less Come, let us go into the house,"—
So speaking, did he take us by the hand,
And led us in,—" ye may not say me nay "
And, when we stood within his doors, he spake 790

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

- λούτρ' ὥς τάχιστα τοῖς ξένοις τις αἰρέτω,
 ὥς ἀμφὶ βωμόν στῶσι χερνίβων πέλας.
 ἀλλ' εἰπ' Ὀρέστης ἀρτίως ἡγνίσμεθα
 λουτροῖσι καθαροῖς ποταμίων ρείθρων ἄπο
 εἰ δὲ ξένους ἀστοῖσι συνθύειν χρεῶν,
 Αἴγισθ', ἔτοιμοι κοῦκ ἀπαρνούμεσθ', ἄναξ
 τούτον μὲν οὖν μεθείσαν ἐκ μέσου λόγον
 λόγχας δὲ θέντες δεσπότην φρουρήματα
 800 δμῶες πρὸς ἔργον πάντες ἴεσαν χέρας
 οἱ μὲν σφαγείον ἔφερον, οἱ δ' ἦρον κανῶ,
 ἄλλοι δὲ πῦρ ἀνήπτον ἀμφὶ τ' ἐσχάρας
 λέβητας ὥρθουν πᾶσα δ' ἐκτύπει στέγη
 λαβὼν δὲ προχύτας μητρὸς εὐνέτης σέθεν
 ἔβαλλε βωμούς, τοιάδ' ἐννέπων ἔπη
 Νύμφαι πετραῖαι, πολλακίς με βουθυτεῖν
 καὶ τὴν κατ' οἴκους Τυνδαρίδα δάμαρτ' ἐμήν
 πρᾶσσοντας ὥς νῦν, τοὺς δ' ἐμούς ἐχθράς
 κακῶς·
 λέγων Ὀρέστην καὶ σέ δεσπότης δ' ἐμὸς
 810 τάναντί' ἠὔχετ', οὐ γεγωνίσκων λόγους,
 λαβεῖν πατρῶα δώματ'. ἐκ κανοῦ δ' ἐλὼν
 Αἴγισθος ὀρθὴν σφαγίδα, μοσχείαν τρίχα
 τεμών, ἐφ' ἀγνὸν πῦρ ἔθηκε δεξιᾷ,
 κάσφαξ' ἐπ' ὤμων μόσχον ὥς ἦραν χεροῖν
 δμῶες, λέγει δὲ σφ' κασιγνήτῳ τάδε
 ἐκ τῶν καλῶν κομποῦσι τοῖσι Θεσσαλοῖς
 εἶναι τόδ', ὅστις ταῦρον ἀρταμεῖ καλῶς
 ἵππους τ' ὀχμάζει. λαβὲ σίδηρον, ὦ ξένε,
 δεῖξόν τε φήμην ἔτυμον ἀμφὶ Θεσσαλῶν.
 820 ὁ δ' εὐκρότητον Δωρίδ' ἀρπάσας χεροῖν,
 ῥίψας ἀπ' ὤμων εὐπρεπὴ πορπάματα
 Πυλάδην μὲν εἴλετ' ἐν πόνοις ὑπηρέτην,

ELECTRA

"Let one with speed bring water for the guests,
That they may compass with cleansed hands the
altar"

But spake Orestes, "In pure river-streams

It was but now we purified ourselves

If strangers may with citizens sacrifice,

Ready we are, nor say thee nay, O King."

Such words they spake in hearing of us all.

Then, laying down their spears, the tyrant's guards,

His thralls, all set their hands unto the work.

Some brought the bowl of slaughter, some the
maunds

800

The fire some kindled, and the caldrons set

Over the hearths · with tumult rang the roofs

Then took thy mother's paramour the meal,

And thus spake, on the altars casting it ·

"Nymphs of the Rocks, vouchsafe me oft, with her,

Mine home-mate Tyndareus' child, to sacrifice,

As now, blest, and my foes in like ill case."

Thee and Orestes meant he, but my lord

Reversed the prayer, low-murmuring, even to win

Ancestral halls Aegisthus from the maund

810

Took the straight blade, the calf's hair shore there-
with,

And on the pure flame with his right hand cast,

Then, when his thralls heaved shoulder-high the calf,

Severed the throat, and to thy brother spake ·

"Herein, men boast, Thessalians take their pride,

In deftly quartering the slaughtered bull,

And taming steeds Take thou the steel, O guest,

And prove the fame of the Thessalians true"

He grasped a fair-wrought Dorian blade in hand,

And from his shoulder cast his graceful cloak,

820

Took Pylades for helper in his task,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

δμῶας δ' ἀπωθεῖ· καὶ λαβὼν μόσχου πόδα,
 λευκὰς ἐγύμνου σάρκας ἐκτείνων χέρα
 θᾶσσον δὲ βύρσαν ἐξέδειρεν ἢ δρομεὺς
 δισσοὺς διαύλους ἱππίους διήνυσσε,
 κἀνεῖτο λαγόνας ἱερὰ δ' εἰς χεῖρας λαβὼν
 Αἰγισθος ἤθρει καὶ λοβὸς μὲν οὐ προσῆν
 σπλάγχνοις, πύλαι δὲ καὶ δοχαὶ χολῆς πέλας
 κακὰς ἐφαινον τῷ σκοποῦντι προσβολάς.
 830 χῶ μὲν σκυθράζει, δεσπότης δ' ἀνιστορεῖ
 τί χρεῖμ' ἀθυμεῖς, ὦ ξέν', ὀρρωδῶ τινα
 δόλον θυραῖον ἔστι δ' ἐχθιστος βροτῶν
 Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖς πολέμιός τ' ἐμοῖς δόμοις
 ὁ δ' εἶπε φυγάδος δῆτα δειμαίνεις δόλον,
 πόλεως ἀνάσσων, οὐχ, ὅπως παστήρια
 θοινασόμεσθα, Φθιάδ' ἀντὶ Δωρικῆς
 οἴσει τις ἡμῖν κοπίδ', ἀπορρήξω χέλυν.
 λαβὼν δὲ κόπτει. σπλάγχνα δ' Αἰγισθος λαβὼν
 ἤθρει διαιρῶν τοῦ δὲ νεύοντος κάτω
 840 ὄνυχας ἐπ' ἄκρους στὰς κασίγνητος σέθεν
 εἰς σφονδύλους ἔπαισε, νωτιαῖα δὲ
 ἔρρηξεν ἄρθρα πᾶν δὲ σῶμ' ἄνω κάτω
 ἤσπαιρεν, ἐσφάδαζε δυσθνήσκον φόνω.
 δμῶες δ' ἰδόντες εὐθύς ἤξαν εἰς δόρυ,
 πολλοὶ μάχεσθαι πρὸς δύ' ἀνδρείας δ' ὕπο
 ἔστησαν ἀντίπρωρα σείοντες βέλη
 Πυλάδης Ὀρέστης τ' εἶπε δ', οὐχὶ δυσμενῆς
 ἦκω πόλει τῇδ' οὐδ' ἐμοῖς ὀπάοσι,
 850 φονέα δὲ πατρὸς ἀντετιμωρησάμην
 τλήμων Ὀρέστης ἀλλὰ μὴ με καίνετε,
 πατρὸς παλαιοὶ δμῶες· οἱ δ', ἐπεὶ λόγων

ELECTRA

And put the thralls back, seized the calf's foot
 then,
 Bared the white flesh, with free sweep of his arm,
 And quicker flayed the hide than runner's feet
 Twice round the turnings of the horse-course speed
 So opened it Aegisthus grasped the inwards,
 And gazed thereon No lobe the liver had
 The gate-vein, the gall-bladder nigh thereto,
 Portended perilous scathe to him that looked
 Scowling he stared, but straight my master asks 830
 "Why cast down, O mine host?" "A stranger's
 guile
 I dread Of all men hatefullest to me,
 And foe to mine, is Agamemnon's son"
 But he, "Go to · *thou* fear an exile's guile—
 The King! That we on flesh of sacrifice
 May feast, let one for this of Dorns bring
 A Phthian knife ¹ the breast-bone let me cleave"
 So took, and cleft Aegisthus grasped the inwards,
 Parted, and gazed Even as he bowed his head,
 Thy brother strained himself full height, and smote 840
 Down on his spine, and through his backbone's joints
 Crashed Shuddered all his frame from head to foot,
 Convulsed in throes of agony dying hard
 Straightway the thralls beholding sprang to arms,—
 A host to fight with two,—but unafraid
 Pylades and Orestes, brandishing
 Their weapons, faced them "Not a foe," he cried,
 "To Argos, nor my servants, am I come!"
 I have avenged me on my father's slayer,—
 Orestes I, the hapless! Slay me not, 850
 My father's ancient thralls!" They, when they heard

¹ A heavy cleaver, better adapted both for his ostensible and for his real purpose

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἤκουσαν, ἔσχον κάμακας ἐγνώσθη δ' ὑπὸ
γέροντος ἐν δόμοισιν ἀρχαίου τινός.
στέφουσι δ' εὐθύς σοῦ κασιγνήτου κára
χαίροντες ἀλαλάζοντες. ἔρχεται δὲ σοὶ
κára ᾗ πιδείξων, οὐχὶ Γοργόνος φέρων,
ἀλλ' ὃν στυγεῖς Αἴγισθον· αἷμα δ' αἵματος
πικρὸς δανεισμὸς ἦλθε τῷ θανόντι νῦν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

860

θές εἰς χορόν, ὦ φίλα, ἵχνος, στρ.
ὥς νεβρὸς οὐράνιον
πήδημα κουφίζουσα σὺν ἀγλαΐᾳ
νικᾷ στεφαναφορίαν
οἶαν παρ' Ἀλφειοῦ ῥεέθροις τελέσας
κασίγνητος σέθεν· ἀλλ' ἐπάειδε
καλλίνικον ᾧ δ' ἄν ἐμῷ χορῷ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

870

ὦ φέγγος, ὦ τέθριππον ἡλίου σέλας,
ὦ γαῖα καὶ νύξ ἣν ἐδερκόμην πάρος,
νῦν ὄμμα τοῦμόν ἀμπτυχαί τ' ἐλεύθεροι,
ἐπεὶ πατὴρ πέπτωκεν Αἴγισθος φονεὺς
φέρ', οἷα δὴ ἔχω καὶ δόμοι κεύθουσίν μου
κόμης ἀγάλματ' ἐξενέγκωμαι, φίλαι,
στέψω τ' ἀδελφοῦ κράτα τοῦ νικηφόρου

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ μὲν νῦν ἀγάλματ' ἄειρε ἀντ.
· κρατί· τὸ δ' ἀμέτερον
χωρήσεται Μούσαισι χόρευμα φίλον.
νῦν οἱ πάρος ἀμέτεροι
γαίας τυραννεύσουσι φίλοι βασιλῆς,
δικαίως τούσδ' ἀδίκους καθελόντες.
ἀλλ' ἴτω ξύναυλος βοὰ χαρᾷ.

ELECTRA

HIS words, stayed spear, and recognised was he
Of an old servant, long time of the house
Straightway a wreath upon thy brother's brow
They set, with shouts rejoicing And he comes
To show the head to thee—no Goigon's this,
But whom thou hat'st, Aegisthus Blood for
blood,

Bitter repayment, to the slain hath come

CHORUS

Forth to the dance, O belovèd, with feet (Str)
That rapture is winging ! 860
Bounding from earth, as a fawn's, let them fleet !
Lo, thy brother comes bringing
Victory-garlands more fair than they gain
By Alpheus' flow ! As I dance, be thy strain
Of triumph outwining !

ELECTRA

O light, O splendour of the Sun-god's steeds,
O Earth, and Night that filled my gaze till now,
Free are mine eyes now · dawn's · wings open
free !

My father's slayer Aegisthus is laid low !
Come, such things as I have, my dwelling's store, 870
Let me bring forth to grace his hall, O friends,
To crown my conquering brother's head withal

CHORUS

Crown him, the conqueror !—garlands upraise, (Ant)
Thy thanksgiving-oblation !
To the dance that the Muses love forth will we pace
Now shall rule o'er our nation
Her kings well-beloved whom of old she hath
known;
For the right is triumphant, the tyrant o'erthrown
Ring, joy's exultation !

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

880 ὦ καλλίνικε, πατὴρς ἐκ νικηφόρου
 γεγώς, Ὀρέστα, τῆς ὑπ' Ἰλίου μάχης,
 δέξαι κόμης σῆς βοστρύχων ἀνδήματα
 ἦκεις γὰρ οὐκ ἀχρεῖον ἑκπλεθρον δραμῶν
 ἀγῶν' ἐς οἴκους, ἀλλὰ πολέμιον κτανῶν
 Αἰγισθον, ὃς σὸν πατέρα κάμον ὤλεσε
 σύ τ', ὦ παρασπίστ', ἀνδρὸς εὐσεβεστάτου
 παίδευμα, Πυλάδῃ, στέφανον ἐξ ἐμῆς χερὸς
 δέχου φέρει γὰρ καὶ σύ τῷδ' ἴσον μέρος
 ἀγῶνος αἰεὶ δ' εὐτυχεῖς φαίνοισθέ μοι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

890 θεοὺς μὲν ἡγοῦ πρῶτον, Ἥλέκτρα, τύχης
 ἀρχηγέτας τῆσδ', εἴτα καὶ μ' ἐπαίνεσον
 τὸν τῶν θεῶν τε τῆς τύχης θ' ὑπηρέτην.
 ἦκω γὰρ οὐ λόγοισιν ἀλλ' ἔργοις κτανῶν
 Αἰγισθον ὥς δέ τω σάφ' εἰδέναι τάδε
 προθῶμεν, αὐτὸν τὸν θανόντα σοι φέρω,
 ὃν, εἴτε χρήζεις, θηρσὶν ἀρπαγὴν πρόθες,
 ἢ σκυῖλον οἰωνοῖσιν αἰθέρος τέκνοις
 πῆξας ἔρεισον σκόλοπι· σὸς γάρ ἐστι νῦν
 δοῦλος, πάροιθε δεσπότης κεκλημένος

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

900 αἰσχύνομαι μὲν, βούλομαι δ' εἰπεῖν ὅμως,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί χρήμα, λέξον, ὥς φόβου γ' ἔξωθεν εἶ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

νεκροὺς ὑβρίζειν, μὴ μέ τις φθόνῳ βάλλῃ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδεὶς ὅστις ἂν μέμψαιτό σε.

ELECTRA

*Enter ORESTES and PYLADES, with attendants bearing
Aegisthus' body*

ELECTRA

Hail, glorious conqueror, Orestes sprung 880
Of father triumph-crowned in Ithum's war !
Receive this wreath to bind thy clustering hair
Thou hast come home, who hast run no profitless
course ,

In athlete-race, but who hast slain thy foe
Aegisthus, murderer of thy sire and mine
And thou, his battle-helper, Pylades,
A good man's nursling, from mine hand accept
A wreath, for in this conflict was thy part
As his in my sight ever prosper ye !

ORESTES

The Gods account thou first, Electra, authors 890
Of this day's fortune praise thereafter me,
Whom am but minister of heaven and fate
I come, who not in word, but deed, have slain
Aegisthus, and for proof for whoso will
To know, the dead man's self I bring to thee ,
Whom, if thou wilt, for ravine of beasts cast forth,
Or for the children of the air to rend
Impale him on a stake thy bondman now
Is he, who heretofore was called thy lord

ELECTRA

I take shame—none the less I fain would speak— 900

ORESTES

What is it ? Speak . thou hast left fear's prison-house

ELECTRA

To mock the dead, lest ill-will light on me

ORESTES

There is no man can blame thee for such cause

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

δυσάρεστος ἡμῶν καὶ φιλόψογος πόλις

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λέγ', εἴ τι χρήζεις, σύγγον' ἀσπόνδοισι γὰρ
νόμοισιν ἔχθραν τῷδε συμβεβλήκαμεν

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

- 910 εἶεν τίν' ἀρχὴν πρῶτά σ' ἐξείπω κακῶν,
ποίας τελευτάς, τίνα μέσον τάξω λόγον,
καὶ μὴν δι' ὀρθρων γ' οὔ ποτ' ἐξελίμπανον
θρυλοῦσ' ἃ γ' εἰπεῖν ἤθελον κατ' ὄμμα σόν,
εἰ δὴ γενοίμην δειμάτων ἐλευθέρα
τῶν πρόσθε νῦν οὖν ἐσμεν ἀποδώσω δέ σοι
ἐκεῖν' ἃ σε ζῶντ' ἤθελον λέξαι κακά
ἀπώλεσάς με κῶρφανῆν φίλου πατρὸς
καὶ τόνδ' ἔθηκας, οὐδὲν ἡδίκημένος,
κᾶγghμας αἰσχρῶς μητέρ' ἄνδρα τ' ἔκτανες
στρατηλατοῦνθ' Ἑλλησιν, οὐκ ἐλθὼν Φρύγας.
920 εἰς τοῦτο δ' ἦλθες ἀμαθίας ὥστ' ἠλπισας
ὥς ἐς σέ μὲν δὴ μητέρ' οὐχ ἔξεις κακὴν
γῆμας, ἐμοῦ δὲ πατρὸς ἡδίκεις λέχη
ἴστω δ', ὅταν τις διολέσας δάμαρτά του
κρυπταῖσιν εὐναῖς εἴτ' ἀναγκασθῇ λαβεῖν,
δύστηνός ἐστιν, εἰ δοκεῖ τὸ σωφρονεῖν
ἐκεῖ μὲν αὐτὴν οὐκ ἔχειν, παρ' οἱ δ' ἔχειν
ἄλγιστα δ' ὥκεις, οὐ δοκῶν οἰκεῖν κακῶς
ἦδυσθα γὰρ δῆτ' ἀνόσιον γῆμας γάμον,
μήτηρ δὲ σ' ἄνδρα δυσσεβῆ κεκτημένη
ἄμφω πονηρῶ δ' ὄντ' ἀφαιρεῖσθον τύχην,
930 κείνη τε τὴν σὴν καὶ σὺ τοῦκείνης κακόν.
πᾶσιν δ' ἐν Ἀργείοισιν ἤκουες τάδε·
ὁ τῆς γυναικός, οὐχὶ τάνδρὸς ἡ γυνή
καίτοι τόδ' αἰσχρόν, προστατεῖν γε δωμάτων

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

Our folk be ill to please, and censure-prone

ORESTES

Speak, sister, what thou wilt No terms of truce
Be in the feud betwixt us and this man

ELECTRA (*to the corpse*)

So be it Where shall my reproach begin?
Where end? Where shall the arraignment find its
 midst?

Yet, morn by morn, I never wont to cease
 Conning what I would tell thee to thy face,
 If ever from past terrors disenthralled
 I stood Now am I, and I pay the debt
 Of taunts I fain had hurled at thee alive
 Thou wast my ruin, of a sue beloved
 Didst orphan me and him, who wronged thee never,
 Didst foully wed my mother, slew'st her lord,
 Hellas' war-chief,—thou who ne'er sawest Troy !
 Such was thy folly's depth that thou didst dream
 Thou hadst wedded in my mother a true wife,
 With whom thou didst defile my father's couch !
 Let whoso draggeth down his neighbour's wife
 To folly, and then must take her for his own,
 Know himself dupe, who deemeth that to him
 She shall be true, who to her lord was false
 Wretched thy life was, which thou thoughtest
 blest

Thou knewest thine a marriage impious,
And she, that she had ta'en for lord a villain
Transgressors both, each other's lot ye took,
She took thy baseness, thou didst take her curse
And through all Argos this was still thy name— 930
“*That woman's husband*” none said “*That man's wife.*”
Yet shame is this, when foremost in the home

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

γυναῖκα, μὴ τὸν ἄνδρα κάκείνους στυγῶ
 τοὺς παῖδας, ὅστις τοῦ μὲν ἄρσενος πατρός
 οὐκ ὠνόμασται, τῆς δὲ μητρός ἐν πόλει
 ἐπίσημα γὰρ γήμαντι καὶ μείζω λέχη
 τάνδρὸς μὲν οὐδεῖς, τῶν δὲ θηλειῶν λόγος
 ὃ δ' ἡπάτα σε πλείστον οὐκ ἐγνωκότα,
 ἧς τις εἶναι τοῖσι χρήμασι σθένων
 940 τὰ δ' οὐδὲν εἰ μὴ βραχύν ὀμιλήσαι χρόνον
 ἢ γὰρ φύσις βέβαιος, οὐ τὰ χρήματα.
 ἢ μὲν γὰρ αἰὲ παραμένουσ' αἴρει κᾶρα ¹
 ὃ δ' ὄλβος ἄδικος καὶ μετὰ σκαιῶν ξυνὼν
 ἐξέπτατ' οἴκων, σμικρὸν ἀνθήσας χρόνον
 ἃ δ' εἰς γυναῖκας, παρθένω γὰρ οὐ καλὸν
 λέγειν, σιωπῶ, γνωρίμως δ' αἰνίζομαι.
 ὕβριζες, ὥς δὴ βασιλικοὺς ἔχων δόμους
 κάλλει τ' ἀραρώς. ἀλλ' ἔμοιγ' εἴη πόσις
 μὴ παρθενωπός, ἀλλὰ τάνδρείου τρόπου
 950 τὰ γὰρ τέκν' αὐτῶν Ἄρεος ἐκκρεμάννυται,
 τὰ δ' εὐπρεπῇ δὴ κόσμος ἐν χοροῖς μόνον,
 ἔρρ', οὐδὲν εἰδὼς ὦν ἐφευρεθεῖς χρόνω
 δίκην δέδωκας, ὧδέ τις κακοῦργος ὢν.
 μή μοι, τὸ πρῶτον βῆμ' ἐὰν δράμη καλῶς,
 νικᾷν δοκείτω τὴν δίκην, πρὶν ἂν πέρας
 γραμμῆς ἵκηται καὶ τέλος κάμψῃ βίου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔπραξε δεινά, δεινὰ δ' ἀντέδωκε σοὶ
 καὶ τῷδ'· ἔχει γὰρ ἡ Δίκη μέγα σθένος

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἶεν· κομίζειν τοῦδε σῶμ' εἴσω χρεῶν
 960 σκότῳ τε δοῦναι, δμῶες, ὥς ὅταν μόλῃ
 μήτηρ, σφαγῆς πάροιθε μὴ εἰσίδῃ νεκρόν.

¹ Tyrwhitt for κακά, "maketh end of ills"

ELECTRA

Is wife, not husband Out upon the sons
That not the man's, then father's, sons are called,
Nay, but the mother's, all the city through !
For, when the ignoble weddeth high-born bride,
None take account of him, but all of her
This was thy strong delusion, blind of heart,
Through pride of wealth to boast thee some great
 one !

Nought wealth is, save for fleeting fellowship 940
'Tis character abideth, not possessions
This, ever-staying, lifteth up the head ,
But wealth by vanity gotten, held of fools,
Takes to it wings , as a flower it fadeth soon
For those thy sins of the flesh—for maid unmeet
To name—I speak them not suffice the hint !
Thou waxedst wanton, with thy royal halls,
Thy pride of goodlihead ! Be mine a spouse
Not girl-faced, but a man in mien and port
The sons of these to warrior-prowess cleave , 950
Those, the fair-seeming, but in dances shine
Perish, O blind to all for which at last,
Felon convict, thou'rt punished, cartiff thou !
Let none dream, though at starting he run well,
That he outunneth Justice, ere he touch
The very goal and reach the bourn of life

CHORUS

Dread were his deeds, dread payment hath he made
To thee and this man Great is Justice' might

ORESTES

Enough now must ye bear his corpse within,
And hide in shadow, thralls, that, when she comes, 960
My mother ere she die see not the dead

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐπίσχε· ἐμβάλλωμεν εἰς ἄλλον λόγον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δ', ἐκ Μυκηνῶν μὼν βοηδρόμους ὀράς ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ, ἀλλὰ τὴν τεκοῦσαν ἤ μ' ἐγείνατο

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καλῶς ἄρ' ἄρκυν εἰς μέσσην πορεύεται

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ μὴν ὄχοις γε καὶ στολῇ λαμπρύνεται

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δῆτα δρῶμεν, μητέρ' ἢ φονεύσομεν,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

μὼν σ' οἶκτος εἶλε, μητρὸς ὡς εἶδες δέμας,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φευ.

πῶς γὰρ κτάνω νιν, ἥ μ' ἔθρεψε καῖτεκεν,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

970 ὥσπερ πατέρα σὸν ἦδε καμὸν ὥλεσεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ Φοῖβε, πολλήν γ' ἀμαθίαν ἐθέσπισας,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὅπου δ' Ἀπόλλων σκαιὸς ἦ, τίνες σοφοί,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὅστις μ' ἔχρησας μητέρ', ἣν οὐ χρῆν, κτανεῖν

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

βλάπτει δὲ δὴ τί πατρὶ τιμωρῶν σέθεν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μητροκτόνος νῦν φεύξομαι, τόθ' ἀγνὸς ὢν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ μή γ' ἀμύνων πστρὶ δυσσεβῆς ἔσει

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

Hold ! Turn we now to our story's second part

ORESTES

How, from Mycenae seest thou rescue come ?

ELECTRA

Nay, but my mother, hei that gave me birth.

ORESTES

Ha ! fan and full into the toils she runs

ELECTRA

O flaunting pomp of chariots and attire !

ORESTES

What shall we do ? Our mother—murder her ?

ELECTRA

How ? Hath ruth seized thee, seeing thy mother's form ?

ORESTES

Woe !

How can I slay hei ?—her that nursed, that bare me ?

ELECTRA

Even as she thy father slew and mine

970

ORESTES

O Phoebus, folly exceeding was thine hest—

ELECTRA

Nay, where Apollo eneth, who is wise ?

ORESTES

Who against nature bad'st me slay my mother !

ELECTRA

How art thou harmed, avenging thine own sue ?

ORESTES

Assigned for a mother's murder—pure ere this !

ELECTRA

Yet impious, if thou succour not thy sire

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐγὼ δὲ μητρὶ τοῦ φόνου δώσω δίκας

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τῷ δ', ἣν πατρώαν διαμεθῆς τιμωρίαν

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄρ' αὐτ' ἀλάστωρ εἶπ' ἀπεικασθεὶς θεῷ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

980 ἱερὸν καθίζων τρίποδ', ἐγὼ μὲν οὐ δοκῶ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἂν πιθοίμην εὖ μεμαντευσθαι τάδε

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐ μὴ κακισθεὶς εἰς ἀνανδρίαν πεσεῖ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄλλ' ἢ τὸν αὐτὸν τῇδ' ὑποστήσω δολον,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ῥ' καὶ πόσιν καθεῖλες Αἴγισθον κτανῶν

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἴσειμι δεινοῦ δ' ἄρχομαι προβλήματος,
καὶ δεινὰ δράσω γ'· εἰ θεοῖς δοκεῖ τάδε,
ἔστω· πικρὸν δὲ χῆρδ' ἀγώνισμά μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰώ,

βασίλεια γύναι χθονὸς Ἀργείας,

παῖ Τυνδάρω,

990

καὶ τοῖν ἀγαθοῖν ξύγγονε κούροιον

Διός, οἳ φλογερὰν αἰθέρ' ἐν ἄστροις

ναίουσι, βροτῶν ἐν ἀλὸς ῥοθίοις

τιμὰς σωτήρας ἔχοντες

χαῖρε, σεβίζω σ' ἴσα καὶ μάκαρας

ELECTRA

ORESTES

Her blood-price to my mother must I pay ¹

ELECTRA

And *Him* '—if thou forbear to avenge a father

ORESTES

Ha '—spake a fiend in likeness of the God ?

ELECTRA

Throned on the holy tripod '—I trow not

980

ORESTES

I dare not trust this oracle's utter faith !

ELECTRA

Wilt thou turn craven—be no more a man ?

ORESTES

How ? must I lay the selfsame snare for her ?

ELECTRA

Ay ! that which trapped and slew the adulterer !

ORESTES

I will go in A horror I essay '—

Yea, will achieve ! If 'tis Heaven's will, so be it

Oh bitter strife, which I must needs hold sweet !

[*Enters hut*

*Enter CLYTEMNESTRA in chariot, with attendants, captive
maids of Troy*

CHORUS

Hail, Queen of the Argive land !

All hail, O Tyndareus' daughter !

Hail, sister of Zeus' sons, heroes twain

990

In the glittering heavens mid stars who stand,

And their proud right this, to deliver from bane

Men tossed on the storm-vext water

Hail ! As to the Blest, do I yield thee thine own,

¹ i e Her avenging Furies will exact satisfaction from me

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πλούτου μεγάλης τ' εὐδαιμονίας
τὰς σὰς δὲ τύχας θεραπεύεσθαι
καιρος χαῖρ', ὦ βασιλεια

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

1000

ἔκβητ' ἀπήνης, Τρωάδες, χειρὸς δ' ἐμῆς
λάβεσθ', ἵν' ἔξω τοῦδ' ὄχου στήσω πόδα.
σκύλοισι μὲν γὰρ θεῶν κεκόσμηται δόμοι
Φρυγίοις, ἐγὼ δὲ τάσδε, Τρωάδος χθονὸς
ἐξαίρετ', ἀντὶ παιδὸς ἣν ἀπώλεσα,
σμικρὸν γέρας, καλὸν δὲ κέκτημαι δόμοις

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ οὖν ἐγώ, δούλη γὰρ ἐκβεβλημένη
δόμων πατρῶν δυστυχεῖς οἰκῶ δόμους
μήτερ, λάβωμαι μακαρίας τῆς σῆς χερός,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δοῦλαι πάρεισιν αἶδε, μὴ σύ μοι πόνει

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1010

τί δ'; αἰχμάλωτόν τοί μ' ἀπώκισας δόμων,
ἡρημένων δὲ δωμάτων ἡρήμεθα,
ὥς αἶδε, πατρὸς ὀρφανὰι λελειμμένοι.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τοιαῦτα μέντοι σὸς πατὴρ βουλευέματα
εἰς οὓς ἐχρῆν ἡκιστ' ἐβούλευσεν φίλων.
λέξω δέ· καίτοι δόξ' ὅταν λάβῃ κακὴ
γυναῖκα, γλώσση πικρότης ἔνεστί τις
ὥς μὲν παρ' ἡμῖν, οὐ καλῶς· τὸ πρᾶγμα δὲ
μαθόντας, ἦν μὲν ἀξίως μισεῖν ἔχῃ,
στυγεῖν δίκαιον· εἰ δὲ μή, τί δεῖ στυγεῖν,
ἡμᾶς δ' ἔδωκε Τυνδάρεως τῷ σῷ πατρί,
οὐχ ὥστε θήνσκειν, οὐδ' ἂν γειναίμην ἐγώ

ELECTRA

Mine homage, for awe of thy wealth and thy bliss.
With watchful service to compass thy throne
This, Queen, is the hour, even this ¹

CLYTEMNESTRA

Step from the wain, Troy's daughters, take mine hand,
That from this chaotic-floor I may light down
As the Gods' temples are with spoils adorned 1000
Of Troy, so these, the chosen of Phrygian land,
Have I, to countervail my daughter lost ¹—
Scant guerdon, yet fair honour for mine house.

ELECTRA

May I not then,—the slave, the outcast I
From my sire's halls, whose wretched home is here,—
Mother, may I not take that heaven-blest hand ?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Here be these bondmaids . trouble not thyself

ELECTRA

How ?—me thou mad'st thy spear-thiall, haled from
home
Captive mine house was led, and captive I,
Even as these, unfathered and forlorn 1010

CLYTEMNESTRA

Such fruit thy father's plottings had, contrived
Against his dearest, all unmerited.
Yea, I will speak , albeit, when ill fame
Compasseth woman, every tongue drops gall—
As touching me, unjustly let men learn
The truth, and if the hate be proved my due,
'Tis just they loathe me , if not, wherefore loathe ?
Of Tyndareus was I given to thy sire—
Not to be slain, nor I, nor those I bare

¹ Iphigeneia sacrificed for the Greeks' sake, who have therefore given these as some compensation

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

- 1020 κείνος δὲ παῖδα τὴν ἐμήν, Ἀχιλλέως
 λέκτροισι πείσας, ὥχετ' ἐκ δόμων ἄγων
 πρυμνοῦχον Αὔλιν ἐνθ' ὑπερτείνας πυρᾶς
 λευκὴν διήμησ' Ἰφιγόνης παρηίδα
 κεῖ μὲν πόλεως ἄλωσιν ἐξιώμενος
 ἢ δῶμ' ὀνήσων τᾶλλα τ' ἐκσώσων τέκνα
 ἔκτεινε πολλῶν μίαν ὕπερ, συγγνώστ' ἂν ἦν
 νῦν δ', οὐνεχ' Ἑλένη μάργος ἦν, ὃ τ' αὐτὸ λαβὼν
 ἄλοχον κολλάζειν προδότιν οὐκ ἠπίστατο,
 τούτων ἕκατι παῖδ' ἐμήν διώλεσεν
- 1030 ἐπὶ τοῖσδε τοίνυν, καίπερ ἠδίκημένη
 οὐκ ἠγριώμην οὐδ' ἂν ἔκτανον πόσιν·
 ἀλλ' ἦλθ' ἔχων μοι μαινάδ' ἔνθεον κόρην
 λέκτροις τ' ἐπεισέφρηκε, καὶ νύμφα δύο
 ἐν τοῖσιν αὐτοῖς δώμασιν κατεῖχ' ὁμοῦ
 μῶρον μὲν οὖν γυναῖκες, οὐκ ἄλλως λέγω·
 ὅταν δ', ὑπόντος τοῦδ', ἀμαρτάνῃ πόσις
 τᾶνδον παρώσας λέκτρα, μιμείσθαι θέλει
 γυνὴ τὸν ἄνδρα χᾶτερον κτᾶσθαι φίλον
 κᾶπειτ' ἐν ἡμῖν ὁ ψόγος λαμπρύνεται,
- 1040 οἱ δ' αἵτιοι τῶνδ' οὐ κλύουσ' ἄνδρες κακῶς
 εἰ δ' ἐκ δόμων ἤρπαστο Μενέλεως λάθρα,
 κτανεῖν μ' Ὀρέστην χρῆν, κασιγνήτης πόσιν
 Μενέλαον ὥς σώσαιμι, σὸς δὲ πῶς πατὴρ
 ἠνέσχετ' ἂν ταῦτ', εἴτα τὸν μὲν οὐ θανεῖν
 κτείνοντα χρῆν τᾶμ', ἐμὲ δὲ πρὸς κείνου
 παθεῖν,
 ἔκτειν', ἐτρέφθην ἥνπερ ἦν πορεύσιμον
 πρὸς τοὺς ἐκείνῳ πολεμίους· φίλων γὰρ ἂν
 τίς ἂν πατὴρ σοῦ φόνον ἐκοινώνησέ μοι,
 λέγ', εἴ τι χρήξεις, καὶντίθες παρρησία,
 ὅπως τέθνηκε σὸς πατὴρ οὐκ ἐνδίκως.
- 1050

ELECTRA

He took my child—drawn by this lie from me, 1020
 That she should wed Achilles,—far from home
 To that fleet's prison, laid her on the pyre,
 And shone through Iphigeneia's snowy throat !
 Had he, to avert Mycenae's overthrow,—
 To exalt his house,—to save the children left,—
 Slain one for many, 'twere not past forgiving
 But, for that Helen was a wanton, he
 That wed the traitress impotent for vengeance,
 Even for such cause murdered he my child
 Howbeit for this wrong, how wronged so'er, 1030
 I had not raged, nor had I slain my lord,
 But to me with that prophet-maid he came,
 Made her usurp my couch, and fain would keep
 Two brides together in the selfsame halls
 Women be fial sooth, I deny it not
 But when, this granted, 'tis the husband errs,
 Slighting his own true bride, and fain the wife
 Would copy him, and find another love,
 Ah then, fierce light of scandal beats on us,
 But them which show the way, the men, none
 blame ! 1040
 Now had Menelaus from his home been stoln,
 Ought I have slain Orestes, so to save
 My sister's lord ? How had thy sire endured
 Such deed ? Should he 'scape killing then, who
 slew
 My child, who had slain me, had I touched his
 son ?
 I slew him ; turned me—'twas the only way—
 Unto his foes, for who of thy sire's friends
 Had been partaker with me in his blood ?
 Speak all thou wilt boldly set forth thy plea
 To prove thy father did not justly die 1050

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

δίκην ἔλεξας· σὴ δίκη δ' αἰσχροῶς ἔχει·
 γυναιῖκα γὰρ χρὴ πάντα συγχωρεῖν πόσει,
 ἥτις φρενῆρης ἥ δὲ μὴ δοκεῖ τάδε,
 οὐδ' εἰς ἀριθμὸν τῶν ἐμῶν ἦκει λόγων
 μέμνησο, μῆτερ, οὓς ἔλεξας ὑστάτους
 λόγους, διδοῦσα πρὸς σέ μοι παρρησίαν

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καὶ νῦν δέ φημι κοῦκ ἀπαρνούμαι τὸ μή.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἄρα κλύουσα, μῆτερ, εἴτ' ἔρξεις κακῶς ,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἔστι, τῇ σῇ δ' ἡδὺ προσθήσω φρενί

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1060

λέγοιμ' ἄν· ἀρχὴ δ' ἦδε μοι προοιμίου.
 εἴθ' εἶχες, ὦ τεκοῦσα, βελτίους φρένας.
 τὸ μὲν γὰρ εἶδος αἶνον ἄξιον φέρει
 Ἑλένης τε καὶ σοῦ, δύο δ' ἔφυτε συγγόνω,
 ἄμφω ματαίῳ Κάστορός τ' οὐκ ἀξίῳ
 ἢ μὲν γὰρ ἀρπασθεῖς ἐκοῦς ἀπώλετο,
 σὺ δ' ἄνδρ' ἄριστον Ἑλλάδος διώλεσας,
 σκῆψιν προτείνουσ', ὥς ὑπὲρ τέκνου πόσιν
 ἔκτεινας οὐ γάρ, ὥς ἔγωγ', ἴσασι σ' εὖ·
 ἥτις θυγατρὸς πρὶν κεκυρῶσθαι σφαγὰς
 1070 νέον τ' ἀπ' οἴκων ἀνδρὸς ἐξωρμημένου
 ξανθὸν κατόπτρῳ πλόκαμον ἐξήσκεις κόμης.
 ἥτις δ' ἀπόντος ἀνδρὸς ἐκ δόμων γυνή
 εἰς κάλλος ἀσκεῖ, διάγραφ' ὥς οὔσαν κακὴν
 οὐδὲν γὰρ αὐτὴν δεῖ θύρασιν εὐπρεπὲς
 φαίνειν πρόσωπον, ἣν τι μὴ ζητῇ κακόν
 μόνην δὲ πασῶν οἶδ' ἐγὼ σ' Ἑλληνίδων,
 εἰ μὲν τὰ Τρώων εὐτυχοῖ, κεχαρμένην,

ELECTRA

ELECTRA

Justice thy plea!—thy “justice” were our shame!
The wife should yield in all things to her lord,
So she be wise If any think not so,
With her mine argument hath nought to do
Bethink thee, mother, of thy latest words,
Vouchsafing me free speech to answer thee

CLYTEMNESTRA

Again I say it; and I draw not back

ELECTRA

Yea, mother, but wilt hear—and punish then?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Nay. I grant grace of license to thy mood

ELECTRA

Then will I speak My prelude this shall be — 1060
O mother, that thou hadst a better heart!
This beauty wins you worthy meed of praise,
Helen's and thine true sisters twain were ye!—
Ay, wantons both, unworthy Castor's name!—
She, torn from home, yet fain to be undone;
Thou, murderess of Hellas' noblest son,
Pleading that for a daughter's sake thou slew'st
A husband!—ah, men know thee not as I,
Thee, who, before thy daughter's death was doomed,
When from thine home thy lord had newly passed, 1070
Wert sleeping at the mirror thy bright hair!
The woman who, her husband far from home,
Bedecks herself, blot out her name as vile!
She needeth not to flaunt abroad a face
Made fair, except she be on mischief bent
Of Hellas' daughters none save thee I know,
Who, when the might of Troy prevailed, was
glad,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1080 εἰ δ' ἦσσαν' εἴη, συννεφούσαν ὄμματα
 Ἀγαμέμνον' οὐ χρήζουσαν ἐκ Τροίας μολεῖν
 καίτοι καλῶς γε σωφρονεῖν παρεῖχέ σοι
 ἄνδρ' εἶχες οὐ κακίον' Αἰγίσθου πόσιν,
 ὃν Ἑλλάς αὐτῆς εἴλετο στρατηλάτην
 Ἑλένης δ' ἀδελφῆς τοιάδ' ἐξεργασμένης
 ἐξῆν κλέος σοι μέγα λαβεῖν τὰ γὰρ κακὰ
 παράδειγμα τοῖς ἐσθλοῖσιν εἴσοφιν τ' ἔχει.
 εἰ δ', ὥς λέγεις, σὴν θυγατέρ' ἔκτεινεν πατήρ,
 ἐγὼ τί σ' ἠδίκησ' ἐμός τε σύγγονος,
 πῶς οὐ πόσιν κτείνασα πατρώους δόμους
 1090 ἡμῖν προσῆψας, ἀλλ' ἐπηνέγκω λέχη
 τὰλλότρια, μισθοῦ τοὺς γάμους ὠνουμένη,
 κοῦτ' ἀντιφεύγει παιδὸς ἀντὶ σοῦ πόσις,
 οὔτ' ἀντ' ἐμοῦ τέθνηκε, δις τόσως ἐμὲ
 κτείνας ἀδελφῆς ζῶσαν εἰ δ' ἀμείψεται
 φόνον δικάζων φόνος, ἀποκτενῶ σ' ἐγὼ
 καὶ παῖς Ὀρέστης πατρὶ τιμωρούμενοι
 εἰ γὰρ δίκαι' ἐκεῖνα, καὶ τὰδ' ἔνδικα
 [ὅστις δὲ πλοῦτον ἢ εὐγένειαν εἰσιδὼν
 γαμεῖ πονηράν, μῶρός ἐστι μικρὰ γὰρ
 μεγάλων ἀμείνω σῶφρον' ἐν δόμοις λέχη

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1100 τύχη γυναικῶν εἰς γάμους τὰ μὲν γὰρ εὖ,
 τὰ δ' οὐ καλῶς πίπτοντα δέρκομαι βροτῶν]¹

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ παῖ, πέφυκας πατέρα σὸν στέργειν αἰεὶ
 ἔστιν δὲ καὶ τόδ' οἱ μὲν εἰσιν ἀρσένων,
 οἱ δ' αὖ φιλοῦσι μητέρας μᾶλλον πατρός
 συγγνώσομαί σοι καὶ γὰρ οὐχ οὕτως ἄγαν

¹ Nauck brackets these lines, as of doubtful genuineness
 They certainly weaken the dramatic effect

ELECTRA

Whose eyes were clouded when her fortunes
 sank,
 Who wished not Agamemnon home from Troy
 Yet reason fan thou hadst to be true wife 1080
 Not meaner than Aegisthus was thy lord,
 Whom Hellas chose to lead her war-array
 And, when thy sister Helen so had sinned,
 High praise was thine to win, for sinners' deeds
 Lift up the good for ensamples in men's sight
 If, as thou say'st, my father slew thy daughter,
 How did I wrong thee, and my brother how?
 Why, having slain thy lord, didst thou on us
 Bestow not our sire's halls, but buy therewith
 An alien couch, and pay a price for shame? 1090
 Nor is thy paramour exiled for thy son,
 Nor for me slain, who hath dealt me living
 death
 Twice crueller than my sister's yea, if blood
 'Gainst blood in judgment rise, I and thy son,
 Orestes, must slay thee to avenge our sire
 For, if thy claim was just, this too is just
 [Whoso, regarding wealth, or birth, shall wed
 A wanton, is a fool. the lowly chaste
 Are better in men's homes than high-born wives

CHORUS

Chance ordereth women's bridals Some I mark 1100
 Fair, and some foul of issue among men]

CLYTEMNESTRA

Child, still thy nature bids thee love thy sire
 'Tis ever thus · some cleave unto their father,
 Some more the mothers than the father love
 I pardon thee In sooth, not all so glad

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

χαίρω τι, τέκνον, τοῖς δεδραμένοις ἐμοί
 σὺ δ' ὦδ' ἄλουτος καὶ δυσείματος χροά
 λεχὼ νεογνῶν ἐκ τόκων πεπαυμένη,
 οἷμοι τάλαινα τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων

1110 ὥς μᾶλλον ἢ χρῆν ἦλασ' εἰς ὀργὴν πόσιν

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὄψ' ἐστενάζεις, ἡνίκ' οὐκ ἔχεις ἄκη
 πατὴρ μὲν οὖν τέθνηκε. τὸν δ' ἔξω χθονὸς
 πῶς οὐ κομίζει παῖδ' ἀλητεύοντα σόν,

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

δέδοικα τοῦμὸν δ', οὐχὶ τοῦκείνου, σκοπῶ
 πατὴρ γάρ, ὥς λέγουσι, θυμοῦται φόνῳ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τί δαὶ πόσιν σὸν ἄγριον εἰς ἡμᾶς ἔχεις,

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

τρόποι τοιοῦτοι· καὶ σὺ δ' αὐθάδης ἔφυς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἀλγῶ γάρ· ἀλλὰ παύσομαι θυμουμένη.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

καὶ μὴν ἐκεῖνος οὐκέτ' ἔσται σοι βαρὺς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1120 φρονεῖ μέγ' ἐν γὰρ τοῖς ἐμοῖς ναίει δόμοις.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὀρᾷς, ἀν' αὖ σὺ ζωπυρεῖς νείκη νέα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σιγῶ· δέδοικα γάρ νιν ὥς δέδοικ' ἐγώ.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

παῦσαι λόγων τῶνδ' ἀλλὰ τί μ' ἐκάλεις, τεκνον,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἤκουσας, οἶμαι, τῶν ἐμῶν λοχευμάτων
 τούτων ὑπερ μοι θύσον, οὐ γὰρ οἶδ' ἐγώ,
 δεκάτῃ σελήνῃ παιδὸς ὥς νομίζεται·
 τρίβων γὰρ οὐκ εἶμ', ἄτοκος οὖς' ἐν τῇ πάρος.

ELECTRA

Am I, my child, for deeds that I have done
But thou, why thus unwashed and meanly clad,
Seeing thy travail-sickness now is past?
Woe and alas for my devisings!—more
I spurred my spouse to anger than was need 1110

ELECTRA

Too late thou sighest, since thou canst not heal
My sire is dead but him, the banished one,
Why dost thou not bring back, thine homeless son?

CLYTEMNESTRA

I fear. mine own good I regard, not his
Wroth for his father's blood he is, men say

ELECTRA

Why tarre thy spouse on ever against me?

CLYTEMNESTRA

Nay, tis his mood stiff-necked thou also art,

ELECTRA

For grief am I; yet will I cease from wrath

CLYTEMNESTRA

Yea?—then he too shall cease from troubling thee.

ELECTRA

He is haughty, seeing he dwelleth in mine home 1120

CLYTEMNESTRA

Lo there,—thou kindlest fires of strife anew

ELECTRA

I am dumb. I fear him—even as I fear

CLYTEMNESTRA

Cease from this talk Why didst thou summon me?

ELECTRA

Touching my travailing thou hast heard, I wot
Thou sacrifice for me—I know not how—
The wonted tenth-moon offerings for the babe
Skillless am I, who have borne no child ere this

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἄλλης τόδ' ἔργον, ἣ σ' ἔλυσεν ἐκ τόκων.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

αὐτὴ 'λόχευον κᾶτεκον μόνῃ βρέφος.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

1130

οὕτως ἀγείτον' οἶκον ἴδρυσαι φίλων;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

πένητας οὐδεὶς βούλεται κτᾶσθαι φίλους.

ΚΑΤΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἀλλ' εἰμι, παιδὸς ἀριθμὸν ὥς τελεσφόρον
θύσω θεοῖσι σοὶ δ' ὅταν πράξω χάριν
τῇνδ', εἰμ' ἐπ' ἀγρόν, οὐ πόσις θυηπολεῖ
Νύμφαισιν ἀλλὰ τούσδ' ὄχους, ὁπάονες,
φάτναις ἄγοντες πρόσθεθ' ἡνίκ' ἂν δέ με
δοκῇτε θυσίας τῇσδ' ἀπηλλάχθαι θεοῖς,
πάρεστε δεῖ γὰρ καὶ πόσει δοῦναι χάριν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1140

χώρει πένητας εἰς δόμους· φρούρει δέ μοι
μή σ' αἰθαλώσῃ πολὺκαπνον στέγος πέπλους
θύσεις γὰρ οἷα χρή σε δαίμοσιν θύειν.
κανοῦν δ' ἐνήρκαι καὶ τεθηγμένα σφαγίς,
ἥπερ καθεῖλε ταῦρον, οὐ πέλας πεσεῖ
πληγείσα· νυμφεύσει δέ κ' ἂν Αἰδον δόμοις
ᾧπερ ξυνηῦδες ἐν φάει. τοσήνδ' ἐγὼ
δώσω χάριν σοι, σὺ δὲ δίκην ἐμοὶ πατρός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀμοιβαὶ κακῶν· μετὰτροποι πνέου- στρ.
σιν αὖραι δόμων. τότε μὲν ἐν λουτροῖς
ἔπεσεν ἐμὸς ἐμὸς ἀρχέτας,
1150 ἰάχῃσε δὲ στέγα λαίνοί

ELECTRA

CLYTEMNESTRA

This were her task, who in thy travail helped

ELECTRA

Unhelped I travailed, bore alone my babe

CLYTEMNESTRA

Dwell'st thou from friends and neighbours so remote ? 1130

ELECTRA

The poor—none careth to win these for friends !

CLYTEMNESTRA

I enter, to the Gods to pay the dues
For a son's time accomplished Having shown thee
That grace, I pass afield, to where my lord
Worships the Nymphs This chariot ye my maids
Lead hence, and stall my steeds Soon as ye deem
That this my service to the Gods is done,
Attend My spouse too must my presence grace

ELECTRA

Pass in to my poor house, and have a care
The smoke-grimed beams besmurch not thine attire
The Gods' due sacrifice there shalt thou offer 1140

[CLYTEMNESTRA enters hut

The maund is dight, and whetted is the knife
Which slew the bull by whose side thou shalt lie
Stricken Thou shalt in Hades be his bride
Whose love thou wast in life So great the grace
I grant thee thine to me—to avenge my sire !

[Enters hut

CHORUS

Vengeance for wrong ! The stormy winds, long
lashing (Str)

The house, have veered ! There was an hour saw fall
My chief, with blood the laver's silver dashing,

When shrieked the roof,—yea, topstones of the wall 1150

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τε θριγκοὶ δόμων, τὰδ' ἐνέποντος· ὦ
 σχετλία, τί με, γύναι, φονεύεις φίλαν
 πατρίδα δεκέτεσι
 σποραῖσιν ἐλθόντ' ἐμάν;

παλῖρρους δὲ τάνδ' ὑπάγεται δίκαιαν
 διαδρόμου λέχους, μέλεον ἅ πόσιν
 χρόνιον ἰκόμενον εἰς οἴκους
 Κυκλώπειά τ' οὐράνια τείχε' ὁ-
 ξυθήκτῳ βέλει κατέκαν' αὐτόχειρ,
 πέλεκυν ἐν χεροῖν λαβοῦσα τλάμων
 πόσις, ὃ τί ποτε τὰν
 τάλαιναν ἔσχευεν κακόν.

1160

ὀρεῖα τις ὥς λείαν' ὀργάδων
 δρύοχα νεμομένα, τάδε κατήνυσεν.

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ὦ τέκνα, πρὸς θεῶν μὴ κτάνητε μητέρα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κλύεις ὑπώροφον βοάν,

ΚΛΥΤΑΙΜΝΗΣΤΡΑ

ἰὼ μοί μοι

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ᾤμωξα καὶ γὰρ πρὸς τέκνων χειρουμένης.
 νέμει τοι δίκαιαν θεός, ὅταν τύχῃ
 σχέτλια μὲν ἔπαθες, ἀνόσια δ' εἰργάσω,
 τάλαιν', εὐνέταν.

1170

ἀλλ' οἶδε μητρὸς νεοφόνοισιν αἵμασι
 πεφυρμένοι βαίνουσιν ἐξ οἴκων πόδα,
 τροπαῖα δείγματ' ἀθλίων προσφθεγμάτων.
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδεὶς οἶκος ἀθλιώτερος
 τῶν Τανταλείων οὐδ' ἔφν ποτ' ἐκγόνων.

ELECTRA

Shrieked back his cry, "Fiend-wife, and art thou
tearing

My life from me, who in the tenth year's earing
Come to my dear land, mine ancestral hall?"

(*Ant*)

The tide of justice whelmeth, refluxent-roaring,
The wanton wife who met her hapless lord,
When to the towers Titanic heavenward-soaring
He came,—with welcome met him of the sword,
Who grasped in hand the axe keen-edged to sever
Life's thread —O hapless spouse, what wrong soever 1160
Stung to the deed the murderess abhorred!

(*Epode*)

Ruthless as mountain lioness roaming through
Green glades, she wrought the deed she had set her
hands to do

CLYTEMNESTRA (*within*)

O children, in God's name slay not your mother!

CHORUS

Dost thou hear how thrills 'neath the roof a cry?

CLYTEMNESTRA (*within*)

Woe! wretched I!

CHORUS

I too could wail one by her children slain.
God meteth justice out in justice' day
Ghastly thy sufferings, foully didst thou slay 1170
Thy lord for thine own bane!
They come, they come! Lo, forth the house they set
Their feet, besprent with gout's of mother's blood,
Trophies that witness to her piteous cries
There is no house more whelmed in misery,
Nor hath been, than the line of Tantalus

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1180 ἰὼ Γᾶ καὶ Ζεῦ πανδερκέτα στρ α'
 βροτῶν, ἴδετε τάδ' ἔργα φόνι-
 α μυσάρᾳ, δίγωνα σώματ' ἐν
 χθονὶ κείμενα, πλαγᾶ
 χερὸς ὑπ' ἐμᾶς, ἄποιν' ἐμῶν πημάτων,
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

δακρύτ' ἄγαν, ὦ σύγγον', αἰτία δ' ἐγώ
 διὰ πυρὸς ἔμολον ἅ τάλαινα ματρὶ τᾷδ',
 ἃ μ' ἔτικτε κούραν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ τύχας, τᾶς σᾶς τύχας, μᾶτερ τεκοῦσ',
 ἄλαστα μέλεα καὶ πέρα
 παθοῦσα σῶν τέκνων ὑπαί.
 πατρὸς δ' ἔτισας φόνον δικαίως.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1190 ἰὼ Φοῖβ', ἀνύμνησας δίκαν, ἀντ α'
 ἄφαντα φανερά δ' ἐξέπρα-
 ξας ἄχεα, φόνια δ' ὥπασας
 λέχε' ἀπὸ γᾶς Ἑλλανίδος.
 τίνα δ' ἐτέραν μόλω πόλιν; τίς ξένος,
 τίς εὖσεβῆς ἐμὸν κᾶρα
 προσόψεται ματέρα κτανόντος,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1200 ἰὼ ἰώ μοι. ποῖ δ' ἐγώ, τίν' εἰς χορόν,
 τίνα γάμον εἶμι; τίς πόσις με δέξεται
 νυμφικᾶς ἐς εὐνάς;

¹ The gap in the metre indicates that two lines have been lost here

ELECTRA

Enter ORESTES with ELECTRA

ORESTES

Earth, Zeus, whose all-beholding eye (Str 1)

Is over men, behold this deed

Of blood, of horror—these that lie

Twinned corpses on the earth, that bleed

For my wrongs, and by mine hand die 1180

[Woe and alas ! I weep to know

My mother by mine hand laid low !]¹

ELECTRA

Well may we weep !—it was my sin, brother !

My fury was kindled as flame against her from whose
womb I came

Woe's me, a daughter !—and *this*, my mother !

CHORUS

Alas for thy lot ! Their mother wast thou,

And horrors and anguish no words may tell

At thy children's hands thou hast suffered now !

Yet justly the blow for their sire's blood fell

ORESTES

Phoebus, the deed didst thou commend, (Ant 1) 1190

Aye whispering "*Justice*" Thou hast bared

The deeds of darkness, and made end,

Through Greece, of lust that murder dared

But me what land shall shield ? What friend,

What righteous man shall bear to see

The slayer of his mother—me ?

ELECTRA

Woe's me ! What refuge shall what land give me ?

O feet from the dance aye banned ! O spousal-
hopeless hand !

What lord to a bridal-bower shall receive me ? 1200

¹ Conjecturally supplied to fill lacuna

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πάλιν, πάλιν φρόνημα σὸν μετεστάλη πρὸς αὔραν
φρονεῖς γὰρ ὅσια νῦν, τότ' οὐ
φρονοῦσα, δεῖνα δ' εἰργάσω,
φίλα, κασίγνητον οὐ θέλοντα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κατείδες, οἶον ἂ τάλαιν' ἐμῶν πέπλων στρ. β'
ἐλάβετ', ἔδειξε μαστὸν ἐν φοναῖσιν,
ἰώ μοι, πρὸς πέδῳ
τιθεῖσα γόνιμα μέλεα, τὰν κόμαν δ' ἐγώ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1210 σάφ' οἶδα δι' ὀδύνας ἔβας, ἰήιον
κλύων γόον ματρός, ἃ σ' ἔτικτεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

βοᾶν δ' ἔλασκε τάνδε, πρὸς γένυν ἐμὰν ἀντ. β'
τιθεῖσα χεῖρα· τέκος ἐμόν, λιταίνω
παρήδων τ' ἐξ ἐμῶν
ἐκρήμναθ', ὥστε χέρας ἐμὰς λιπεῖν βέλος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τάλαινα, πῶς ἔτλας φόνον δι' ὀμμάτων
1220 ἰδεῖν σέθεν ματρὸς ἐκπνεούσας,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐγὼ μὲν ἐπιβαλὼν φάρη κόραις ἐμαῖς στρ. γ'
φασγάνῳ κατηρξάμαν
ματέρος ἔσω δέρας μεθείς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐγὼ δ' ἐπεγκέλευσά σοι
ξίφους τ' ἐφηψάμαν ἄμα.
δεινότατον παθέων ἔρεξα.

ELECTRA

CHORUS

Again have thy thoughts veered round, yet again !
Now right is thine heart, which was then not right
When to deeds of horror didst thou constrain
Thy brother, O friend, in his heart's despite

ORESTES

Didst thou mark, how the hapless, clinging,
clasping (Str 2)
My mantle, bared her bosom in dying—
Woe's me !—and even to the earth bowed low
A mother's limbs ?—and her hair was I grasping—

CHORUS

I know thine agony, hearing the crying 1210
Of the mother that bare thee, her wail of woe

ORESTES

Her hand on my cheek did she lay, and her
calling (Ant 2)
Rang in mine ears—" *My child ! I implore thee !* "
And she hung, she hung on my neck, to stay
The sword, from my palsied hand-grasp falling.

CHORUS (to Electra)

Wretch, how couldst thou bear to behold before thee 1220
Thy mother, gasping her life away ?

ORESTES

I cast my mantle before mine eyes, (Str 3)
And my sword began that sacrifice,
Through the throat of my mother cleaving,
cleaving !

ELECTRA

Yea, and I urged thee with instant word,
And I set with thee mine hand to the sword
I have done things horrible past believing !

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λαβοῦ, κάλυπτε μέλεα ματέρος πέπλοις, αὐτ. γ'
καὶ καθάρμοσον σφαγὰς
φονέας ἔτικτες ἄρά σοι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1230 ἰδού, φίλα τε κοῦ φίλα,
φάρεα σέ γ' ἀμφιβάλλομεν
τέρμα κακῶν μεγάλων δόμοισιν

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' οἶδε δόμων ὑπὲρ ἀκροτάτων
φαίνουσί τινες δαίμονες ἢ θεῶν
τῶν οὐρανίων, οὐ γὰρ θνητῶν γ'
ἦδε κέλευθος· τί ποτ' εἰς φανεράν
ᾧψιν βαίνουσι βροτοῖσιν;

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

Ἀγαμέμνωνος παῖ, κλύθι δίπτυχοι δέ σε
καλοῦσι μητρὸς σύγγονοι Διόσκοροι,
1240 Κάστωρ κασίγνητός τε Πολυδεύκης ὄδε.
δεινὸν δὲ ναὸς ἀρτίως πόντου σάλον
παύσαντ' ἀφίγμεθ' Ἄργος, ὥς ἐσείδομεν
σφαγὰς ἀδελφῆς τῆσδε, μητέρος δὲ σῆς.
δίκαια μὲν νῦν ἦδ' ἔχει, σὺ δ' οὐχὶ δρᾷς·
Φοῖβός τε Φοῖβος—ἀλλ' ἄναξ γάρ ἐστ' ἐμός,
σιγῷ σοφὸς δ' ὦν οὐκ ἔχρησέ σοι σοφά.
αἰνεῖν δ' ἀνάγκη ταῦτα τάντεῦθεν δὲ χρή
πράσσειν ἅ μοῖρα Ζεὺς τ' ἔκρανε σοῦ πέρι.
Πυλάδῃ μὲν Ἥλέκτραν δὸς ἄλοχον εἰς δόμους,
1250 σὺ δ' Ἄργος ἔκλιπ'· οὐ γὰρ ἔστι σοι πόλιν
τῇνδ' ἐμβατεύειν, μητέρα κτείναντα σῆν
δειναὶ δὲ Κῆρές σ' αἰ κυνώπιδες θεαὶ

ELECTRA

ORESTES

Take, take, with hei vesture the limbs shroud
round (Ant 3)
Of my mother · O close hei wide death-wound
Thou barest them, thou, these hands death-
dealing !

ELECTRA

Lo, thou that wast dear and yet not dear, 1230
With the mantle I veil thee over heie
May the curse of the house have end and healing !
CASTOR and POLLUX appear in mid air above the stage

CHORUS

Lo, lo, where over the roof-ridge high
Demigods gleam,—or from thrones in the sky
Stoop Gods ?—it is not vouchsafed unto men
To tread yon path why draw these nigh
Unto mortal ken ?

CASTOR

Hear, child of Agamemnon Sons of Zeus,
Twin brothers of thy mother, call to thee,
I Castor, this my brother Polydeuces 1240
Even now the sea's shipwrecking surge have we
Assuaged, and come to Argos, having seen
The slaying of our sister, of thy mother
She hath but justice, yet thou, thou hast sinned,
And Phoebus—Phoebus—since he is my king,
I am dumb He is wise—not wise his hest for thee !
We must needs say " 'Tis well " Henceforth must thou
Perform what Fate and Zeus ordain for thee
To Pylades Electra give to wife
But thou, leave Argos, for thou mayst not tread 1250
Her streets, since thou hast wrought thy mother's
death
The dread Weird Sisters, hound-eyed Goddesses,

- τροχηλατήσουσ' ἐμμανῇ πλανώμενον.
 ἐλθὼν δ' Ἀθήνας, Παλλάδος σεμνὸν βρέτας
 πρόσπτυξον εἴρξει γάρ νιν ἐπτοημένας
 δεινοῖς δράκουσιν ὥστε μὴ ψαύειν σέθεν,
 γοργῶφ' ὑπερτείνουσά σου κάρα κύκλον.
 ἔστιν δ' Ἀρεῶς τις ὄχθος, οὗ πρῶτον θεοὶ
 1260 ἔζοντ' ἐπὶ ψήφοισιν αἵματος πέρι,
 Ἀλινρόθιον ὅτ' ἔκταν' ὠμόφρων Ἄρης,
 μῆνιν θυγατρὸς ἀνοσίων νυμφευμάτων,
 πόντου κρέοντος παῖδ', ἔν' εὐσεβεστάτῃ
 ψῆφος βεβαία τ' ἔστιν ἥ γε τοῦ θεοῖς
 ἐνταῦθα καὶ σέ δεῖ δραμεῖν φόνου πέρι.
 ἴσαι δέ σ' ἐκσφύζουσι μὴ θανεῖν δίκη
 ψῆφοι τεθείσαι· Λοξίας γὰρ αἰτίαν
 εἰς αὐτὸν οἴσει, μητέρος χρήσας φόνον.
 καὶ τοῖσι λοιποῖς ὅδε νόμος τεθήσεται
 1270 νικᾶν ἴσαις ψήφοισι τὸν φεύγοντ' αἰεῖ.
 δειναὶ μὲν οὖν θεαὶ τῷδ' ἄχει πεπληγμένοι
 πάγον παρ' αὐτὸν χάσμα δύσονται χθονός,
 σεμνὸν βροτοῖσιν εὐσεβὲς χρηστήριον
 σέ δ' Ἀρκάδων χρὴ πόλιν ἐπ' Ἀλφειοῦ ῥοαῖς
 οἰκεῖν Λυκαίου πλησίον σηκώματος·
 ἐπώνυμος δὲ σοῦ πόλις κεκληθήσεται.
 σοὶ μὲν τὰδ' εἶπον· τόνδε δ' Αἰγίσθου νέκυν
 Ἄργους πολῖται γῆς καλύψουσιν τάφω.
 μητέρα δὲ τὴν σὴν ἄρτι Ναυπλίαν παρῶν
 Μενέλαος, ἐξ οὗ Τρωικὴν εἶλε χθόνα,
 1280 Ἑλένη τε θάψει· Πρωτέως γὰρ ἐκ δόμων
 ἦκει λιποῦσ' Αἴγυπτον οὐδ' ἦλθεν Φρύγας.
 Ζεὺς δ', ὥς ἔρις γένοιτο καὶ φόνος βροτῶν,
 εἰδῶλον Ἑλένης ἐξέπεμψ' ἐς Ἴλιον
 Πυλάδης μὲν οὖν κόρην τε καὶ δάμαρτ' ἔχων

ELECTRA

Shall drive thee mad, and dog thy wanderings
To Athens go the awful image clasp
Of Pallas, for their serpent-frenzied rage
Shall she refrain, that they may touch thee not,
Outstretching o'er thine head her Gorgon shield
There is a Hill of Ares, where first sat
Gods to give judgment touching blood-shedding,
When fierce-souled Ares Halirnothius slew, 1260
The Sea-king's son, in wrath for outrage done
His daughter That tribunal since that hour
Sacred and stablished stands in sight of Gods
There must thou for this murder be arraigned
And, in the judgment, equal votes cast down
From death shall save thee for the blame
thereof

Shall Loxias take, who bade thee slay thy mother
And this for after times shall rest the law,
That equal votes shall still acquit the accused
Yet shall the Dread Ones, anguish-stricken for
this, 1270

Hard by that hill sink into earth's deep cleft
Revered by men, a sacred oracle
Thou by Alpheus' streams must found a city
Arcadian, near Lycaean Zeus's shrine,
And by thy name the city shall be called
This to thee touching yon Aegisthus' corse,
The Argive folk shall hide it in the tomb
Thy mother—Menelaus, now first come
To Nauplia, since he won the land of Troy,
Shall bury her, he and Helen for she comes, 1280
Who ne'er saw Troy, from Proteus' halls in Egypt
But Zeus, to stir up strife and slaughter of men,
A phantom Helen unto Ilum sent
And Pylades shall take his virgin wife,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1290 Ἄχαιῖδος γῆς οἴκαδ' εἰσπορευέτω,
καὶ τὸν λόγῳ σὸν πενθερὸν κομιζέτω
Φωκέων ἐς αἶαν, καὶ δότῳ πλούτου βάρος
σὺ δ' Ἴσθμίας γῆς αὐχέν' ἐμβαίνων ποδὶ
χώρει πρὸς οἶκον Κεκροπίας εὐδαίμονα
πεπρωμένην γὰρ μοῖραν ἐκπλήσας φόνου
εὐδαιμονήσεις τῶνδ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς πόνων

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ παῖδε Διός, θέμις εἰς φθογγὰς
τὰς ὑμετέρας ἡμῖν πελάθειν,

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

θέμις, οὐ μυσaroῖς τοῖσδε σφαγίοις

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

κἄμοι μύθου μέτα, Τυνδαρίδαι;

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

καὶ σοί· Φοίβῳ τήνδ' ἀναθήσω
πρᾶξιν φονίαν

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1300 πῶς ὄντε θεὸν τῆσδέ τ' ἀδελφῶ
τῆς καταφθιμένης
οὐκ ἠρκέσατον κῆρας μελάθροις,

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

μοῖραν ἀνάγκης ἤγειν τὸ χρεών,
Φοίβου τ' ἄσοφοι γλώσσης ἐνοπαί.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τίς δ' ἔμ' Ἀπόλλων, ποῖοι χρησμοὶ
φονίαν ἔδοσαν μητρὶ γενέσθαι,

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

κοινὰ πράξεις, κοινοὶ δὲ πότμοι,
μία δ' ἀμφοτέρους
ἄτη πατέρων διέκναισεν

ELECTRA

And from the land Achæan lead her home ,
And him, thy kinsman by repute,¹ shall bring
To Phocis, and shall give him store of wealth
Thou, journey round the neck of Isthmian land,
Till thou reach Athens, Cecrops' blissful home
For, when thou hast fulfilled this murder's doom, 1290
Thou shalt be happy, freed from all these toils

CHORUS

O children of Zeus, may we draw nigh
Unto speech of your Godhead lawfully ?

CASTOR

Yea · stainless are ye of the murderous deed

ELECTRA

I too, may I speak to you, Tyndareus' seed ?

CASTOR

Thou too for on Phoebus I lay the guilt
Of the blood thou hast spilt

CHORUS

How fell it, that ye Gods, brethren twain
Of her that is slain,
Kept not from her halls those Powers of Bane ? 1300

CASTOR

By resistless fate was her doom on-driven,
And by Phoebus' response, in unwisdom given

ELECTRA

Yet why hath Apollo by bodings ordained
That I with a mother's blood be stained ?

CASTOR

In the deed ye shared, as the doom ye shared
The curse of your sires was for twain prepared,
And it hath not spared

¹ Thy nominal brother-in-law, the peasant

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1310 ὦ σύγγονέ μοι, χρονίαν σ' ἐσιδὼν
τῶν σῶν εὐθύς φίλτρων στέρομαι,
καὶ σ' ἀπολείψω σοῦ λειπόμενος

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

πόσις ἔστ' αὐτῇ καὶ δόμος οὐχ ἥδ'
οἰκτρὰ πέπονθεν, πλὴν ὅτι λείπει
πόλιν Ἀργείων.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ τίνες ἄλλαι στοναχαὶ μείζους
ἢ γῆς πατρίας ὄρον ἐκλείπειν,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄλλ' ἐγὼ οἴκων ἔξειμι πατρός,
καὶ ἐπ' ἀλλοτρίαις ψήφοισι φόνον
μητρὸς ὑφέξω.

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

1320 θάρσει· Παλλάδος
όσῃαν ἤξεις πόλιν· ἀλλ' ἀνέχου.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

περί μοι στέρνοις στέρνα πρόσαψον,
σύγγονε φίλτατε·
διὰ γὰρ ζευγνύσ' ἡμᾶς πατρίων
μελάθρων μητρὸς φόνιοι κατάραι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

βάλε, πρόσπτυξον σῶμα· θανόντος δ'
ὥς ἐπὶ τύμβῳ καταθρήνησον.

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

1330 φεῦ φεῦ· δεινὸν τόδ' ἐγηρύσω
καὶ θεοῖσι κλύειν.
ἔνι γὰρ κάμοι τοῖς τ' οὐρανίδαις
οἴκτοι θνητῶν πολυμόχθων.

ELECTRA

ORESTES

Ah, sister mine, after long, long space of weary
waiting, to see thy face,
And lo, from thy love to be straightway torn,
To forsake thee, be left of thee forlorn ! 1310

CASTOR

A husband is hers and a home this pain
Alone must she know, no more to remain
Here, ne'er know Aigos again

ELECTRA

What drearier lot than this, to be banned
For aye from the borders of fatherland ?

ORESTES

But I flee from the halls of my father afar,
For a mother's blood at the alien's bay
Arraigned must I stand !

CASTOR

Fear not to the sacred town shalt thou fare
Of Pallas all safely be strong to bear 1320

ELECTRA

Fold me around, breast close to breast,
O brother, O loved !—of all loved best !
For the curse of a mother's blood must sever
From our sire's halls us, for ever—for ever !

ORESTES

Fling thee on me ! Cling close, mine own !
As over the grave of the dead make moan.

CASTOR

Alas and alas !—for thy pitiful wail
Even Gods' hearts fail ;
For with me and with all the Abiders on High
Is compassion for mortals' misery 1330

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκέτι σ' ὄψομαι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐδ' ἐγὼ εἰς σὸν βλέφαρον πελάσω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τάδε λοίσθιά μοι προσφθέγματά σου.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ χαῖρε, πόλις
χαίρετε δ' ὑμεῖς πολλά, πολίτιδες.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ πιστοτάτη, στείχεις ἤδη,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

στείχω βλέφαρον τέγγουσ' ἀπαλόν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1340 Πυλάδη, χαίρων ἔθι, νυμφεύου
δέμας Ἥλέκτρας

ΚΑΣΤΩΡ

τοῖσδε μελήσει γάμος ἄλλα κύνας
τάσδ' ὑποφεύγων στείχ' ἐπ' Ἀθηνῶν·
δεινὸν γὰρ ἔχνος βάλλουσ' ἐπὶ σοὶ
χειροδράκοντες χρώτα κελαιναί,
δεινῶν ὀδυνῶν καρπὸν ἔχουσαι·
νὼ δ' ἐπὶ πόντον Σικελὸν σπουδῇ
σώσουντε νεῶν πρόφρας ἐνάλους
1350 διὰ δ' αἰθερίας στείχοντε πλακὸς
τοῖς μὲν μυσσαροῖς οὐκ ἐπαρήγομεν,
οἷσιν δ' ὅσιον καὶ τὸ δίκαιον
φίλον ἐν βιότῳ, τούτους χαλεπῶν
ἐκλύοντες μόχθων σφάζομεν.
οὕτως ἀδικεῖν μηδεὶς θελέτω,

ELECTRA

ORESTES

I shall look upon thee not again—not again !

ELECTRA

Nor my yearning eyes upon thee shall I strain !

ORESTES

The last words these we may speak, we twain !

ELECTRA

O city, farewell,
Farewell, ye maidens therein that dwell !

ORESTES

O faithful and true, must we part, part so ?

ELECTRA

We part,—my welling eyes overflow

ORESTES

Pylades, go, fair fortune betide
Take thou Electra for bride

1340

CASTOR

These shall find spousal-solace —up, be doing,
Yon hell-hounds flee, till thou to Athens win
Their fearful feet pad on thy track pursuing,
Demons of dragon talon, swart of skin,
Who batten on mortal agonies their malice
We speed to seas Sicilian, from their wrath
To save the prows of surge-imperilled galleys.
Yet, as we pace along the cloudland path,
We help not them that work abomination,
But, whoso loveth faith and righteousness
All his life long, to such we bring salvation,
Bring them deliverance out of all distress
Let none dare then in wrong to be partaker,

1350

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

μηδ' ἐπιόρκων μέτα συμπλείτω·
θεὸς ὦν θνητοῖς ἀγορεύω

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χαίρετε· χαίρειν δ' ὅστις δύναται
καὶ ξυντυχία μὴ τινι κάμνει
θνητῶν, εὐδαίμονα πράσσει.

ELECTRA

Neither to voyage with the doomed oath-breaker
I am a God to men I publish this.

CHORUS

Farewell ' Ah, whosoe'er may know this blessing,
To *fare well*, never crushed 'neath ills oppressing,
Alone of mortals tastes abiding bliss

[*Exeunt* OMNES

ORESTES

ARGUMENT

WHEN Orestes had avenged his father by slaying his mother Clytemnestra and Aegisthus her paramour, as is told in the Tragedy called "*Electra*," he was straightway haunted by the Erinyes, the avengers of parricide, and by them made mad, and in the torment thereof he continued six days, till he was brought to death's door

And herein is told how his sister Electra ministered to him, and how by the Argive people they were condemned to death, while their own kin stood far from their help, and how they strove against their doom

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ΤΥΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ΦΡΥΞ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ELECTRA, *daughter of Agamemnon*

HELEN, *wife of Menelaus*

ORESTES, *son of Agamemnon*

MENELAUS, *brother of Agamemnon*

PYLADES, *friend of Orestes*

TYNDAREUS, *father of Clytemnestra*

HERMIONE, *daughter of Helen*

MESSSENGER, *an old servant of Agamemnon*

A PHRYGIAN, *attendant-slave of Helen*

APOLLO

CHORUS, *consisting of Argive women.*

Attendants of Helen, Menelaus, and Tyndareus

SCENE —At the Palace in Argos

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

- Οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν δεινὸν ὧδ' εἰπεῖν ἔπος,
οὐδὲ πάθος, οὐδὲ συμφορὰ θεήλατος,
ἧς οὐκ ἂν ἄραιτ' ἄχθος ἀνθρώπου φύσις
ὁ γὰρ μακάριος, κοῦκ ὀνειδίζω τύχας,
Διὸς πεφυκώς, ὥς λέγουσι, Τάνταλος
κορυφῆς ὑπερτέλλοντα δειμαίνων πέτρον
ἀέρι ποτᾶται καὶ τίνει ταύτην δίκην,
ὥς μὲν λέγουσιν, ὅτι θεοῖς ἀνθρωπος ὦν
κοινῆς τραπέζης ἀξίωμ' ἔχων ἴσον,
10 ἀκόλαστον ἔσχε γλώσσαν, αἰσχίστην νόσον.
οὗτος φυτεύει Πέλοπα, τοῦ δ' Ἀτρεὺς ἔφυ,
ὦ στέμματα ξήνασ' ἐπέκλωσεν θεὰ
ἔριν, Θυέστη πόλεμον ὄντι συγγόνῳ
θέσθαι τί τᾶρρητ' ἀναμετρήσασθαι με δεῖ;
ἔδαισε δ' οὖν νιν τέκν' ἀποκτείνας Ἀτρεὺς.
Ἀτρέως δέ, τὰς γὰρ ἐν μέσῳ σιγῇ τύχας,
ὁ κλεινός, εἰ δὴ κλεινός, Ἀγαμέμνων ἔφν
Μενέλεώς τε Κρήσσης μητρὸς Ἀερόπης ἄπο.
20 γαμεί δ' ὁ μὲν δὴ τὴν θεοῖς στουγουμένην
Μενέλαος Ἑλένην, ὁ δὲ Κλυταιμνήστρας λέχος
ἐπίσημον εἰς Ἑλληνας Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ
ὦ παρθένοι μὲν τρεῖς ἔφυμεν ἐκ μιᾶς,

ORESTES

ORESTES *asleep on his bed*, ELECTRA *watching beside it*

ELECTRA

Nothing there is so terrible to tell,
Nor fleshly pang, nor visitation of God,
But poor humanity may have to bear it.
He, the once blest,—I mock not at his doom—
Begotten of Zeus, as men say, Tantalus,
Dreading the crag which topples o'er his head,
Now hangs mid air, and pays this penalty,
As the tale telleth, for that he, a man,
Honoured to sit god-like at meat with Gods,
Yet bridled not his tongue—O shameful madness ! 10
He begat Pelops, born to him was Atreus,
For whom Fate twined with her doom-threads a
strand

Of strife against Thyestes, yea, his brother,—
Why must I tell o'er things unspeakable ?
Atreus for their sire's feasting slew his sons
Of Atreus—what befell between I tell not—
Famed Agamemnon sprang,—if *this* be fame,—
And Menelaus, of Cretan Aerope
And Menelaus wedded Helen, loathed
Of heaven, the while King Agamemnon won
Clytemnestra's couch, to Hellenes memorable
To him were daughters three, Chrysothemis,

20

- Χρυσόθεμις Ἰφιγένειά τ' Ἡλέκτρα τ' ἐγώ,
 ἄρσῃ δ' Ὀρέστης, μητρὸς ἀνοσιωτάτης,
 ἣ πόσιν ἀπείρῳ περιβαλοῦσ' ὑφάσματι
 ἔκτεινεν· ὧν δ' ἕκατι, παρθένῳ λέγειν
 οὐ καλόν· ἐὼ τοῦτ' ἀσαφὲς ἐν κοινῷ σκοπεῖν.
 Φοίβου δ' ἀδικίαν μὲν τί δεῖ κατηγορεῖν;
 30 πείθει δ' Ὀρέστην μητέρ' ἣ σφ' ἐγένετο
 κτείνειαι, πρὸς οὐχ ἅπαντας εὐκλειαν φέρον.
 ὁμῶς δ' ἀπέκτειν' οὐκ ἀπειθήσας θεῷ
 καὶ γὰρ μετέσχον, οἷα δὴ γυνή, φόνου,
 Πυλάδης θ', ὃς ἡμῖν συγκατείργασται τάδε.
 ἐντεῦθεν ἀγρία συντακεῖς νόσφ' δέμας
 τλήμων Ὀρέστης ὃδε πεσὼν ἐν δεμνίοις
 κεῖται, τὸ μητρὸς δ' αἷμά νιν τροχηλατεῖ
 μανίαισιν ὀνομάζειν γὰρ αἰδοῦμαι θεᾶς
 Εὐμενίδας, αἱ τόνδ' ἐξαμιλλῶνται φόβῳ.
 40 ἕκτον δὲ δὴ τόδ' ἡμαρ ἐξ ὅτου σφαγαῖς
 θανούσα μήτηρ πυρὶ καθήγγισται δέμας,
 ὧν οὔτε σῖτα διὰ δέρης ἐδέξατο,
 οὐ λούτρ' ἔδωκε χρωτί· χλανιδίων δ' ἔσω
 κρυφθεῖς, ὅταν μὲν σῶμα κουφισθῇ νόσου,
 ἔμφρων δακρύνει, ποτὲ δὲ δεμνίων ἀπο
 πηδᾷ δρομαῖος, πῶλος ὥς ἀπὸ ζυγοῦ
 ἔδοξε δ' Ἄργει τῷδε μήθ' ἡμᾶς στέγαις,
 μὴ πυρὶ δεχέσθαι, μήτε προσφωνεῖν τινα
 μητροκτονούντας· κυρία δ' ἦδ' ἡμέρα,
 50 ἐν ἣ διοίσει ψῆφον Ἀργείων πόλις,
 εἰ χρή θανεῖν νῶ λευσίμῳ πετρώματι,
 ἣ φάσγανον θήξαντ' ἐπ' αὐχένος βαλεῖν.
 ἐλπίδα δὲ δὴ τιν' ἔχομεν ὥστε μὴ θανεῖν
 ἥκει γὰρ εἰς γῆν Μενέλεως Τροίας ἀπο,
 λιμένα δὲ Ναυπλίου ἐκπληρῶν πλάτῃ

ORESTES

Iphigeneia, Electra, and a son
Orestes, of one impious mother born,
Who trapped in tangling toils her lord, and slew
Wherefore she slew,—a shame for maid to speak !—
I leave untold, for whoso will to guess
What boots it to lay wrong to Phoebus' charge,
Who thrust Orestes on to slay the mother
That bare him ?—few but cry shame on the deed, 30
Though in obedience to the God he slew
I in the deed shared,—far as woman might,—
And Pylades, who helped to compass it
Thereafter, wasted with fierce malady,
Hapless Orestes, fallen on his couch,
Lieth his mother's blood aye scourgeth him
With madness Scarce for awe I name their
names

Whose terrors rack him, the Eumenides
And to this day, the sixth since cleansing fire
Enwrapped the murdered form, his mother's coise, 40
Morsel of food his lips have not received,
Nor hath he bathed his flesh, but in his cloak
Now palled, when he from torment respite hath,
With brain unclouded weeps, now from his couch
Frenzied with wild feet bounds like steed unyoked
And Argos hath decreed that none with roof
Or fire receive us, none speak word to us,
The matricides The appointed day is this,
Whereon the Argive state shall cast the vote,
Whether we twain must die, by stoning die, 50
Or through our own necks plunge the whetted
steel

Yet one hope have we of escape from death,
For Menelaus from Troy hath reached the land
Thronging the Nauphan haven with his fleet

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

60 ἀκταισιν ὄρμει, δαρὸν ἐκ Τροίας χρόνον
 ἄλαιοι πλαγχθείς τὴν δὲ δὴ πολύστονον
 Ἑλένην, φυλάξας νύκτα, μὴ τις εἰσιδὼν
 μεθ' ἡμέραν στείχουσιν, ὦν ὑπ' Ἴλιῳ
 παῖδες τεθνῶσιν, εἰς πέτρων ἔλθῃ βολάς,
 προὔπεμψεν εἰς δῶμ' ἡμέτερον ἔστιν δ' ἔσω
 κλαίουσ' ἀδελφὴν συμφοράς τε δωμάτων
 ἔχει δὲ δὴ τιν' ἀλγέων παραψυχήν·
 ἦν γὰρ κατ' οἴκους ἔλιφ', ὅτ' ἐς Τροίαν ἔπλει,
 παρθένον ἐμῇ τε μητρὶ παρέδωκεν τρέφειν
 Μενέλαος ἀγαγὼν Ἑρμιόνην Σπάρτης ἄπο,
 ταύτῃ γέγηθε κάπιλήθεται κακῶν.
 βλέπω δὲ πᾶσαν εἰς ὁδόν, πότ' ὄψομαι
 Μενέλαον ἤκουθ'· ὥς τά γ' ἄλλ' ἐπ' ἀσθενοῦς
 70 ῥώμης ὀχούμεθ', ἦν τι μὴ κείνου πάρα
 σωθῶμεν ἄπορον χρῆμα δυστυχῶν δόμος.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

80 ὦ παῖ Κλυταιμνήστρας τε κάγαμέμνονος,
 παρθένε μακρὸν δὴ μῆκος, Ἥλέκτρα, χρόνου,
 πῶς, ὦ τάλαινα, σύ τε κασίγνητός τε σὸς
 τλήμων Ὀρέστης μητρὸς ὅδε φονεὺς ἔφν,
 προσφθέγμασιν γὰρ οὐ μαιίνομαι σέθεν,
 εἰς Φοῖβον ἀναφέρουσα τὴν ἀμαρτίαν.
 καίτοι στένω γε τὸν Κλυταιμνήστρας μόρον
 ἐμῆς ἀδελφῆς, ἦν, ἐπεὶ πρὸς Ἴλιον
 ἔπλευσ' ὅπως ἔπλευσα θεομανεῖ πότμῳ,
 80 οὐκ εἶδον, ἀπολειφθεῖσα δ' αἰάζω τύχας

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Ἑλένη, τί σοι λέγοιμ' ἂν ἃ γε παροῦσ' ὀράς,
 ἐν συμφοραῖσι τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος γόνον,
 ἐγὼ μὲν ἄνπνος, πάρεδρος ἀθλίῳ νεκρῷ,
 νεκρὸς γὰρ οὗτος εἵνεκα σμικρᾶς πνοῆς,

ORESTES

Off-shore he anchors, who hath wandered long
Homeless from Troy But Helen—yea, that cause
Of countless woes,—’neath screen of night he sent
Before, unto our house, lest some, whose sons
At Ilum fell, if she by daylight came,
Should see, and stone her Now within she weeps 60
Her sister and her house’s misery
And yet hath she some solace in her griefs
The child whom, sailing unto Troy, she left,
Hermione, whom Menelaus brought
From Sparta to my mother’s fostering,
In her she joys, and can forget her woes
I gaze far down the highway, strain to see
Menelaus come Fial anchor of hope is ours
To ride on, if we be not saved of him
In desperate plight is an ill-fated house 70

Enter HELEN

HELEN

Clytemnestra’s daughter, Agamemnon’s child,
Electra, maid a weary while unwed,
Hapless, how could ye, thou and the stricken one,
Thy brother Orestes, slay a mother thus ?
I come, as unpolluted by thy speech,
Since upon Phoebus all thy sin I lay
Yet do I moan for Clytemnestra’s fate,
My sister, whom, since unto Ilum
I sailed,—as heaven-frenzied I did sail,—
I have seen not - now left lorn I wail our lot 80

ELECTRA

Helen, why tell thee what thyself mayst see—
The piteous plight of Agamemnon’s son ?
Sleepless I sit beside a wretched corpse ;
For, but for faintest breath, a corpse he is

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

θάσσω· τὰ τούτου δ' οὐκ ὀνειδίζω κακά·
σὺ δ' ἡ μακαρία μακάριός θ' ὁ σὸς πόσις
ἦκετον ἐφ' ἡμᾶς ἀθλίως πεπραγότας

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πόσον χρόνον δὲ δεμνίοις πέπτωχ' ὄδε ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐξ οὐπερ αἶμα γενέθλιον κατήνυσεν.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

90 ὦ μέλεος, ἡ τεκοῦσά θ', ὡς διώλετο.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὕτως ἔχει τάδ', ὥστ' ἀπείρηκεν κακοῖς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

πρὸς θεῶν, πίθοι' ἂν δῆτά μοί τι, παρθένε ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὥς ἄσυχλός γε συγγόνου προσεδρία.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

βούλει τάφον μοι πρὸς κασιγνήτης μολεῖν ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

μητρὸς κελεύεις τῆς ἐμῆς ; τίνος χάριν ,

ΕΛΕΝΗ

κόμης ἀπαρχὰς καὶ χοὰς φέρουσ' ἐμάς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σοὶ δ' οὐ θεμιστὸν πρὸς φίλων στείχειν τάφον ,

ΕΛΕΝΗ

δείξαι γὰρ Ἀργείοισι σῶμ' αἰσχύνομαι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὄψέ γε φρονεῖς εὖ, τότε λιπούς' αἰσchrῶς δόμους.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

100 ὀρθῶς ἔλεξας, οὐ φίλως δέ μοι λέγεις.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

αἰδῶς δὲ δὴ τίς σ' εἰς Μυκηναίους ἔχει ,

ORESTES

His evils—none do I reproach with them,
But prosperous thou art come, and prosperous comes
Thy lord, to us the misery-stricken ones.

HELEN

How long hath he so lain upon his couch?

ELECTRA

Even since he spilt the blood of her that bare him

HELEN

Alas for him, for her!—what death she died! 90

ELECTRA

Such is his plight that he is crushed of ills

HELEN

In heaven's name, maiden, do to me a grace

ELECTRA

So far as this my tendance suffereth me

HELEN

Wilt go for me unto my sister's tomb?

ELECTRA

My mother's?—canst thou ask me?—for what cause?

HELEN

Shorn locks bear from me and drink-offerings

ELECTRA

What sin, if *thou* draw nigh a dear one's tomb?

HELEN

I shame to show me to the Argive folk

ELECTRA

Late virtue in who basely fled her home!

HELEN

Thou speakest truly—speakest cruelly 100

ELECTRA

What shame is thine of Mycenaean eyes?

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΕΛΕΝΗ

δέδοικα πατέρας τῶν ὑπ' Ἰλίῳ νεκρῶν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

δεινὸν γάρ· Ἄργει γ' ἀναβοᾷ διὰ στόμα

ΕΛΕΝΗ

σύ νυν χάριν μοι τὸν φόβον λύσασα δός.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην μητρὸς εἰσβλέψαι τάφον.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

αἰσχρὸν γε μέντοι προσπόλους φέρειν τάδε

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τί δ' οὐχὶ θυγατρὸς Ἑρμιόνης πέμπεις δέμας;

ΕΛΕΝΗ

εἰς ὄχλον ἔρπειν παρθένοισιν οὐ καλόν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ μὴν τίνει γ' ἂν τῇ τεθνηκυῖα τροφάς.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

- 110 καλῶς ἔλεξας, πείθομαί τέ σοι, κόρη,
καὶ πέμψομέν γε θυγατέρ'· εὖ γάρ τοι λέγεις.
ὦ τέκνον, ἔξελθ', Ἑρμιόνη, δόμων πάρος,
καὶ λαβὲ χοᾶς τάσδ' ἐν χεροῖν κόμας τ' ἐμάς
ἐλθοῦσα δ' ἄμφι τὸν Κλυταιμνήστρας τάφον
μελίκρατ' ἄφες γάλακτος οἰνωπὸν τ' ἄχνην,
καὶ στᾶσ' ἐπ' ἄκρου χώματος λέξον τάδε·
Ἐλένη σ' ἀδελφὴ ταῖσδε δωρεῖται χοαῖς,
φόβῳ προσελθεῖν μνήμα σόν, ταρβοῦσά τε
Ἄργεῖον ὄχλον. εὐμενῇ δ' ἄνωγέ νιν
120 ἐμοί τε καὶ σοὶ καὶ πόσει γνώμην ἔχειν
τοῖν τ' ἀθλίῳιν τοῖνδ', οὓς ἀπώλεσεν θεός.
ἂ δ' εἰς ἀδελφὴν καιρὸς ἐκπονεῖν ἐμέ,

ORESTES

HELEN

I fear the sires of those at Ithum dead

ELECTRA

Well mayst thou fear · all Argos cries on thee

HELEN

Grant me this grace and break my chain of fear

ELECTRA

I cannot look upon my mother's tomb

HELEN

· Yet shame it were should handmaids bear these gifts

ELECTRA

Wherefore send not thy child Hermione ?

HELEN

To pass mid throngs beseemeth maidens not

ELECTRA

She should pay nurture's debt unto the dead

HELEN

Sooth hast thou said · I hearken to thee, maid 110
Yea, I will send my daughter · thou say'st well
Child, come, Hermione, without the doors .

Enter HERMIONE

Take these drink-offerings, this mine hair, in hand,
And go thou, and round Clytemnestra's tomb
Shed mingled honey, milk, and foam of wine ,
And, standing on the grave-mound's height, say this
" Thy sister Helen these drink-offerings gives,
Fearing to approach thy tomb, and dreading sore
The Argive rabble " Bid her bear a mood
Kindly to me, to thee, and to my lord, 120
And to these hapless twain, whom God hath stricken
All gifts unto the dead which duty bids

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄπανθ' ὑπισχνοῦ νερτέρων δωρήματα.
 ἴθ', ὦ τέκνον μοι, σπεῦδε καὶ χοὰς τάφῳ
 δοῦς' ὡς τάχιστα τῆς πάλιν μέμνησ' ὁδοῦ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ φύσις, ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ὡς μέγ' εἶ κακόν,
 σωτήριόν τε τοῖς καλῶς κεκτημένοις.
 εἶδετε παρ' ἄκρας ὡς ἀπέθρισεν τρίχας,
 σφύζουσα κάλλος, ἔστι δ' ἡ πάλαι γυνή.
 130 θεοί σε μισήσειαν, ὥς μ' ἀπώλεσας
 καὶ τόνδε πᾶσάν θ' Ἑλλάδ'. ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ,
 αἶδ' αὖ πάρεισι τοῖς ἐμοῖς θρηνήμασι
 φίλαι ξυνφδοί· τάχα μεταστήσους' ὕπνου
 τόνδ' ἡσυχάζοντ', ὅμμα δ' ἐκτήξουσ' ἐμὸν
 δακρύοις, ἀδελφὸν ὅταν ὀρώ μεμνηνότα
 ὦ φίλταται γυναῖκες, ἡσύχῳ ποδὶ
 χωρεῖτε, μὴ ψοφεῖτε, μηδ' ἔστω κτύπος
 φίλῃ γὰρ ἢ σὴ πρευμενῆς μέν, ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ
 τόνδ' ἐξεγεῖραι συμφορὰ γενήσεται

ΧΟΡΟΣ

140 σῖγα, σῖγα, λεπτὸν ἔχνος ἀρβύλης στρ α'
 τίθετε, μὴ ψοφεῖτε, μὴ ὅστω κτύπος.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἀποπρὸ βᾶτ' ἐκεῖς', ἀποπρὸ μοι κοίτας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰδού, πείθομαι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἂ ἂ, σύριγγος ὅπως πνοὰ λεπτοῦ
 δόνακος, ὦ φίλα, φώνει μοι

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἴδ', ἀτρεμαῖον ὡς ὑπόροφον φέρω
 βοάν.

ORESTES

I render to my sister, promise thou
Go, daughter, haste and, soon as thou hast paid
The tomb its offerings, with all speed return

[*Exeunt* HELEN and HERMIONE

ELECTRA

Ah inbred Nature, cankering curse to men,
Yet blessing to thy virtuous heritors !
Mark, she but trimmed off at the tips her hair,
Sparing its beauty—still the Helen of old !
God's hate be on thee, who hast ruined me, 130
My brother, and all Hellas ! Woe is me !
Lo, hither come my friends who wail with me
My dirges ! Soon shall they uprouse from sleep
Him who hath peace now, and shall drown mine eyes
In tears, when I behold my brother rave

Enter CHORUS

Ah friends, dear friends, with soundless footfall tread,
Make ye no murmur, neither be there jar
Kindly is this your friendship, yet to me,
If ye but rouse him, misery shall befall.

CHORUS

Hush ye, O hush ye ! light be the tread (*Str* 1) 140
Of the sandal ; nor murmur nor jar let there be

ELECTRA

Afar step ye thitherward, far from his bed !

CHORUS

Lo, I hearken to thee

ELECTRA

Ha, be thy voice as the light breath blown
Through the pipe of the reed, O friend, I pray !

CHORUS

Lo, softly in murmured undertone
I am sighing

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

150 ναὶ οὕτως,
κάταγε, κάταγε, πρόσιθ' ἀτρέμας, ἀτρέμας ἴθι·
λόγον ἀπόδος ἐφ' ὃ τι χρέος ἐμόλετέ ποτε
χρόνια γὰρ πεσὼν ὃδ' εὐνάζεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς ἔχει ; λόγου μετάδος, ὦ φίλα. ἀντ' α'
τίνα τύχαν εἶπω , τίνα δὲ συμφοράν ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἔτι μὲν ἐμπνέει, βραχὺ δ' ἀναστένει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί φής ; ὦ τάλας.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὀλεῖς, εἰ βλέφαρα κινήσεις ὕπνου
γλυκυτάταν φερομένῳ χάριν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

160 μέλεος ἐχθίστων θεόθεν ἐργμάτων,
τάλας φεῦ μόχθων.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἄδικος ἄδικα τότ' ἄρ' ἔλακεν ἔλακεν, ἀπό-
φονον ὅτ' ἐπὶ τρίποδι Θέμιδος ἄρ' ἐδίκασε
φόνον ὃ Λοξίας ἐμᾶς ματέρος

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὀρᾶς , ἐν πέπλοισι κινεῖ δέμας στρ. β'

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σὺ γάρ νιν, ὦ τάλαινα,
θωύξασ' ἔβαλες ἐξ ὕπνου.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εὔδειν μὲν οὖν ἔδοξα.

ORESTES

ELECTRA

Yea—

Lower—yet lower !—ah softly, ah softly draw nigh !
Make answer, ah why have ye hitherward wended,
ah why ?— 150
So long is it since he hath stilled him in sleep to lie

CHORUS

How is it with him ? Dear friend, speak (*Ant 1*)
What tidings for me ? What hath come to pass ?

ELECTRA

Yet doth he breathe, but his moans wax weak

CHORUS

How say'st thou ?—alas !

ELECTRA

Thou wilt slay him, if once from his eyes thou
have driven
The sweetness of slumber that o'er them flows

CHORUS

Alas for the deeds of the malice of heaven ! 160
Alas for his throes !

ELECTRA

Wrongful was he who uttered that wrongful rede
When Loxias, throned on the tripod of Themis, decreed
The death of my mother, a foul unnatural deed !

CHORUS

See'st thou ?—he stirreth beneath his cloak ! (*Str 2*)

ELECTRA

Woe unto thee ! it was thy voice broke
The bands of his sleep by thy wild outcry.

CHORUS

Nay, but I deemed that he yet slept on.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

170 οὐκ ἄφ' ἡμῶν, οὐκ ἀπ' οὔκων
 πάλιν ἀνὰ πόδα σὸν εἰλίξεις
 μεθεμένα κτύπον ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὑπνώσσει.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

λέγεις εὔ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

180 πόντια, πόντια νύξ,
 ὑπνοδότειρα τῶν πολυπόνων βροτῶν,
 ἐρεβόθεν ἴθι, μόλε μόλε κατάπτερος
 τὸν Ἀγαμεμνόνιον ἐπὶ δόμον
 ὑπὸ γὰρ ἀλγέων ὑπὸ τε συμφορᾶς
 διοιχόμεθ', οἰχόμεθα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

κτύπον ἡγάγετ'· οὐχὶ σῖγα
 σῖγα φυλασσομένα
 στόματος ἀνακέλαδον ἄπο λέχεος ἥ-
 συχον ὕπνου χάριν παρέξεις, φίλα ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θρόει, τίς κακῶν τελευτὰ μένει ; ἀντ. β'

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

θανεῖν· τί δ' ἄλλο ,
 οὐδὲ γὰρ πόθον ἔχει βορᾶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

190 πρόδηλος ἄρ' ὁ πότημος.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐξέθυσεν Φοῖβος ἡμᾶς
 μέλεον ἀπόφονον αἷμα δούς
 πατροφόνου ματρός.

ORESTES

ELECTRA

Wilt thou not hence, from the house to be gone ? 170

Ah, turn thee again, and backward hie
With the sound of thy voice, with the jar of thy
tread !

CHORUS

Yet doth he slumber on

ELECTRA

Sooth said

CHORUS (*singing low*)

Queen, Majesty of Night,
To travail-burdened mortals giver of sleep,
Float up from Erebus ! With wide wings' sweep
Come, come, on Agamemnon's mansion light !
Fordone with anguish, welmed in woeful plight, 180
We are sinking, sinking deep

ELECTRA

With jarring strain have ye broken in !
Ah hush ! ah hush ! refrain ye the din
Of chanting lips, and vouchsafe the grace
Of the peace of sleep to his resting-place

CHORUS

Tell, what end waiteth his misery ? (*Ant 2*)

ELECTRA

Even to die,—what else should be ?
For he knoweth not even craving for food

CHORUS

Ah, then is his doom plain—all too plain ! 190

ELECTRA

Phoebus for victims hath sealed us twain,
Who decreed that we spill a mother's blood
For a father's—a deed without a name !

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δίκη μέν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καλῶς δ' οὐ
ἔκανες ἔθανες, ὦ
τεκομένα με μᾶτερ, ἀπὸ δ' ὤλεσας
πατέρα τέκνα τε τάδε σέθεν ἀφ' αἵματος
200 ὀλόμεθ' ἰσονέκνες, ὀλόμεθα
σύ τε γὰρ ἐν νεκροῖς, τό τ' ἐμὸν οἴχεται
βίου τὸ πλέον μέρος ἐν στοναχαῖσί τε καὶ
γόοισι
δάκρυσί τ' ἐννυχίοις
ἄγαμος, ἔπιδ', ἄτεκνος ἅτε βίωτον ἅ
μέλεος εἰς τὸν αἰὲν ἔλκω χρόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὄρα παρούσα, παρθέν' Ἥλέκτρα, πέλας,
μὴ κατθανών σε σύγγονος λέλθῃ' ὅδε
210 οὐ γάρ μ' ἀρέσκει τῷ λίαν παρειμένῳ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ φίλον ὕπνου θέλγητρον, ἐπίκουρον νόσου,
ὥς ἡδύ μοι προσῆλθες ἐν δέοντί γε.
ὦ πότνια λήθη τῶν κακῶν, ὥς εἰ σοφῇ
καὶ τοῖσι δυστυχοῦσιν εὐκταία θεός
πόθεν ποτ' ἦλθον δεῦρο, πῶς δ' ἀφικόμην,
ἀμνημονῶ γάρ, τῶν πρὶν ἀπολειφθεῖς φρενῶν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ φίλταθ', ὥς μ' ἠϋφρανας εἰς ὕπνον πεσών
βούλει θίγω σου κἄνακουφίσω δέμας;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λαβοῦ λαβοῦ δῆτ', ἐκ δ' ὁμορξον ἀθλίου
220 στόματος ἀφρώδη πέλανον ὁμμάτων τ' ἐμῶν.

ORESTES

CHORUS

'Twas a deed of justice—

ELECTRA

A deed of shame !

Thou slewest, and art dead,
Mother that bare me—thrustedst to the tomb
Our father and these children of thy womb
For corpse-like are we gone, our life is fled 200
Thou art in Hades of my days hath sped
The half amidst a doom
Of lamentation and weary sighs,
And of tears through the long nights poured
from mine eyes
Spouseless,—behold me !—and childless aye,
Am I wasting a desolate life away

CHORUS

Look, maid Electra, who art at his side,
Lest this thy brother unawaies have died
So utter-nerveless, stirless, likes me not 210

ORESTES (*waking*)

Dear spell of sleep, assuager of disease,
How sweet thou cam'st to me in sorest need !
O sovereign pain-oblivion, ah, how wise
A Goddess !—by the woe-worn how invoked !
Whence came I hitherward ?—how found this place ?
For I forget past thoughts are blotted out

ELECTRA

Belovèd, how thy sleeping made me glad !
Wouldst have me clasp thee, and uplift thy frame ?

ORESTES

Take, O yea, take me from mine anguished lips
Wipe thou the clotted foam, and from mine eyes 220

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἰδού· τὸ δούλευμ' ἡδύ, κοῦκ ἀναίνομαι
ἀδελφ' ἀδελφῇ χειρὶ θεραπεύειν μέλη.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὑπόβαλε πλευροῦς πλευρά, καὺχμῶδη κόμην
ἄφελε προσώπου λεπτὰ γὰρ λεύσσω κόραις.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ βοστρύχων πινῶδες ἄθλιον κára,
ὥς ἡγρίωσαι διὰ μακρᾶς ἀλουσίας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κλινόν μ' ἐς εὐνήν αὖθις ὅταν ἀνῆ νόσος
μανίας, ἀναρθρός εἰμι κάσθενῶ μέλη

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

230 ἰδού. φίλον τοι τῷ νοσοῦντι δέμνιον,
ἀνιαρόν δ' ἂν τὸ κτῆμ', ἀναγκαῖον δ' ὅμως.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

αὖθις μ' ἐς ὀρθὸν στησον, ἀνακύκλει δέμας·
δυσάρεστον οἱ νοσοῦντες ἀπορίας ὕπο.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἦ καπὶ γαίας ἀρμόσαι πόδας θέλεις,
χρόνιον ἔχνος θείς, μεταβολὴ πάντων γλυκύ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μάλιστα· δόξαν γὰρ τόδ' ὑγείας ἔχει.
κρεῖσσον δὲ τὸ δοκεῖν, κὰν ἀληθείας ἀπῇ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἄκουε δὴ νῦν, ὦ κασίγνητον κára,
ἕως ἐῷσί σ' εὖ φρονεῖν Ἑρινύες.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

240 λέξεις τι καινόν, κεῖ μὲν εὖ, χάριν φέρεις·
εἰ δ' εἰς βλάβην τιν', ἄλῃς ἔχω τοῦ δυστυχεῖν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Μενέλαος ἦκει, σοῦ κασίγνητος πατρός,
ἐν Ναυπλία δὲ σέλμαθ' ὤρμισται νεῶν

ORESTES

ELECTRA

Lo !—sweet the service is nor I think scorn
With sister's hand to tend a brother's limbs

ORESTES

Put 'neath my side thy side the matted hair
Brush from my brow, for dimly see mine eyes

ELECTRA

Ah hapless head of tresses all befouled,
How wildly tossed art thou, unwashen long !

ORESTES

Lay me again down When the frenzy-throes
Leave me, unstrung am I, strengthless of limb

ELECTRA (*lays him down*)

Lo there To sick ones welcome is the couch,
A place pain-haunted, and yet necessary

230

ORESTES

Raise me once more upright turn me about
Hard are the sick to please, for helplessness

ELECTRA

Wilt set thy feet upon the earth, and take
One step at last? Change is in all things sweet

ORESTES

Yea, surely this the semblance hath of health.
Better than nought is seeming, though unreal

ELECTRA

Give ear unto me now, O brother mine,
While yet the Fiends unclouded leave thy brain

ORESTES

News hast thou? Welcome this, so it be fair
If to mine hurt, sorrow have I enow.

240

ELECTRA

Menelaus, thy sire's brother, home hath come
In Nauplia his galleys anchored lie

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πῶς εἶπας, ἦκει φῶς ἐμοῖς καὶ σοῖς κακοῖς
ἀνὴρ ὁμογενὴς καὶ χάριτας ἔχων πατρός,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἦκει, τὸ πιστὸν τόδε λόγων ἐμῶν δέχου,
Ἑλένην ἀγόμενος Τρωικῶν ἐκ τειχέων

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰ μόνος ἐσώθῃ, μᾶλλον ἂν ζηλωτὸς ᾦν
εἰ δ' ἄλοχον ἄγεται, κακὸν ἔχων ἦκει μέγα

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

250 ἐπίσημον ἔτεκε Τυνδάρεως εἰς τὸν ψόγον
γένος θυγατέρων δυσκλεές τ' ἂν Ἑλλάδα

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σύ νυν διάφερε τῶν κακῶν· ἔξεστι γάρ·
καὶ μὴ μόνον λέγ', ἀλλὰ καὶ φρόνει τάδε

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἴμοι, κασίγνητ', ὄμμα σὸν ταρασσεται,
ταχὺς δὲ μετέθου λύσσαν, ἄρτι σωφρονῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ μήτερ, ἱκετεύω σε, μὴ ᾧ πίσειέ μοι
τὰς αἵματωπούς καὶ δρακοντώδεις κόρας
αὐται γὰρ αὐται πλησίον θρόσκουσί μου

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

μέν', ὦ ταλαίπωρ', ἀτρέμα σοῖς ἐν δεμνίοις·
ὄρᾳς γὰρ οὐδὲν ὦν δοκεῖς σάφ' εἰδέναί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

260 ὦ Φοῖβ', ἀποκτενοῦσί μ' αἱ κυνώπιδες
γοργῶπες ἐνέρων ἱερίαι, δειναὶ θεαί

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὔτοι μεθήσω· χεῖρα δ' ἐμπλέξασ' ἐμὴν
σχήσω σε πηδᾶν δυστυχῇ πηδήματα

ORESTES

ORESTES

How say'st ? Comes he a light on thy woes risen
And mine, our kinsman, and our father's debtor ?

ELECTRA

He comes Receive for surety of my words
This—he brings Helen from the walls of Troy

ORESTES

More blest he were had he escaped alone ·
Sore bane he bringeth, if he bring his wife.

ELECTRA

As beacons of reproach and infamy
Through Hellas, were the daughters Tyndareus gat 250

ORESTES (*with sudden fury*)

Be thou not like the vile ones !—this thou mayst—
Not in word only, but in inmost thought !

ELECTRA

Woe's me, my brother ! Wildly rolls thine eye :
Swift changest thou to madness, sane but now !

ORESTES

Mother !—'beseech thee, hark not thou on me
Yon maidens gory-eyed and snaky-haired !
Lo there !—lo there ! They are nigh, they leap on me !

ELECTRA

Stay, hapless one, unshuddering on thy couch
Nought of thy vivid vision seest thou

ORESTES

Ah, Phoebus !—they shall slay me—hound-faced
fiends, 260
Goddesses dread, hell's gorgon-priestesses !

ELECTRA

I will not let thee go ! My clasping arms
Shall hold thee from thy leap of misery

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μέθες· μὴ οὐσα τῶν ἐμῶν Ἐρινύων
μέσον μὲν ὀχμάξεις, ὥς βάλης εἰς Τάρταρον

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐ γὰρ τάλαινα, τί ν' ἐπικουρίαν λάβω,
ἐπεὶ τὸ θεῖον δυσμενὲς κεκτήμεθα,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

270 δὸς τόξα μοι κερουλκά, δῶρα Λοξίου,
οἷς μὲν εἶπ' Ἀπόλλων ἐξαμύνασθαι θεάς,
εἴ μ' ἐκφοβοῖεν μανιάσιν λυσσήμασιν.
βεβλήσεται τις θεῶν βροτησίᾳ χειρί,
εἰ μὴ ἔξαμείψει χωρὶς ὀμμάτων ἐμῶν
οὐκ εἰσακούετ', οὐχ ὁρᾷθ' ἐκηβόλων
τόξων πτερωτὰς γλυφίδας ἐξορμωμένας;
ᾄ ᾄ·

τί δῆτα μέλλετ'; ἐξακρίζετ' αἰθέρα
πτεροῖς· τὰ Φοίβου δ' αἰτιᾶσθε θέσφατα
ἔα.

280 τί χρεὴ μ' ἀλύω, πνεῦμ' ἀνελὺς ἐκ πνευμόνων,
ποῖ ποῖ ποθ' ἠλάμεσθα δεμνίων ἄπο,
ἐκ κυμάτων γὰρ αὐθις αὐτὴ γαλήν' ὁρῶ
σύγγονε, τί κλαίεις κράτα θεῖσ' εἴσω πέπλων;
αἰσχύνομαί σοι μεταδιδόνς πόνων ἐμῶν,
ὄχλον τε παρέχων παρθένῳ νόσοις ἐμαῖς.
μὴ τῶν ἐμῶν ἑκατὶ συντήκου κακῶν·
σὺ μὲν γὰρ ἐπένευσας τάδ', εἰργασται δ' ἐμοὶ
μητρῶον αἷμα· Λοξία δὲ μέμφομαι,
ὅστις μὲν ἐπάρας ἔργον ἀνοσιώτατον,
τοῖς μὲν λόγοις ἠΰφρανε, τοῖς δ' ἔργοισιν οὐ
οἶμαι δὲ πατέρα τὸν ἐμόν, εἰ κατ' ὄμματα
290 ἐξιστόρου νιν, μητέρ' εἰ κτεῖναί με χρή,
πολλὰς γενεῖου τοῦδ' ἂν ἐκτεῖναι λιτὰς

ORESTES

ORESTES

Unhand me !—of mine Haunting Fiends thou art—
Dost grip my waist to hurl me into hell !

ELECTRA

Ah hapless I ! What succour can I win
Now we have gotten godhead to our foe ?

ORESTES

Give me mine horn-tipped bow, even Loxias' gift,
Wherewith Apollo bade drive back the fiends,
If with their frenzy of madness they should fright
me 270

A Goddess shall be smitten of mortal hand,
Except she vanish from before mine eyes
Do ye not hear ?—not see the feathered shafts
At point to leap from my far-smiting bow ?
Ha ! ha !—

Why tarry ye ? Soar to the welkin's height
On wings ! There rail on Phoebus' oracles !
Ah !

Why do I rave, hard-panting from my lungs ?
Whither have I leapt, whither, from my couch ?
For after storm once more a calm I see
Sister, why weep'st thou, muffling o'er thine head ? 280

Ashamed am I to make thee share my woes,
To afflict a maiden with my malady
For mine affliction's sake break not, dear heart
Thou didst consent thereto, yet spilt of me
My mother's blood was Loxias I blame,
Who to a deed accursèd thrust me on,
And cheered me still with words, but not with
deeds

I trow, my father, had I face to face
Questioned him if I must my mother slay,
Had earnestly besought me by this beard 290

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μήποτε τεκούσης εἰς σφαγὰς ὦσαι ξίφος,
 εἰ μήτ' ἐκείνος ἀναλαβεῖν ἔμελλε φῶς,
 ἐγὼ θ' ὁ τλήμων τοιάδ' ἐκπλήσειν κ
 καὶ νῦν ἀνακάλυπτ', ὦ κασίγνητον κάρα,
 ἐκ δακρύων τ' ἄπελθε, κεῖ μάλ' ἀθλίως
 ἔχομεν· ὅταν δὲ τᾶμ' ἀθυμήσαντ' ἴδης,
 σύ μου τὸ δεινὸν καὶ διαφθαρὲν φρενῶν
 ἴσχναινε παραμυθοῦ θ' ὅταν δὲ σὺ στένης,
 300 ἡμᾶς παρόντας χρή σε νουθετεῖν φίλα
 ἐπικουρίαι γὰρ αἶδε τοῖς φίλοις καλαί
 ἀλλ', ὦ τάλαινα, βᾶσα δωμάτων ἔσω
 ὕπνω τ' ἄνπνον βλέφαρον ἐκταθείσα δός,
 σῖτόν τ' ὄρεξαι λουτρά τ' ἐπιβαλοῦ χροί.
 εἰ γὰρ προλείψεις μ', ἥ προσεδρία νόσον
 κτήσει τιν', οἰχόμεσθα σὲ γὰρ ἔχω μόνην
 ἐπίκουρον, ἄλλων ὡς ὀρᾶς ἔρημος ὦν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐκ ἔστι· σὺν σοὶ καὶ θανεῖν αἰρήσομαι
 καὶ ζῆν ἔχει γὰρ ταῦτόν· ἦν σὺ κατθάνης,
 310 γυνὴ τί δράσω, πῶς μόνη σωθήσομαι,
 ἀνάδελφος ἀπάτωρ ἄφελος, εἰ δὲ σοὶ δοκεῖ,
 δρᾶν χρή τάδ' ἀλλὰ κλῖνον εἰς εὐνὴν δέμας,
 καὶ μὴ τὸ ταρβοῦν κακφοβοῦν σ' ἐκ δεμνίων
 ἄγαν ἀποδέχου, μένε δ' ἐπὶ στρωτοῦ λέχους
 κἂν μὴ νοστής γάρ, ἀλλὰ δοξάζῃς νοσεῖν
 κάματος βροτοῖσιν ἀπορία τε γίγνεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰαῖ,
 δρομάδες ὦ πτεροφόροι
 ποτνιαδες θεαί,
 320 ἀβάκχευτον αἰ θίασον ἐλάχετ' ἐν
 δάκρυσι καὶ γόοις,

στρ.

ORESTES

Never to thrust sword through my mother's heart,
 Since he should not win so to light again,
 And I, woe's me ! should drain this cup of ills !
 Even now unveil thee, sister well-beloved ,
 From tears refrain, how miserable soe'er
 We be , and, when thou seest me despair,
 Mine horror and the fainting of mine heart
 Assuage and comfort , and, when thou shalt moan,
 Must I be nigh thee, chiding lovingly ,
 For friendship's glory is such helpfulness 300
 Now, sorrow-stricken, pass within the house
 Lay thee down, give thy sleepless eyelids sleep
 Put to thy lips food, and thy body bathe
 For if thou fail me, or of tireless watch
 Fall sick, I am lost, in thee alone have I
 Mine help, of others, as thou seest, forlorn

ELECTRA

Never ! With thee will I make choice of death
 Or life it is all one , for, if thou die,
 What shall a woman do ? how 'scape alone, 310
 Without friend, father, brother ? Yet, if thou
 Wilt have it so, I must But lay thee down,
 And heed not terrors overmuch, that scare
 Thee from thy couch, but on thy bed abide
 For, though thy sickness be but of the brain,
 This is affliction, this despair, to men [Exit

CHORUS

Terrible Ones of the on-rushing feet, (Str)
 Of the pinions far-sailing,
 Through whose dance-revel, held where no Baccha-
 nals meet,
 Ringeth weeping and wailing,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μελάγχρωτες Εὐμενίδες, αἵτε τὸν
 ταναὸν αἰθέρ' ἀμπάλλεσθ', αἵματος
 τινύμεναι δίκαν, τινύμεναι φόνον,
 καθικετεύομαι καθικετεύομαι,
 τὸν Ἀγαμέμνωνος
 γόνον ἐάσατ' ἐκλαθέσθαι λύσσας
 μανιάδος φοιταλέου φεῦ μόχθων,
 οἷων, ὦ τάλας, ὀρεχθεὶς ἔρρεις,
 τρίποδος ἀπο φάτιν, ἅν ὁ Φοῖβος
 330 ἔλακεν ἔλακε, δεξάμενος ἀνὰ δάπεδον
 ἵνα μεσόμφαλοι λέγονται μυχοί
 ὦ Ζεῦ,
 τίς ἔλεος, τίς ὄδ' ἀγὼν
 φόνιος ἔρχεται,
 θοάζων σε τὸν μέλεον, ᾧ δάκρυα
 δάκρυσι συμβάλλει
 πορεύων τις εἰς δόμον ἀλαστόρων
 ματέρος αἷμα σᾶς, ὃ σ' ἀναβακχεύει ;
 340 κατολοφύρομαι κατολοφύρομαι
 ὁ μέγας ὄλβος οὐ μόνιμος ἐν βροτοῖς·
 ἀνὰ δὲ λαῖφος ὥς
 τις ἀκάτου θοᾶς τινάξας δαίμων
 κατέκλυσεν δεινῶν πόνων, ὥς πόντου
 λάβροις ὀλεθρίοισιν ἐν κύμασιν.
 τίνα γὰρ ἔτι πάρος οἶκον ἄλλον
 ἕτερον ἢ τὸν ἀπὸ θεογόνων γάμων
 τὸν ἀπὸ Ταντάλου σέβεσθαί με χρή ;
 καὶ μὴν βασιλεὺς ὅδε δὴ στείχει,
 Μενέλαος ἄναξ, πολὺν δ' ἀβροσύνην
 350 δῆλος ὀρᾶσθαι
 τῶν Τανταλιδῶν ἐξ αἵματος ὢν.

αντ.

ORESTES

Swart-hued Eumenides, wide 'neath the dome 320
Of the firmament soaring,
Avenging, avenging blood-guilt,—lo, I come,
Imploring, imploring !
To the son of Atreides vouchsafe to forget
His frenzy of raving
Ah for the task to the woe-stricken set !
Ah ruinous craving
To accomplish the best of the Tripod, the word
That of Phoebus was uttered
At the navel of earth as thou stoodest, when stirred 330
The dim crypt as it muttered !

O Zeus, is there mercy ? What struggle of doom (*Ant*)
 Cometh fraught with death-danger,
 Thrusting thee onward, the wretched, on whom
 The Erinnys-avenger
 Heapeth tears upon tears, and the blood hath she
 brought
 Of thy mother upon thee [traught '
 And thine house, that it driveth thee frenzy-dis-
 I bemoan thee, bemoan thee '
 Not among men doth fair fortune abide, 340
 But, as sail tempest-riven,
 Is it whelmed in affliction's death-ravening tide
 By the malice of heaven,—
 Nay, abides not, for where shall I find me a line
 Of more honour in story
 Than Tantalus' house, from espousals divine
 That traceth its glory ?

But lo, hither cometh a prince, meseems—
Menelaus the king ' for his vesture, that gleams
In splendour exceeding,
The blood of the Tantalid House reveals

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ χιλιόναυν στρατὸν ὀρμήσας
εἰς γῆν Ἀσίαν,
χαῖρ', εὐτυχία δ' αὐτὸς ὀμιλεῖς,
θεόθεν πράξας ἅπερ ἠΰχου.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ δῶμα, τῇ μὲν σ' ἡδέως προσδέρκομαι
Τροίαθεν ἐλθὼν, τῇ δ' ἰδὼν καταστένω
κύκλῳ γὰρ εἰλιχθεῖσαν ἀθλίοις κακοῖς
οὐπώποτ' ἄλλην μᾶλλον εἶδον ἐστίαν
360 Ἀγαμέμνονος μὲν γὰρ τύχας ἠπιστάμην
καὶ θάνατον, οἷω πρὸς δάμαρτος ὤλετο,
Μαλέα προσίσχων πρῶραν ἐκ δὲ κυμάτων
ὁ ναυτίλοισι μάντις ἐξήγγειλέ μοι
Νηρέως προφήτης Γλαῦκος ἀψευδὴς θεός,
ὃς μοι τόδ' εἶπεν ἐμφανῶς κατασταθείς
Μενέλαε, κεῖται σὸς κασίγνητος θανὼν,
λουτροῖσιν ἀλόχου περιπεσὼν ἀρκυστάτοις¹
δακρύων δ' ἔπλησεν ἐμέ τε καὶ ναύτας ἐμοὺς
πολλῶν ἐπεὶ δὲ Ναυπλίας ψαύῳ χθονός
370 ἤδη δάμαρτος ἐνθάδ' ἐξορμωμένης,
δοκῶν Ὀρέστην παῖδα τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος
φίλαισι χερσὶ περιβαλεῖν καὶ μητέρα,
ὥς εὐτυχοῦντας, ἔκλυον ἀλιτύπων τινὸς
τῆς Τυνδαρείας θυγατρὸς ἀνόσιον φόνου
καὶ νῦν ὅπου ὅστιν εἶπατ', ὦ νεάνιδες,
Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖς, ὃς τὰ δεινὰ ἔτλη κακά
βρέφος γὰρ ἦν τότε ἐν Κλυταιμνήστρας χεροῖν,
ὅτ' ἐξέλειπον μέλαθρον εἰς Τροίαν ἰών,
ὥστ' οὐκ ἂν αὐτὸν γνωρίσαιμ' ἂν εἰσιδὼν.

¹ Nauck for πανυστάτοις of MSS

ORESTES

Hail, thou who didst sail with a thousand keels
Unto Asia speeding!
Hail to thee, dweller with fortune fair,
Who hast gained of the Gods' grace all thy prayer!

Enter MENELAUS, with attendants

MENELAUS

All hail, mine home! I see thee half with joy,
From Troy returned, and half with grief behold
For never saw I other house ere this
So compassed round with toils of woeful ills
For touching Agamemnon's fate I knew, 360
And by what death at his wife's hands he died,
When my prow touched at Malea from the waves
The shipman's seer, the unerring God, the son
Of Nereus, Glaucus, made it known to me
For full in view he rose, and cried to me
"Thy brother, Menelaus, lieth dead,
Fall'n in the bath, the death-snare of his wife!"—
So filled me and my mariners with tears
Full many As I touched the Nauplian land,
Even as my wife was hasting hitherward, 370
And looked to clasp dead Agamemnon's son
Orestes, and his mother, in loving arms,
As prospering yet, I heard a fisher tell
Of Tyndareus' daughter's murder heaven-accurst
Now tell to me, ye damsels, where is he,
Agamemnon's son, who dared that awful deed?
A babe was he in Clytemnestra's arms,
When Troyward bound I went from mine halls
forth
Wherefore I should not know him, if I saw

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

380

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὄδ' εἴμ' Ὀρέστης, Μενέλεως, ὃν ἱστορεῖς.
ἐκὼν ἐγὼ σοι τὰμὰ σημανῶ κακά
τῶν σὼν δὲ γονάτων πρωτόλεια θυγγάνω
ἰκέτης, ἀφύλλους στόματος ἐξάπτων λιτάς·
σῶσόν μ' ἀφίξαι δ' αὐτὸν εἰς καιρὸν κακῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ θεοί, τί λεύσσω, τίνα δέδορκα νερτέρων;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εὖ γ' εἶπας· οὐ γὰρ ζῶ κακοῖς, φάος δ' ὀρώ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὥς ἡγρίωσαι πλόκαμον αὐχμηρόν, τάλας

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐχ ἡ πρόσοψίς μ', ἀλλὰ τᾶργ' αἰκίζεται

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

δεινὸν δὲ λεύσσεις ὀμμάτων ξηραῖς κόραις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τὸ σῶμα φροῦδον τὸ δ' ὄνομ' οὐ λέλαιπέ με

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ παρὰ λόγον μοι σὴ φανεῖσ' ἀμορφία

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὄδ' εἰμὶ μητρὸς τῆς τάλαιπώρου φονεύς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἤκουσα φείδου δ' ὀλιγάκις λέγειν κακά.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φειδόμεθ'· ὁ δαίμων δ' εἷς με πλούσιος κακῶν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί χρήμα πάσχεις, τίς σ' ἀπόλλυσιν νόσος;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἡ σύνεσις, ὅτι σύνοιδα δειν' εἰργασμένος.

ORESTES

ORESTES

I am Orestes ! This is he thou seekest. 380
Free-willed shall I declare to thee my woes ·
Yet suppliant first for prelude clasp thy knees,
Linking to thee the leafless prayers of lips ¹
Save me thou comest in my sorest need

MENELAUS

Gods !—what see I ? What ghost do I behold ?

ORESTES

A ghost indeed—through woes a death-in-life !

MENELAUS

How wild thy matted locks are, hapless one !

ORESTES

Stern fact, not outward seeming, tortures me

MENELAUS

Fearfully glarest thou with stony eyes !

ORESTES

My life is gone · my name alone is left 390

MENELAUS

Ah visage marred past all imagining !

ORESTES

A hapless mother's murderer am I

MENELAUS

I heard —its horrors spare thy words be few.

ORESTES

I spare No horrors heaven spares to me !

MENELAUS

What aileth thee ? What sickness ruineth thee ?

ORESTES

Conscience !—to know I have wrought a fearful deed

¹ Suppliants to a God brought leafy boughs, which they laid on his altar, linking themselves thereto by woollen fillets

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πῶς φῆς ; σοφόν τοι τὸ σαφές, οὐ τὸ μὴ σαφές

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λύπη μάλιστά γ' ἡ διαφθείρουσά με,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

δεινὴ γὰρ ἡ θεός, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἰάσιμος

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

400 μανίαι τε, μητρὸς αἵματος τιμωρίαι

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἤρξω δὲ λύσεως πότε, τίς ἡμέρα τότ' ἦν,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐν ἧ τάλαιναν μητέρ' ἐξώγκουν τάφῳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πότερα κατ' οἴκους ἢ προσεδρεύων πυρᾷ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

νυκτὸς φυλάσσω ὅστέων ἀναίρεσιν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

παρὴν τις ἄλλος, ὃς σὸν ὥρθευεν δέμας,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Πυλάδης, ὃ συνδρῶν αἶμα καὶ μητρὸς φόνον

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

φαντασμάτων δὲ τάδε νοσεῖς ποίῳν ὕπο,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔδοξ' ἰδεῖν τρεῖς νυκτὶ προσφερεῖς κόρας.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οἶδ' ἅς ἔλεξας, ὀνομάσαι δ' οὐ βούλομαι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

410 σεμναὶ γάρ· εὐπαίδευτα δ' ἀποτρέπει λέγειν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

αὐταὶ σε βακχεύουσι συγγενεῖ φόνῳ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οἶμοι διωγμῶν, οἷς ἐλαύνομαι τάλας.

ORESTES

MENELAUS

How mean'st thou ? Clear is wisdom, not obscure

ORESTES

Grief most of all is that which wasteth me,—

MENELAUS

Dread Goddess she yet is there cure for her

ORESTES

And Madness, vengeance for a mother's blood. 400

MENELAUS

And when began thy madness ? What the day ?

ORESTES

Whereon I heaped my wretched mother's grave

MENELAUS

At home, or as thou watchedst by the pyre ?

ORESTES

In that night-watch for gathering of the bones

MENELAUS

Was any by, to raise thy body up ?

ORESTES

Pylades, sharer in my mother's blood

MENELAUS

And by what phantom-shapes thus art thou plagued ?

ORESTES

Methought I saw three maidens like to night

MENELAUS

I know of whom thou speak'st, but will not name

ORESTES

They are Dread Ones wise art thou to name them not 410

MENELAUS

Do these by blood of kindred madden thee ?

ORESTES

Woe for their haunting feet that dog me aye '

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ δεινὰ πάσχειν δεινὰ τοὺς εἰργασμένους.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀλλ' ἔστιν ἡμῖν ἀναφορά τῆς ξυμφορᾶς—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

μὴ θάνατον εἴπῃς· τοῦτο μὲν γὰρ οὐ σοφόν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Φοῖβος, κελεύσας μητρὸς ἐκπράξαι φόνον

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀμαθέστερός γ' ὢν τοῦ καλοῦ καὶ τῆς δίκης.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δουλεύομεν θεοῖς, ὃ τι ποτ' εἰσὶν οἱ θεοί

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κᾶτ' οὐκ ἀμύνει Λοξίας τοῖς σοῖς κακοῖς,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

420 μέλλει τὸ θεῖον δ' ἔστι τοιοῦτον φύσει

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πόσον χρόνον δὲ μητρὸς οἴχονται πνοαί,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἕκτον τόδ' ἡμαρ· ἔτι πυρὰ θερμὴ τάφου.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὥς ταχὺ μετῆλθόν σ' αἷμα μητέρος θεαί

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐ σοφός, ἀληθὴς δ' εἰς φίλους ἔφυν φίλος.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πατρὸς δὲ δὴ τί σ' ὠφελεῖ τιμωρία;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐπω· τὸ μέλλον δ' ἴσον ἀπραξία λέγω

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τὰ πρὸς πόλιν δὲ πῶς ἔχεις δράσας τάδε;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μισούμεθ' οὕτως ὥστε μὴ προσεννέπειν.

ORESTES

MENELAUS

For dread deeds sufferings dread—not strange is this

ORESTES

Yet can I cast my burden of affliction—

MENELAUS

Nay, speak not thou of death!—not wise were this

ORESTES

On Phoebus, who bade spill my mother's blood

MENELAUS

Sore lack was his of justice and of right!

ORESTES

The God's thralls are we—whatsoe'er gods be

MENELAUS

And doth not Loxias shield thee in thine ills?

ORESTES

He tarrieth long—such is the Gods' wont still

420

MENELAUS

How long since passed thy mother's breath away

ORESTES

The sixth day thus the death-pyre yet is warm.

MENELAUS

“Gods tarry long!”—not long they tarried, these.

ORESTES

Not subtle am I, but loyal friend to friend

MENELAUS

Thy sire's avenging—doth it aught avail thee?

ORESTES

Naught yet—delay I count as deedlessness.

MENELAUS

And Argos—how on thy deed looketh she?

ORESTES

I am hated so, that none will speak to me

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐδ' ἤγνισαι σὸν αἷμα κατὰ νόμον χεροῖν,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

430 ἐκκλήομαι γὰρ δωμάτων ὅπη μόλω

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίνες πολιτῶν ἐξαμιλλῶνταί σε γῆς,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Οἶαξ, τὸ Τροίας μῖσος ἀναφέρων πατρί.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ξυνήκα Παλαμήδους σε τιμωρεῖ φόνου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐ γ' οὐ μετῆν μοι διὰ τριῶν δ' ἀπόλλυμαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς δ' ἄλλος; ἢ που τῶν ἀπ' Αἰγίσθου φίλων;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐτοί μ' ὑβρίζουσ', ὧν πόλις τανῦν κλύει.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ἀγαμέμνονος δὲ σκῆπτρ' ἐὰ σ' ἔχειν πόλις;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πῶς, οὔτινες ζῆν οὐκ ἐῷσ' ἡμᾶς ἔτι,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί δρῶντες ὅ τι καὶ σαφὲς ἔχεις εἰπεῖν ἐμοί,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

440 ψῆφος καθ' ἡμῶν οἴσεται τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

φεύγειν πόλιν τήνδ', ἢ θανεῖν, ἢ μὴ θανεῖν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

θανεῖν ὑπ' ἀστῶν λευσίμῳ πετρώματι

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κατ' οὐχὶ φεύγεις γῆς ὑπερβαλὼν ὄρους;

ORESTES

MENELAUS

Cleansed are thine hands, as bids the law, from blood ?

ORESTES

Nay barred are all doors whereto I draw nigh ¹ 430

MENELAUS

Who of the citizens would banish thee ?

ORESTES

Oiax, for Troy-born hate against my sire

MENELAUS

Ay so—to avenge Palamedes' blood on thee

ORESTES

Not shed by me I am trebly overmatched

MENELAUS

What other foe ? Some of Aegisthus' friends ?

ORFSTES

Yea, these insult me Argos hears them now

MENELAUS

Doth Argos let thee keep thy father's sceptre ?

ORESTES

How should they, who no more would let me live ?

MENELAUS

What do they which thou canst for certain tell ?

ORESTES

This day shall they pass sentence on my fate 440

MENELAUS

For exile, death, or other doom than death ?

ORESTES

To die by stoning at the people's hands

MENELAUS

Why flee not o'er the confines of the land ?

¹ Purification must be performed in some unpolluted house

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κύκλω γὰρ εἰλισσόμεθα παγχάλκοις ὅπλοις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ιδία πρὸς ἐχθρῶν ἢ πρὸς Ἀργείας χερός,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πάντων πρὸς ἀστῶν, ὥς θάνω· βραχὺς λόγος

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ μέλεος, ἦκεις ξυμφορᾶς εἰς τοῦσχατον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰς σ' ἐλπίς ἢ ᾗ καταφυγὰς ἔχει κακῶν.
ἀλλ' ἀθλίως πρᾶσσουσιν εὐτυχῆς μολῶν
μετάδος φίλοισι σοῖσι σῆς εὐπραξίας,
καὶ μὴ μόνος τὸ χρηστὸν ἀπολαβὼν ἔχε,
ἀλλ' ἀντιλάζου καὶ πόνων ἐν τῷ μέρει,
χάριτας πατρώας ἐκτίνων ἐς οὓς σε δεῖ.
ὄνομα γάρ, ἔργον δ' οὐκ ἔχουσιν οἱ φίλοι
οἱ μὴ ᾗ ταῖσι συμφοραῖς ὄντες φίλοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν γέροντι δεῦρ' ἀμιλλᾶται ποδὶ
ὁ Σπαρτιάτης Τυνδάρεως, μελάμπεπλος
κουρᾷ τε θυγατρὸς πενθίμῳ κεκαρμένος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀπωλόμην, Μενέλαε· Τυνδάρεως ὅδε
στείχει πρὸς ἡμᾶς, οὗ μάλιστ' αἰδῶς μ' ἔχει
εἰς ὄμματ' ἐλθεῖν τοῖσιν ἐξειργασμένοις.
καὶ γάρ μ' ἔθρεψε μικρὸν ὄντα, πολλὰ δὲ
φιλήματ' ἐξέπλησε, τὸν Ἀγαμέμνωνος
παῖδ' ἀγκάλαισι περιφέρων, Λήδα θ' ἄμα,
τιμῶντέ μ' οὐδὲν ἦσσον ἢ Διοσκόρῳ
οἷς, ὦ τάλαινα καρδία ψυχὴ τ' ἐμή,

450

460

ORESTES

ORESTES

I am in the toils, ringed round by brazen arms

MENELAUS

Of private foes, or of all Argos' power ?

ORESTES

Of all the folk, that I may die,—soon said.

MENELAUS

Hapless ! Misfortune's deepest depth thou hast
reached !

ORESTES

In thee mine hope hath refuge yet from ills.
Thou com'st to folk in misery, prosperous thou .
Give thy friends share of thy prosperity, 450
And not for self keep back thine happiness,
But bear a part in suffering in thy turn :
Requite, to whom thou ow'st, my father's boon
The name of friendship have they, not the truth,
The friends that in misfortune are not friends

CHORUS

Lo, hither straineth on with aged feet
The Spartan Tyndareus, in vesture black,
His hair, in mourning for his daughter, shorn

ORESTES

Undone, Menelaus !—hither Tyndareus
Draws nigh me, whose eye most of all I shun 460
To meet, by reason of the deed I wrought
He fostered me a babe, and many a kiss
Lavished upon me, dandling in his arms
Agamemnon's son, with Leda at his side,
No less than those Twin Brethren honouring me
To them—O wretched heart and soul of mine !—

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀπέδωκ' ἀμοιβὰς οὐ καλὰς τίνα σκότον
λάβω προσώπῳ, ποῖον ἐπίπροσθεν νέφος
θῶμαι, γέροντος ὁμμάτων φεύγων κόρας,

ΤΤΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

470 ποῦ ποῦ θυγατρὸς τῆς ἐμῆς ἴδω πόσιν,
Μενέλαον, ἐπὶ γὰρ τῷ Κλυταιμνήστρας τάφῳ
χοὰς χεόμενος ἔκλυνον ὥς εἰς Ναυπλίαν
ἦκοι σὺν ἀλόχῳ πολυετῆς σεσωσμένος
ἄγεται με πρὸς γὰρ δεξιὰν αὐτοῦ θέλω
σταῖς ἀσπασασθαι, χρόνιος εἰσιδὼν φίλον.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ πρέσβυ, χαῖρε, Ζηνὸς ὁμόλεκτρον κάρα.

ΤΤΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

480 ὦ χαῖρε καὶ σύ, Μενέλεως, κήδευμ' ἐμόν
ἔα· τὸ μέλλον ὥς κακὸν τὸ μὴ εἰδέναι
ὁ μητροφόντης ὅδε πρὸ δωμάτων δράκων
στίλβει νοσώδεις ἀστραπάς, στύγῃμ' ἐμόν.
Μενέλαε, προσφθέγγει νιν ἀνόσιον κάρα;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τί γάρ, φίλου μοι πατρός ἐστιν ἔκγονος.

ΤΤΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

κείνου γὰρ ὅδε πέφυκε, τοιοῦτος γεγώς;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πέφυκεν· εἰ δὲ δυστυχεῖ, τιμητέος.

ΤΤΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

βεβαρβάρωσαι, χρόνιος ὦν ἐν βαρβάροις.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ἑλληνικὸν τοι τὸν ὁμόθεν τιμᾶν αἶί.

ΤΤΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

καὶ τῶν νόμων γε μὴ πρότερον εἶναι θέλειν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πᾶν τοῦξ ἀνάγκης δοῦλόν ἐστ' ἐν τοῖς σοφοῖς.

ORESTES

I have rendered foul return ! What veil of gloom
Can I take for my face ?—before me spread
What cloud, to shun the old man's searching eye ?

Enter TYNDAREUS

TYNDAREUS

Where, where shall I behold my daughter's lord 470
Menelaus ? Upon Clytemnestra's tomb
Pouring libations, heard I he had won
After long years to Nauplia with his wife.
Lead me at his right hand I fain would stand,
And greet a loved one after long space seen

MENELAUS

Hail, ancient, sharer in the couch of Zeus !

TYNDAREUS

Hail thou too, Menelaus, kinsman mine !—
Ha, what a curse is blindness to the future !
Yon serpent matricide before the halls
Gleams venom-lightnings, he whom I abhor ! 480
Menelaus, speakest thou to the accurst ?

MENELAUS

Why not ? He is son to one beloved of me

TYNDAREUS

That hero's son he !—such a wretch as he !

MENELAUS

His son If hapless, worthy honour still

TYNDAREUS

Thou hast grown barbarian, midst barbarians long

MENELAUS

Greek is it still to honour kindred blood

TYNDAREUS

Yea, and to wish not to o'erride the laws

MENELAUS

Fate's victims are Fate's thralls in wise men's eyes

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΤΥΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

κέκτησό νυν σὺ τοῦτ', ἐγὼ δ' οὐ κτήσομαι.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

490 ὀργὴ γὰρ ἅμα σου καὶ τὸ γῆρας οὐ σοφόν.

ΤΥΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

πρὸς τόνδ' ἀγὼν ἂν τί σοφίας εἴη πέρι,
εἰ τὰ καλὰ πᾶσι φανερά καὶ τὰ μὴ καλὰ,
τούτου τίς ἀνδρῶν ἐγένετ' ἀσυνετώτερος,
ὅστις τὸ μὲν δίκαιον οὐκ ἐσκέψατο,
οὐδ' ἦλθεν ἐπὶ τὸν κοινὸν Ἑλλήνων νόμον,
ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἐξέπνευσεν Ἀγαμέμνων βίον
πληγεῖς θυγατρὸς τῆς ἐμῆς ὑπὲρ κᾶρα,
αἴσχιστον ἔργον, οὐ γὰρ αἰνέσω ποτέ,
500 χρῆν αὐτὸν ἐπιθεῖναι μὲν αἵματος δίκην
ὀσίαν διώκοντ', ἐκβαλεῖν τε δωμάτων
μητέρα τὸ σῶφρόν τ' ἔλαβεν ἀντὶ συμφορᾶς,
καὶ τοῦ νόμου τ' ἂν εἶχετ' εὐσεβῆς τ' ἂν ἦν.
νῦν δ' εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν δαίμον' ἦλθε μητέρι·
κακὴν γὰρ αὐτὴν ἐνδίκως ἡγούμενος,
αὐτὸς κακίων γέγονε μητέρα κτανών.
ἐρήσομαι δέ, Μενέλεως, τοσόνδε σε
εἰ τόνδ' ἀποκτείνῃς ὁμόλεκτρος γυνή,
χὼ τοῦδε παῖς αὖ μητέρ' ἀνταποκτενεῖ,
510 καῖπειθ' ὁ κείνου γενόμενος φόνῳ φόνον
λύσει, πέρας δὴ ποῖ κακῶν προβήσεται,
καλῶς ἔθεντο ταῦτα πατέρες οἱ πάλοι·
εἰς ὁμμάτων μὲν ὄψιν οὐκ εἶων περᾶν,
οὐδ' εἰς ἀπάντημ', ὅστις αἶμ' ἔχων κυρεῖ,
φυγαῖσι δ' ὀσιοῦν, ἀνταποκτείνειν δέ μή.
ἂν γὰρ εἰς ἔμελλ' ἐνέξεσθαι φόνῳ,
τὸ λοίσθιον μῖασμα λαμβάνων χεροῖν.
ἐγὼ δὲ μισῶ μὲν γυναῖκας ἀνοσίους,

ORESTES

TYNDAREUS

Hold *thou* by that not I will hold thereby

MENELAUS

Thy rage with grey hairs joined makes not for wisdom 490

TYNDAREUS

Debate of wisdom—what is that to *him* ?
If right and wrong be manifest to all,
What man was ever more unwise than this,
He who on justice never turned an eye,
Nor to the common law of Greeks appealed ?
When Agamemnon yielded up the ghost,
His head in sunder by my daughter cleft,—
A deed most foul, which ne'er will I commend,—
He ought to have impleaded her for blood 500
In lawful vengeance, and cast forth the home,
So from disaster had won wisdom's fame,
Had held by law, and by the fear of God
But now, he but partakes his mother's curse,
For, rightfully accounting her as vile,
Viler himself is made by matricide

But this, Menelaus, will I ask of thee —
If of his wedded wife this man were slain,
And his son in revenge his mother slay,
And his son blood with blood requite thereafter, 510
Where shall the limit of the horror lie ?
Well did our ancient fathers thus ordain .
Whoso was stained with blood, they suffered not
To come before their eyes, to cross their path—
“ *By exile justify, not blood for blood* ”
Else one had aye been liable to death
Still taking the last blood-guilt on his hands

For me, sooth, wicked women I abhor,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

520 πρώτην δὲ θυγατέρ', ἥ πόσιν κατέκτανεν
 Ἑλένην τε τὴν σὴν ἄλοχον οὐποτ' αἰνέσω
 οὐδ' ἂν προσείποιμ'. οὐδὲ σὲ ζηλῶ, κακῆς
 γυναικὸς ἐλθόνθ' εἵνεκ' εἰς Τροίας πέδον.
 ἄμυνῶ δ' ὅσον περ δυνατὸς εἰμι τῷ νόμῳ,
 τὸ θηριῶδες τοῦτο καὶ μαιφόνον
 παύων, ὃ καὶ γῆν καὶ πόλεις ὄλλυσ' αἰεί.
 ἐπεὶ τίς εἶχες, ὦ τάλας, ψυχὴν τότε
 ὅτ' ἐξέβαλλε μαστὸν ἱκετεύουσά σε
 μήτηρ; ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ ἰδὼν τὰ κεῖ κακά,
 530 δακρύοις γέροντ' ὀφθαλμὸν ἐκθήκω τάλας.
 ἐν δ' οὖν λόγοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖς ὁμορροθεῖ
 μισεῖ γε πρὸς θεῶν καὶ τίνεις μητρὸς δίκας,
 μανίαις ἀλαίνων καὶ φόβοις. τί μαρτύρων
 ἄλλων ἀκούειν δεῖ μ', ἃ γ' εἰσορᾶν πάρα,
 ὥς οὖν ἂν εἰδῆς, Μενέλεως, τοῖσιν θεοῖς
 μὴ πρᾶσσ' ἐναντί, ὠφελεῖν τοῦτον θέλων,
 ἕα δ' ὑπ' ἀστῶν καταφονευθῆναι πέτροις,
 ἢ μὴ 'πίβαινε Σπαρτιάτιδος χθονός.
 θυγάτηρ δ' ἐμὴ θανοῦσ' ἔπραξεν ἔνδικα.
 540 ἀλλ' οὐχὶ πρὸς τοῦδ' εἰκὸς ἦν αὐτὴν θανεῖν.
 ἐγὼ δὲ τᾶλλα μακάριος πέφυκ' ἀνὴρ,
 540 πλὴν εἰς θυγατέρας· τοῦτο δ' οὐκ εὐδαιμονῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ζηλωτὸς ὅστις ἠτύχησεν εἰς τέκνα
 καὶ μὴ 'πισήμους συμφορὰς ἐκθήσατο.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ γέρον, ἐγὼ τοι πρὸς σὲ δειμαίνω λέγειν,
 ὅπου γε μέλλω σὴν τι λυπήσειν φρένα.
 548 ἀπελθέτω δὴ τοῖς λόγοισιν ἐκποδῶν
 549 τὸ γῆρας ἡμῖν τὸ σόν, ὃ μ' ἐκπλήσσει λόγου,
 550 καὶ καθ' ὁδὸν εἴμι· νῦν δὲ σὴν ταρβῶ τρίχα.

ORESTES

My daughter most of all, who slew her lord
Helen thy wife shall have no praise of mine 520
I will not speak to her, nor envy thee
Thy journeying unto Troy for such vile wife
But, all I can, will I stand up for Law,
To quell this brute in man, this murder-thrust,
Which evermore destroyeth lands and towns

What heart hadst thou, O miscreant, in that hour
When suppliant unto thee thy mother bared
Her breast? I, who saw not the horrors there,
Yet drown, ah me! mine aged eyes with tears 530
One thing, in any wise, attests my words—
Thou art loathed of Gods, punished for matricide
By terrors and mad ravings Where is need
For other witness of things plain to see?
Be warned then, Menelaus: strive not thou
Against the Gods, being fain to help this man
Leave him to die by stoning of the folk,
Or never set thou foot on Spartan ground
Dying, my daughter paid but justice' debt,
Yet it beseemed not *him* to deal her death
I in all else have been a happy man 540
Save in my daughters: herein most ill-starred

CHORUS

Well fares he who is in his children blest,
And hath not won misfortune world-renowned

ORESTES

Ancient, I fear to make defence to thee,
Wherein I cannot but offend thy soul.
Let thine old age, which overawes my tongue,
Untrammelled leave the path of my defence,
And I will on, who fear thy grey hairs now

- 546 ἐγὼ δ', ἀνόσιός εἰμι μητέρα κτανών,
 547 ὅσιος δέ γ' ἕτερον ὄνομα, τιμωρῶν πατρί.
 551 τί χρῆν με δρᾶσαι, δύο γὰρ ἀντίθες λόγῳ·
 πατήρ μὲν ἐφύτευσέν με, σὴ δ' ἔτικτε παῖς,
 τὸ σπέρμ' ἄρουρα παραλαβοῦς' ἄλλον πάρα
 ἄνευ δὲ πατρός τέκνον οὐκ εἴη ποτ' ἄν
 ἐλογισάμην οὖν τῷ γένους ἀρχηγέτῃ
 μᾶλλον μ' ἀμύναι τῆς ὑποστάσεως τροφάς
 ἢ σὴ δὲ θυγάτηρ, μητέρ' αἰδοῦμαι λέγειν,
 ἰδίοισιν ὑμεναίοισι κοῦχ' ἰσώφροσιν
 εἰς ἀνδρὸς ἦι λέκτρ' · ἐμαυτόν, ἦν λέγω
 560 κακῶς ἐκείνην, ἐξερῶ· λέξω δ' ὅμως.
 Αἰγισθος ἦν ὁ κρυπτὸς ἐν δόμοις πόσις.
 τοῦτον κατέκτειν', ἐπὶ δ' ἔθυσα μητέρα,
 ἀνόσια μὲν δρῶν, ἀλλὰ τιμωρῶν πατρί.
 ἐφ' οἷς δ' ἀπειλεῖς ὥς πετρωθῆναί με χρή,
 ἄκουσον ὥς ἄπασαν Ἑλλάδ' ὠφελῶ.
 εἰ γὰρ γυναῖκες εἰς τόδ' ἥξουσιν θράσους,
 ἀνδρας φονεύειν, καταφυγὰς ποιούμεναι
 εἰς τέκνα, μαστοῖς τὸν ἔλεον θηρώμεναι,
 παρ' οὐδὲν αὐταῖς ἦν ἂν ὀλλύναι πόσεις
 570 ἐπὶ κλημ' ἐχούσαις ὅ τι τύχοι δράσας δ' ἐγὼ
 δεῖν', ὥς σύ κομπεῖς, τόνδ' ἔπαυσα τὸν νόμον.
 μισῶν δὲ μητέρ' ἐνδίκως ἀπώλεσα,
 ἥτις μεθ' ὅπλων ἀνδρ' ἀπόντ' ἐκ δωμάτων
 πάσης ὑπὲρ γῆς Ἑλλάδος στρατηλάτην
 προὔδωκε κοῦκ ἔσωσ' ἀκήρατον λέχος
 ἐπεὶ δ' ἁμαρτοῦς' ἦσθε', οὐχ αὐτῇ δίκῃν
 ἐπέθηκεν, ἀλλ' ὥς μὴ δίκῃν δοίῃ πόσει,
 ἐζημίωσε πατέρα κατέκτειν' ἐμόν.
 πρὸς θεῶν, ἐν οὐ καλῷ μὲν ἐμνήσθην θεῶν,
 580 φόνον δικάζων, εἰ δὲ δὴ τὰ μητέρος

ORESTES

I know me guilt-stained with a mother's death,
 Yet pure herein, that I avenged my sire 550
 What ought I to have done? Let plea face plea.
 My sire begat, thy child but gave me birth—
 The field that from the sower received the seed,
 Without the father, might no offspring be
 I reasoned then—better defend my source
 Of life, than her that did but foster me
 Thy daughter—I take shame to call her mother—
 In lawless and in wanton dalliance
 Sought to a lover;—mine own shame I speak
 In telling hers, yet will I utter it.— 560
 Aegisthus was that secret paramour
 I slew him and my mother on one altar—
 Sinning, yet taking vengeance for my sin
 Hear how, in that for which thou threatenest
 doom
 Of stoning, I to all Greece rendered service
 If wives to this bold recklessness shall come,
 To slay their husbands, and find refuge then
 With sons, entrapping pity with bared breasts,
 Then shall they count it nought to slay their
 lords,
 On whatso plea may chance By deeds of horror— 570
 As thy large utterance is—I abolished Law:
 No, but in lawful hate I slew my mother,
 Who, when her lord was warring far from home,
 Chief of our armies, for all Hellas' sake,
 Betrayed him, kept his couch not undefiled
 When her sin found her out, she punished not
 Herself, but, lest her lord should punish her,
 Wreaked on my father chastisement, and slew.
 By Heaven!—ill time, I grant, to call on Heaven,
 Defending murder,—had I justified 580

σιγῶν ἐπὴνουν, τί μ' ἂν ἔδρας' ὁ κατθανών,
 οὐκ ἂν με μισῶν ἀνεχόρευ' Ἐρινύσιν;
 ἢ μητρὶ μὲν πάρεισι σύμμαχοι θεαί,
 τῷ δ' οὐ πάρεισι μᾶλλον ἡδίκημένῳ;
 σύ τοι φυτεύσας θυγατέρ', ὦ γέρον, κακὴν
 ἀπώλεσάς με διὰ τὸ γὰρ κείνης θράσος
 πατὴρ στερηθεὶς, ἐγενόμην μητροκτόνος.
 ὄρᾱς; Ὀδυσσέως ἄλοχον οὐ κατέκτανε
 590 Τηλέμαχος· οὐ γὰρ ἐπεγάμει πόσει πόσιν,
 μένει δ' ἐν οἴκοις ὑγιὲς εὐνατήριον.
 ὄρᾱς, Ἀπόλλων δς μεσομφάλους ἔδρας
 ναίων βροτοῖσι στόμα νέμει σαφέστατον,
 ὦ πειθόμεσθα πάνθ' ὅς' ἂν κείνος λέγῃ,
 τούτῳ πιθόμενος τὴν τεκοῦσαν ἔκτανον.
 ἐκείνον ἡγείσθ' ἀνόσιον καὶ κτείνετε·
 ἐκείνος ἡμαρτ', οὐκ ἐγώ. τί χρῆν με δρᾶν;
 ἢ οὐκ ἀξιόχρεως ὁ θεὸς ἀναφέροντί μοι
 μίασμα λύσαι; ποῖ τις οὖν ἔτ' ἂν φύγοι,
 600 εἰ μὴ ὁ κελεύσας ῥύσεται με μὴ θανεῖν;
 ἀλλ' ὥς μὲν οὐκ εὖ μὴ λέγ' εἵργασται τάδε,
 ἡμῖν δὲ τοῖς δράσασιν οὐκ εὐδαιμόνως.
 γάμοι δ' ὅσοις μὲν εὖ καθεστᾶσιν βροτῶν,
 μακάριος αἰὼν· οἷς δὲ μὴ πίπτουσιν εὖ,
 τά τ' ἔνδον εἰσὶ τά τε θύραζε δυστυχεῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀεὶ γυναῖκες ἐμποδὼν ταῖς συμφοραῖς
 ἔφυσαν ἀνδρῶν πρὸς τὸ δυστυχέστερον.

ΤΤΝΔΑΡΕΩΣ

ἐπεὶ θρασύνει κούχ' ὑποστέλλει λόγῳ,
 οὕτω δ' ἀμείβει μ' ὥστε μ' ἀλγῆσαι φρένα,
 μᾶλλον μ' ἀνάψεις ἐπὶ σὸν ἐξελθεῖν φόνον·
 610 καλὸν πάρεργον δ' αὐτὸ θήσεται πόνων

ORESTES

Her deeds by silence, what had the dead done ?
 Had not his hate's Erinyes haunted me ?
 Or on the mother's side fight Goddesses,
 And none on his who suffered deeper wrong ?
 Thou, ancient, in begetting a vile daughter,
 Didst run me ; for, through her recklessness
 Unfathered, I became a matricide
 Mark this—Odysseus' wife Telemachus
 Slew not ; she took no spouse while lived her
 lord,

But pure her couch abideth in her halls 590
 Mark this—Apollo at earth's navel-throne
 Gives most true revelation unto men,
 Whom we obey in whatsoe'er he saith.
 Obeying him, my mother did I slay
 Account ye *him* unholy yea, slay him !
 He sinned, not I What ought I to have done ?
 Or hath the God no power to absolve the guilt
 I lay on him ? Whither should one flee then,
 If he which bade me shall not save from death ?
 Nay, say not thou that this was not well done, 600
 Albeit untowardly for me, the doer
 Happy the life of men whose marriages
 Are blest ; but they for whom they ill betide,
 At home, abroad, are they unfortunate

CHORUS

Women were born to mar the lives of men
 Ever, unto their surer overthrow

TYNDAREUS

Since thou art unabashed, and round of speech,
 Making such answer as to vex my soul,
 Thou shalt inflame me more to urge thy death—
 A fair addition to the purposed work 610

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦν εἵνεκ' ἦλθον θυγατρὶ κοσμήσων τάφον
 μολῶν γὰρ εἰς ἔκκλητον Ἀργείων ὄχλον
 ἐκοῦσαν οὐκ ἄκουσαν ἐπισείσω πόλιν
 σοὶ σῆ τ' ἀδελφῇ, λεύσιμον δοῦναι δίκην.
 μᾶλλον δ' ἐκείνῃ σοῦ θανεῖν ἐπαξία,
 ἢ τῇ τεκούσῃ σ' ἡγρίωσ', ἐς οὓς αἰὲ
 πέμπουσα μύθους ἐπὶ τὸ δυσμενέστερον,
 ὀνειράτ' ἀγγέλλουσα τὰ γαμέμνονος,
 620 καὶ τοῦθ' ὃ μισήσειαν Αἰγίσθου λέχος
 οἱ νέρτεροι θεοί, καὶ γὰρ ἐνθάδ' ἦν πικρόν,
 ἕως ὑφῆψε δῶμ' ἀνηφαίστῳ πυρί.
 Μενέλαε, σοὶ δὲ τάδε λέγω δράσω τε πρόσ·
 εἰ τοῦμόν ἔχθος ἐναριθμεῖ κῆδός τ' ἐμόν,
 μὴ τῷδ' ἀμύνειν φόνον ἐναντίον θεοῖς·
 ἕα δ' ὑπ' ἀστῶν καταφονευθῆναι πέτροις,
 ἢ μὴ πῖβαινε Σπαρτιάτιδος χθονός.
 τοσαῦτ' ἀκούσας ἴσθι, μηδὲ δυσσεβεῖς
 ἔλῃ παρώσας εὐσεβεστέρους φίλους·
 ἡμᾶς δ' ἀπ' οἴκων ἄγετε τῶνδε, πρόσπολοι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

630 στεῖχ', ὥς ἀθορύβως οὐπιῶν ἡμῖν λόγος
 πρὸς τόνδ' ἵκηται, γῆρας ἀποφυγῶν τὸ σόν.
 Μενέλαε, ποῖ σὸν πόδ' ἐπὶ συννοία κυκλεῖς,
 διπλῆς μερίμνης διπτύχους ἰὼν ὁδούς,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔασον· ἐν ἐμαυτῷ τι συννοοῦμενος,
 ὅποι τράπωμαι τῆς τύχης ἀμηχανῶ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μή νυν πέραινε τὴν δόκησιν, ἀλλ' ἐμοὺς
 λόγους ἀκούσας πρόσθε, βουλεύου τότε.

ORESTES

For which I came, to deck my daughter's tomb !
To Argos' council-gathering will I go
And thrust the folk on—little thrusting need they !—
That with thy sister thou be stoned to death —
Yea, worthier of death than thou is she,
Who egged thee on against thy mother, aye
Sending to thine ear venomous messages,
Telling of dreams from Agamemnon sent,
Telling how Gods of the Underworld abhorred
Aegisthus' couch,—hateful enough on earth,— 620
Till the house blazed with fire unnatural
Menelaus, this I warn thee—yea, will do
If thou regard mine hate, our tie of kin,
Shield not this man from death in heaven's despite
Leave him to die by stoning of the folk,
Or never set thou foot in Spartan land !
Thou hast heard—remember ! Choose the impious
not,
To thrust aside the friends that reverence God
My servants, lead me from this dwelling hence

[*Exit*

ORESTES

Go, that unharassed what I yet would say 630
May reach his ears, escaped thine hindering age
Menelaus, why pace to and fro in thought,
Treading the mazes of perplexity ?

MENELAUS

Let be : somewhat I muse within myself .
I know not whither in this strait to turn

ORESTES

End not in haste thy pondering hearken first
Unto my pleading, and resolve thee then

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λέγ' εὖ γὰρ εἶπας ἔστι δ' οὐ σιγῇ λόγου
κρείσσω γένοιτ' ἂν, ἔστι δ' οὐ σιγῆς λόγος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

- 640 λέγοιμ' ἂν ἤδη. τὰ μακρὰ τῶν σμικρῶν λόγων
ἐπίπροσθέν ἐστι καὶ σαφὴ μάλλον κλύειν
ἐμοὶ σὺ τῶν σῶν, Μενέλεως, μηδὲν δίδου,
ἃ δ' ἔλαβες ἀπόδος, πατρὸς ἐμοῦ λαβὼν πάρα.
οὐ χρήματ' εἶπον· χρήματ', ἣν ψυχὴν ἐμὴν
σώσης, ἅπερ μοι φίλτατ' ἐστὶ τῶν ἐμῶν.
ἀδικῶ λαβεῖν χρή μ' ἀντὶ τοῦδε τοῦ κακοῦ
ἀδικόν τι παρὰ σοῦ· καὶ γὰρ Ἀγαμέμνων πατὴρ
ἀδίκως ἀθροίσας Ἑλλάδ' ἦλθ' ὑπ' Ἴλιον,
οὐκ ἔξαμαρτῶν αὐτός, ἀλλ' ἁμαρτίαν
650 τῆς σῆς γυναικὸς ἀδικίαν τ' ἰώμενος.
ἐν μὲν τόδ' ἡμῖν ἀνθ' ἐνὸς δοῦναί σε χρή.
ἀπέδοτο δ', ὥς χρή τοῖς φίλοισι τοὺς φίλους,
τὸ σῶμ' ἀληθῶς, σοὶ παρ' ἀσπίδ' ἐκπονῶν,
ὅπως σὺ τὴν σὴν ἀπολάβοις ξυνάορον.
ἀπότισον οὖν μοι ταῦτ' οὗτ' ἐκεῖ λαβὼν,
μίαν πονήσας ἡμέραν ἡμῶν ὑπερ
σωτήριος στάς, μὴ δέκ' ἐκπλήσας ἔτη
ἃ δ' Αὐλὶς ἔλαβε σφάγι' ἐμῆς ὁμοσπόρου,
ἐὼ σ' ἔχειν ταῦθ'· Ἑρμιόνην μὴ κτεῖνε σύ.
660 δεῖ γάρ σ' ἐμοῦ πράσσοντος ὡς πράσσω τανῦν
πλέον φέρεσθαι, καμὲ συγγνώμην ἔχειν.
ψυχὴν δ' ἐμὴν δὸς τῷ τालαιπῶρῳ πατρὶ
κάμῃς ἀδελφῆς, παρθένου μακρὸν χρόνον·
θανὼν γὰρ οἶκον ὀρφανὸν λείψω πατρός
ἐρεῖς, ἀδύνατον· αὐτὸ τοῦτο· τοὺς φίλους
ἐν τοῖς κακοῖς χρή τοῖς φίλοισιν ὠφελεῖν·
ὅταν δ' ὁ δαίμων εὖ διδῷ, τί δεῖ φίλων;

ORESTES

MENELAUS

Speak, thou hast well said Silence is sometimes
Better than speech, and speech sometimes than
silence

ORESTES

Now will I speak Better are many words 640

Than few, and clearer to be understood

Menelaus, give me nothing of thine own .

That thou receivedst from my sire repay

I mean not treasure if thou save my life,

Treasure, of all I have most dear, is this

Grant I do wrong . I ought, for a wrong's sake,

To win of thee a wrong , for Agamemnon

Wrongly to Ilum led the hosts of Greece —

Not that himself had sinned, but sought to heal

The sin and the wrong-doing of thy wife 650

This boon for boon thou oughtest render me

He verily sold his life for thee, as friends

Should do for friends, hard-toiling under shield,

That so thou mightest win thy wife again

This hadst thou there to me requite the same

Toil one day's space for my sake . for my life

Stand up I ask thee not, wear out ten years.

Aulis received my sister's blood I spare

Thee this , I bid not slay Hermione

Thou needs must, when I fare as now I fare, 660

Have vantagé, and the debt must I forgive

But to my hapless father give our lives,

Mine, and my long unwedded sister's life

For heirless, if I die, I leave his house

'Tis *hopeless*, wilt thou say ?—thine hour is this

In desperate need ought friends to help then
friends

When Fortune gives her boons, what need of friends ?

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

670 ἄρκει γὰρ αὐτὸς ὁ θεὸς ὠφελεῖν θέλων
 φιλεῖν δάμαρτα πᾶσιν Ἑλλησιν δοκεῖς
 κοῦχ ὑποτρέχων σε τοῦτο θωπεία λέγω·
 ταύτης ἱκνούμαι σ'—ὦ μέλεος ἐμῶν κακῶν,
 εἰς οἶον ἦκω τί δὲ ταλαιπωρεῖν με δεῖ ;
 ὑπὲρ γὰρ οἴκου παντὸς ἱκετεύω τάδε.
 ὦ πατρός ὄμαιμε θεῖε, τὸν κατὰ χθονὸς
 θανόντ' ἀκούειν τάδε δόκει, ποτωμένην
 ψυχὴν ὑπὲρ σοῦ, καὶ λέγειν ἀγὼ λέγω.
 ταῦτ' εἰς τε δάκρυα καὶ γόους καὶ συμφοράς
 εἵρηκα, καπλήτηκα τὴν σωτηρίαν,
 θηρῶν δ' πάντες κοῦκ ἐγὼ ζητῶ μόνος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

680 κἀγὼ σ' ἱκνούμαι καὶ γυνή περ οὔσ' ὅμως
 τοῖς δεομένοισιν ὠφελεῖν· οἷός τε δ' εἶ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

Ὅρέστ', ἐγὼ τοι σὸν καταιδοῦμαι κᾶρα
 καὶ ξυμπονήσαι σοῖς κακοῖσι βούλομαι·
 καὶ χρὴ γὰρ οὕτω τῶν ὀμαιμόνων κακὰ
 συνεκκομίζειν, δύναμιν ἣν διδῶ θεός,
 θνήσκοντα καὶ κτείνοντα τοὺς ἐναντίους·
 τὸ δ' αὖ δύνασθαι πρὸς θεῶν χρήζω τυχεῖν.
 ἦκω γὰρ ἀνδρῶν συμμάχων κενὸν δόρυ
 ἔχων, πόνοισι μυρίοις ἀλώμενος,
 690 σμικρὰ σὺν ἀλκῇ τῶν λελειμμένων φίλων.
 μάχη μὲν οὖν ἂν οὐχ ὑπερβαλοίμεθα
 Πελασγὸν Ἄργος· εἰ δὲ μαλθακοῖς λόγοις
 δυναίμεθ', ἐνταῦθ' ἐλπίδος προσήκομεν.
 σμικροῖσι γὰρ τὰ μεγάλα πῶς ἔλοι τις ἂν
 πόνοισιν ; ἀμαθὲς καὶ τὸ βούλεσθαι τάδε
 ὅταν γὰρ ἡβᾷ δῆμος εἰς ὀργὴν πεσών,
 ὅμοιον ὥστε πῦρ κατασβέσαι λάβρον·

ORESTES

Her help sufficeth, when she wills to help
 All Greece believeth that thou lov'st thy wife,—
 Not cozening thee with soft words say I this,— 670
 By her I pray thee ! (*aside*) woe for mine
 affliction !

To what pass am I come ! Why grovel thus ?
 Yet,—'tis for our whole house I make appeal !
 O brother of my father, deem that *he*
 Hears this, who lies 'neath earth, that over thee
 His spirit hovers · what I say he saith
 This, urged with tears, moans, pleas of misery,
 Have I said, and have claimed my life of thee,
 Seeking what all men seek, not I alone

CHORUS

I too beseech thee, woman though I am, 680
 To succour those in need thou hast the power

MENELAUS

Orestes, verily I reverence thee,
 And fain would help thee bear thy load of ills
 Yea, duty bids that, where God gives the power,
 Kinsmen should one another's burdens bear,
 Even unto death, or slaying of their foes :
 But the power—would the Gods might give it me !
 I come, a single spear, with none ally,
 Long wandering with travail manifold,
 With feeble help of friends yet left to me 690
 In battle could we never overcome
 Pelasgian Argos If we might prevail
 By soft words, this is our hope's utmost bound
 For with faint means how should a man achieve
 Great things ? 'Twere witless even to wish for
 this

For, in the first rush of a people's rage,
 'Twere even as one would quench a ravening fire

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

- εἰ δ' ἡσύχως τις αὐτὸν ἐντείνοντι μὲν
 χαλῶν ὑπείκοι καιρὸν εὐλαβουμενος,
 700 ἴσως ἂν ἐκπνεύσει· ὅταν δ' ἀνῆ πνοάς,
 τύχοις ἂν αὐτοῦ ῥαδίως ὅσον θέλεις
 ἔνεστι δ' οἶκτος, ἐνὶ δὲ καὶ θυμὸς μέγας,
 караδοκοῦντι κτήμα τιμιώτατον
 ἐλθὼν δὲ Τυνδάρεων τέ σοι πειράσομαι
 πόλιν τε πείσαι τῷ λίαν χρῆσθαι καλῶς.
 καὶ ναῦς γὰρ ἐνταθεῖσα πρὸς βίαν ποδὶ
 ἔβανεν, ἔστη δ' αὐθις, ἣν χαλᾷ πόδα.
 μισεῖ γὰρ ὁ θεὸς τὰς ἄγαν προθυμίας,
 μισοῦσι δ' ἄστοί· δεῖ δέ μ', οὐκ ἄλλως λέγω,
 710 σῶζειν σε σοφία, μὴ βία τῶν κρεισσόνων.
 ἀλκῇ δέ σ' οὐκ ἂν, ἥ σὺ δοξάζεις ἴσως,
 σῶσαιμ' ἂν· οὐ γὰρ ῥάδιον λόγῃ μιᾷ
 στήσαι τροπαῖα τῶν κακῶν ἢ σοι πάρα,
 οὐ γάρ ποτ' Ἄργους γαῖαν εἰς τὸ μαλθακὸν
 προσηγόμεσθ' ἂν¹ νῦν δ' ἀναγκαίως ἔχει
 δούλοισιν εἶναι τοῖς σοφοῖσι τῆς τύχης.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

- ὦ πλὴν γυναικὸς εἵνεκα στρατηλατεῖν
 τᾶλλ' οὐδέν, ὦ κάκιστε τιμωρεῖν φίλοις·
 720 φεύγεις ἀποστραφεῖς με, τὰ δ' Ἀγαμέμνονος
 φροῦδ'· ἄφιλος ἦσθ' ἄρ', ὦ πάτερ, πρῶστων
 κακῶς.
 οἷμοι, προδέδομαι, κούκέτ' εἰσὶν ἐλπίδες,
 ὅποι τραπόμενος θάνατον Ἀργείων φύγω·
 οὗτος γὰρ ἦν μοι καταφυγὴ σωτηρίας.
 ἀλλ' εἰσορῶ γὰρ τόνδε φίλτατον βροτῶν
 Πυλάδην δρόμῳ στείχοντα Φωκῆων ἄπο,

¹ Schaefer for προσηγόμεσθα of MSS.

ORESTES

But if one gently yield him to their stress,
Slacken the sheet, and watch the season due,
Their storm might spend its force When lulls the
blast. 700

Lightly thou mightest win thy will of them
In them is ruth, high spirit is in them—
A precious thing to whoso bides his time
Now Tyndareus and the city will I seek
To sway to temperance in their stormy mood
A ship, if one have strained the mainsheet taut,
Dips deep, but rights again, the mainsheet eased
For Heaven hateth over-vehemence,
And citizens hate I ought, I grant, to save thee—
By wisdom, not defiance of the strong. 710
I cannot—as thou haply dream’st—by force
Save thee Hard were it with my single spear
To triumph o’er the ills that compass thee,
Else not by suasion would I try to move
Argos to mercy : but of sore need now
Must prudent men be bondmen unto fate

[Exit

ORESTES

O nothing-worth—save in a woman's cause
To lead a host '—craven in friends' defence '
Turn'st from me ? — fleest ? — are Agamemnon's
deeds

Forgot? Ah father, friendless in affliction!
Woe's me, I am betrayed · hope lives no more
Of refuge from the Argives' doom of death!
For my one haven of safety was this man
But lo, I see my best-beloved of men,
Yon Pylades, from Phocis hastening

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἡδεῖαν ὄψιν πιστὸς ἐν κακοῖς ἀνὴρ
κρείσσων γαλήνης ναυτίλοισιν εἰσορᾶν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

730 θᾶσσον ἢ με χρῆν προβαίνων ἰκόμην δι' ἄστεως,
σύλλογον πόλεως ἀκούσας, τὸν δ' ἰδὼν αὐτὸς
σαφῶς,
ἐπὶ σὲ σύγγονόν τε τὴν σήν, ὥς κτενοῦντας
αὐτίκα.
τί τάδε, πῶς ἔχεις, τί πράσσεις, φίλταθ' ἡλίκων
ἐμοὶ
καὶ φίλων καὶ συγγενείας· πάντα γὰρ τάδ' εἰ
σύ μοι

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οἰχόμεσθ', ὥς ἐν βραχεὶ σοι τὰμὰ δηλώσω κακά.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

συγκατασκάπτοις ἂν ἡμᾶς κοινὰ γὰρ τὰ τῶν
φίλων

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Μενέλεως κάκιστος εἷς με καὶ κασιγνήτην ἐμήν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

εἰκότως, κακῆς γυναικὸς ἄνδρα γίγνεσθαι κακόν

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὥσπερ οὐκ ἔλθων ἔμοιγε ταῦτὸν ἀπέδωκεν μολών.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἦ γάρ ἐστιν ὥς ἀληθῶς τήνδ' ἀφιγμένος χθόνα;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

740 χρόνιος· ἀλλ' ὅμως τάχιστα κακὸς ἐφωράθη
φίλοις

ORESTES

Glad sight ! A loyal friend in trouble's hour
Shows welcomer than calm to mariners.

Enter PYLADES

PYLADES

Down the city's streets with haste unwonted unto thee
I came ,
For I heard of Argos' council—yea, mine eyes beheld
the same— 730
For thy doom and for thy sister's, as to slay you even
now
What means this ?—how fares thine health, thy state ?
—of age-mates dearest thou,
Yea, of friends and kinsfolk , each and all of these thou
art to me

ORESTES

Ruined are we !—in a word to tell thee all my misery

PYLADES

Mine o'erthrowing shall thy fall be one are friends in
woe and bliss

ORESTES

Traitor foul to me and to my sister Menelaus is.

PYLADES

Small the marvel—by the traitor wife the husband
traitor made !

ORESTES

Even as he had come not, so his debt to me hath he
repaid

PYLADES

How then ?—hath he set his foot in very deed this
land within ?

ORESTES

Late he came ; but early stood convicted traitor to
his kin

740

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

καὶ δάμαρτα τὴν κακίστην ναυστολῶν ἐλήλυθεν ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἐκεῖνος, ἀλλ' ἐκείνη κείνον ἐνθάδ' ἤγαγεν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ποῦ 'στιν ἡ πλείστους Ἀχαιῶν ὤλεσεν γυνὴ μία ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐν δόμοις ἐμοῖσιν, εἰ δὴ τούσδ' ἐμὸν καλεῖν
χρεῶν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

σὺ δὲ τίνας λόγους ἔλεξας σοῦ 'κασιγνήτῳ
πατρός ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μή μ' ἰδεῖν θανόνθ' ὑπ' ἀστῶν καὶ κασιγνήτην
ἐμὴν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

πρὸς θεῶν, τί πρὸς τὰδ' εἶπε ; τόδε γὰρ εἰδέναι
θέλω

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἠὺλαβεῖθ', ὃ τοῖς φίλοισι δρῶσιν οἱ κακοὶ φίλοι.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

σκήψιν εἰς ποίαν προβαίνων ; τοῦτο πάντ' ἔχω
μαθών.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

750 οὗτος ἦλθ' ὃ τὰς ἀρίστας θυγατέρας σπείρας
πατήρ.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

Τυνδάρεων λέγεις· ἴσως σοι θυγατέρος θυμού-
μενος.

ORESTES

PYLADES

And his wife, arch-traitress, hath he brought her,
sailing hitherward ?

ORESTES

'Tis not he hath brought her, nay, 'twas she that
hither brought her lord

PYLADES

Where is she, who hath slain Achæans more than any
woman else ?

ORESTES

In mine house—if yonder palace mine may now be
called—she dwells

PYLADES

Thou, what wouldst thou of thy father's brother by
thy pleadings gain ?

ORESTES

That he would not see me and my sister by the
people slain

PYLADES

By the Gods, to this what said he ?—fain would I
know this of thee.

ORESTES

Cautious was he—as the false friend still to friends is
wont to be.

PYLADES

Fleeing to what plea for refuge ?—all I know when
this I hear

ORESTES

He had come, the father who begat the daughters
without peer

PYLADES

Tyndareus thou meanest,—for his daughter haply
filled with ire

750

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

αἰσθάνει. τὸ τοῦδε κῆδος ἰμᾶλλον εἴλετ' ἢ πα-
τρός.

ΠΤΑΛΑΔΗΣ

κοῦκ ἐτόλμησεν πόνων σὼν ἀντιλάζυσθαι παρών ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐ γὰρ αἰχμητῆς πέφυκεν, ἐν γυναιξὶ δ' ἄλκιμος.

ΠΤΑΛΑΔΗΣ

ἐν κακοῖς ἄρ' εἰ μέγιστοις, καί σ' ἀναγκαῖον
θανεῖν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ψῆφον ἀμφ' ἡμῶν πολίτας ἐπὶ φόνῳ θέσθαι
χρεῶν.

ΠΤΑΛΑΔΗΣ

ἢ κρινεῖ τί χρῆμα , λέξον διὰ φόβου γὰρ ἔρ-
χομαι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἢ θανεῖν ἢ ζῆν ὁ μῦθος οὐ μακρὸς μακρῶν πέρι.

ΠΤΑΛΑΔΗΣ

φευγέ νυν λιπὼν μέλαθρα σὺν κασιγνήτῃ σέθεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

760 οὐχ ὀρᾷς ; φυλασσόμεσθα φρουρίοισι πανταχῇ.

ΠΤΑΛΑΔΗΣ

εἶδον ἄστεως ἀγυιὰς τεύχεσιν πεφραγμένας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὥσπερὲι πόλις πρὸς ἐχθρῶν σῶμα πυργηρούμεθα.

ORESTES

ORESTES

Rightly guessed such kinsman Menelaus chose
before my sue

PYLADES

Dared he not lay hand unto thy burden, not when
here he stood ?

ORESTES

Hero is there none in him !—mid women valiant he
of mood

PYLADES

Then art thou in depth of evil death for thee must
needs abide

ORESTES

Touching this our murder must the vote of Argos'
folk decide

PYLADES

What shall this determine ? Tell me, for mine heart
is full of dread

ORESTES

Death or life The word that names the dateless
doom is quickly said.

PYLADES

Flee then yonder palace-halls forsake thou with
thy sister flee

ORESTES

Dost thou see not ?—warded round on every hand by
guards are we

760

PYLADES

Lines of spears and shields I marked : the pass of
every street they close

ORESTES

Yèa, beleaguered are we, even as a city by her foes

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΤΛΑΑΔΗΣ

κάμέ νυν ἐροῦ τί πάσχω· καὶ γὰρ αὐτὸς οἶχομαι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πρὸς τίνας, τοῦτ' ἂν προσείη τοῖς ἐμοῖς κακοῖς
κακόν.

ΠΤΛΑΑΔΗΣ

Στρόφιος ἤλασέν μ' ἀπ' οἴκων φυγάδα θυμωθεὶς
πατήρ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἴδιον, ἣ κοινὸν πολίταις ἐπιφέρων ἔγκλημά τι ;

ΠΤΛΑΑΔΗΣ

ὅτι συνηράμην φόνον σοι μητρός, ἀνόσιον λέγων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ τάλας, ἔοικε καὶ σὲ τὰμὰ λυπήσειν κακά

ΠΤΛΑΑΔΗΣ

οὐχὶ Μενέλεω τρόποισι χρώμεθ'· οἷστέον τάδε

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

770 οὐ φοβεῖ μή σ' Ἄργος ὥσπερ καὶ μ' ἀποκτεῖναι
θέλη ,

ΠΤΛΑΑΔΗΣ

οὐ προσήκομεν κολλάζειν τοῖσδε, Φωκέων δὲ γῇ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δεινὸν οἱ πολλοί, πανούργους ὅταν ἔχωσι προ-
στάτας.

ΠΤΛΑΑΔΗΣ

ἀλλ' ὅταν χρηστοὺς λάβωσι, χρηστὰ βουλευούσ'
αἰεί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἶεν. εἰς κοινὸν λέγειν χρή.

ORESTES

PYLADES

Ask me also of my plight, for, like to thee, undone
am I

ORESTES

Yea?—of whom? This shall be evil heaped on my
calamity

PYLADES

Strophius banished me mine home. my father's
wrath hath thrust me thence

ORESTES

What the charge? 'Twixt thee and him?—or hath
the nation found offence?

PYLADES

That I helped thee slay thy mother, this he names
an impious thing

ORESTES

Woe is me! the anguish of mine anguish unto thee
must cling!

PYLADES

I am not a Menelaus these afflictions must I bear

ORESTES

Fear'st thou not lest Argos doom thee with my deed
my death to share?

770

PYLADES

I belong not unto them to punish, but to Phocis-land

ORESTES

Fearful is the people's rage, when evil men its course
command

PYLADES

Nay, but when they take them honest chiefs, they
counsel honest rede

ORESTES

Come, let thou and I commune—

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

τίνος ἀναγκαίου πέρι ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰ λέγοιμ' ἀστοῖσιν ἔλθων

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

ὥς ἔδρασας ἔνδικα ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πατρὶ τιμωρῶν ἑμαυτοῦ ;

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

μὴ λάβωσί σ' ἄσμενοι

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀλλ' ὑποπτήξας σιωπῇ κατθάνω ,

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

δειλὸν τόδε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πῶς ἂν οὖν δρώην ;

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

ἔχεις τιν', ἣν μένης, σωτηρίαν ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἔχω

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

μολόντι δ' ἐλπίς ἐστι σωθῆναι κακῶν ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰ τύχοι, γένοιτ' ἄν

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

780

οὐκουν τοῦτο κρεῖσσον ἢ μένειν ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀλλὰ δῆτ' ἔλθω ,

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

θανὼν γοῦν ᾧδε κάλλιον θανεῖ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἴ λέγεις · φεύγω τὸ δειλὸν τῇδε.

ORESTES

PYLADES

As touching what impenious need ?

ORESTES

Should I go and tell the people—

PYLADES

That thou wroughtest righteously ?

ORESTES

Taking vengeance for my father ?

PYLADES

Glad might they lay hold on thee

ORESTES

How then, cower and die in silence ?

PYLADES

This in craven sort were done

ORESTES

What then do ?

PYLADES

Hast any hope of life, if here thou linger on ?

ORESTES

None

PYLADES

But is there hope, in going, of deliverance
from the ill ?

ORESTES

Haply might there be

PYLADES

Were this not better, then, than sitting still ? 780

ORESTES

Shall I go then ?

PYLADES

Yea, for, dying, hero-like thou shalt have died

ORESTES

Good I 'scape the brand of "craven"

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

μᾶλλον ἢ μένων

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ τὸ πρᾶγμα γ' ἔνδικόν μοι

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

τῷ δοκεῖν εὖχου μόνον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καί τις ἂν γέ μ' οἰκτίσειε

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

μέγα γὰρ ἡϋγένειά σου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

θάνατον ἀσχάλλων πατρῶον.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

πάντα ταῦτ' ἐν ὄμμασιν

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἰτέον, ὥς ἄνανδρον ἀκλεῶς κατθανεῖν.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

αἰνῶ τάδε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἢ λέγωμεν οὖν ἀδελφῇ ταῦτ' ἐμῇ ;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

μὴ πρὸς θεῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δάκρυα γοῦν γένοιτ' ἂν

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

οὐκοῦν οὗτος οἰωνὸς μέγας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δηλαδὴ σιγᾶν ἄμεινον

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

τῷ χρόνῳ δὲ κερδανεῖς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κτεῖνό μοι μόνον πρόσαντες,

ORESTES

PYLADES

More than if thou here abide

ORESTES

And the right is mine

PYLADES

Pray only all men so may view the deed

ORESTES

Haply some might pity—

PYLADES

Yea, thy princely birth shall strongly plead

ORESTES

At my father's death indignant

PYLADES

Full in view are all these things

ORESTES

On' unmanly is inglorious death'

PYLADES

Thy saying bravely rings

ORESTES

Shall we then unto my sister tell our purpose ?

PYLADES

Nay, by heaven'

ORESTES

Sooth, she might break into weeping

PYLADES

So were evil omen given

ORESTES

Surely then were silence better.

PYLADES

Lesser hindrance shouldst thou find

ORESTES

Yet, one stumblingblock confronts me—

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

790

ΠΤΛΑΑΔΗΣ

τί τόδε καινὸν αὖ λέγεις ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μὴ θεαί μ' οἷστρον κατὰσχωσ'.

ΠΤΛΑΑΔΗΣ

ἀλλὰ κηδεύσω σ' ἐγώ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δυσχερὲς ψαύειν νοσοῦντος ἀνδρός.

ΠΤΛΑΑΔΗΣ

οὐκ ἔμοιγε σοῦ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εὐλαβοῦ λύσσης μετασχεῖν τῆς ἐμῆς.

ΠΤΛΑΑΔΗΣ

τόδ' οὖν ἴτω

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἄρ' ὀκνήσεις ,

ΠΤΛΑΑΔΗΣ

ὄκνος γὰρ τοῖς φίλοις κακὸν μέγα

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔρπε νυν οἷαξ ποδός μοι

ΠΤΛΑΑΔΗΣ

φίλα γ' ἔχων κηδεύματα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καί με πρὸς τύμβον πορευσον πατρός.

ΠΤΛΑΑΔΗΣ

ὥς τί δὴ τόδε ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὥς νιν ἱκετεύσω με σῶσαι.

ΠΤΛΑΑΔΗΣ

τό γε δίκαιον ᾧδ' ἔχει.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μητέρος δὲ μηδ' ἴδοιμι μνήμα.

ORESTES

PYLADES

What new thing is in thy mind ? 790

ORESTES

Lest the Friends by madness stay me

PYLADES

Nay, thy weakness I will tend.

ORESTES

Loathly task to touch the sick !

PYLADES

Ah, not to me for thee, O friend

ORESTES

Yet beware the taint of this my madness

PYLADES

Base misgivings, hence !

ORESTES

Can it be thou wilt not shrink ?

PYLADES

For friends to shrink were foul offence

ORESTES

On then, pilot of my footsteps

PYLADES

Sweet is this my loving care

ORESTES

Even to my father's grave-mound guide me on

PYLADES

What wouldst thou there ?

ORESTES

I would pray him to deliver

PYLADES

Yea, 'twere just it should be so

ORESTES

But my mother's tomb, I would not see it—

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

πολεμία γὰρ ἦν.

ἀλλ' ἔπειγ', ὥς μή σε πρόσθε ψήφος Ἀργείων
ἔλῃ,

800 περιβαλὼν πλευροῖς ἐμοῖσι πλευρὰ νωχελῇ νόσῳ,
ὥς ἐγὼ δι' ἄστεως σε σμικρὰ φροντίζων ὄχλου
οὐδὲν αἰσχυνθεὶς ὀχλήσω ποῦ γὰρ ὦν δείξω
φίλος,

εἴ σε μὴ 'ν δειναῖσιν ὄντα συμφοραῖς ἐπαρκέσω ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τοῦτ' ἐκείνο, κτᾶσθ' ἐταίρους, μὴ τὸ συγγενὲς
μόνον

ὥς ἀνὴρ ὅστις τροποῖσι συντακῇ, θυραῖος ὢν,
μυρίων κρείσσων ὁμαίμων ἀνδρὶ κεκτῆσθαι φίλος

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὁ μέγας ὄλβος ἃ τ' ἀρετὰ στρ.

μέγα φρονοῦσ' ἀν' Ἑλλάδα καὶ

παρὰ Σιμωντίοις ὀχετοῖς

810 πάλιν ἀνῆλθ' ἐξ εὐτυχίας Ἀτρείδαις

πάλαι παλαιᾶς ἀπὸ συμφορᾶς δόμων,

ὅποτε χρυσέας ἦλθ' ἔρις ἄρνος

ἐπάγουσα Τανταλίδαις¹

οἰκτρότατα θοινάματα καὶ

σφάγια γευναίων τεκέων

ὄθεν φόνω φόνος ἐξαμεί-

βων δι' αἵματος οὐ προλσί-

πει δισσοῖσιν Ἀτρείδαις

τὸ καλὸν οὐ καλόν, τοκέων

ἀντ.

820 πυριγενεῖ τεμεῖν παλάμα

χρόα, μελάνδετον δὲ φόνω

¹ Dindorf's reading, which secures strophic correspondence

ORESTES

PYLADES

For she was a foe
Haste then, lest the Argive vote have doomed thee
ere thou reach the place, [mine embrace
Yielding up thy frame with sickness wasted unto 800
Through the streets unshamed, and taking of the
rabble little heed, [friend indeed,
I will bear thee onward Wherein shall I show me
If mine helpfulness in terrible affliction be not shown ?

ORESTES

Herein true is that old saying—" *Get thee friends, not
kin alone*" [of thy kin,
He whose soul to thy soul cleaveth, though he be not
Better than a thousand kinsfolk this is for thy friend
to win [Exeunt ORESTES and PYLADES

CHORUS

The stately fortune, the prowess exceeding, (Str.)
Whose glorying rang through the land of Greece,
Yea, rang where Simois' waters flow,
For Atreus' sons was its weal made woe 810
For the fruit of the curse sown long ago,
When on Tantalus' sons came, misery-breeding,
The strife for the lamb of the golden fleece,—
Breeding a banquet, with horrors spread,
For the which was the blood of a king's babes
shed,
Whence murder, tracking the footsteps red
Of murder, haunts with the wound aye bleeding
The Atreides twain without surcease
O deed fair-seeming, O deed unholy !— (Ant)
With hand steel-aimed through the throat to shear 820
Of a mother, to lift in the Sun-god's sight

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ξίφος ἐς αὐγὰς ἀέλλοιο δεῖξαι
 τὸ δ' εὖ¹ κακουργεῖν ἀσέβεια ποικίλα
 κακοφρόνων τ' ἀνδρῶν παράνοια
 θανάτου γὰρ ἀμφὶ φόβῳ
 Τυνδαρίδης ἰάχῃσε τάλαι-
 να· τέκνον, οὐ τολμᾷς ὅσια
 κτείνων σὰν μητέρα μὴ πατρώ-
 αν τιμῶν χάριν ἐξανά-
 ψῃ δύσκληϊαν ἐς αἰί

830

τίς νόσος ἢ τίνα δάκρυα καὶ ἐπ' ὧδ
 τίς ἔλεος μείζων κατὰ γῆν
 ἢ ματροκτόνον αἷμα χειρὶ θέσθαι,
 οἶον οἶον ἔργον τελέσας
 βεβάκχευται μανίαις,
 Εὐμενίσιν θήραμα φόνῳ
 δρομάσι δινεύων βλεφάροις
 Ἄγαμεμνόνιος παῖς
 ὦ μέλεος, μητρὸς ὅτε
 χρυσεοπηγνῆτων φαρέων
 μαστὸν ὑπερτέλλοντ' ἐσιδὼν
 σφάγιον ἔθετο μητέρα, πατρώ-
 ων παθέων ἀμοιβάν

840

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

γυναῖκες, ἢ που τῶνδ' ἀφώρμηται δόμων
 τλήμων Ὀρέστης θεομανεῖ λύσση δαμείς,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἥκιστα πρὸς δ' Ἀργεῖον οἴχεται λεών,
 ψυχῆς ἀγῶνα τὸν προκείμενον πέρι
 δώσων, ἐν ᾧ ζῆν ἢ θανεῖν ὑμᾶς χρεῶν

¹ Bothe for αὖ of MSS

ORESTES

Death-crimsoned the dark steel—O, 'tis the
sleight

Of impious sophistry putteth for right
The wrong, 'tis the sinners' infatuate folly!

Ah, Tyndareus' daughter, in frenzied fear
Of death, shrieked, shrieked in her anguish dead,
"Son, slaying thy mother, the right does thou
tread

Under foot! O beware lest thy grace to the dead,
Thy sire, in dishonour enwrap thee wholly,
As a fire that for ever thy name shall sear!" 830

(*Epode*)

What affliction were greater, what cause of weeping,
What pitiful sorrow in any land,

Than a son in the blood of a mother steeping
His hand? How in madness's bacchanal leaping

He is whirled, for the deed that was wrought of
his hand, [sweeping,

With the hell-hounds' wings on his track swift—
With eyes wild-rolling in terror unsleeping—

Agamemnon's scion, a matricide banned!

Ah wretch, that his heart should fail not nor falter,
When, over her vesture's broideries golden, 840
The mother's breast of his eyes was beholden!

But he slaughtered her like to a beast at the altar,
For the wrongs of a father had whetted the brand

Enter ELECTRA

Dames, sure woe-worn Orestes hath not fled
These halls o'erborne by madness heaven-sent?

CHORUS

Nay, nay, to Argos' people hath he gone
To stand the appointed trial for his life,
Whereon your doom rests, or to live or die

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἷμοι τί χρῆμ' ἔδρασε, τίς δ' ἔπεισέ νιν ,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

850 Πυλάδης· ἔοικε δ' οὐ μακρὰν ὁδ' ἄγγελος
λέξειν τὰ κείθεν σοῦ κασιγνήτου πέρι

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ τλῆμον, ὦ δύστηνε τοῦ στρατηλάτου
'Αγαμέμνονος παῖ, πότνι' Ἥλέκτρα, λόγους
ἄκουσον οὓς σοι δυστυχεῖς ἤκω φέρων

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

αἰαῖ, διοιχόμεσθα δῆλος εἰ λόγῳ
κακῶν γὰρ ἦκεις, ὥς ἔοικεν, ἄγγελος

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ψῆφῳ Πελασγῶν σὸν κασίγνητον θανεῖν
καὶ σ', ὦ τάλαιν', ἔδοξε τῇδ' ἐν ἡμέρᾳ.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

860 οἷμοι· προσῆλθεν ἐλπίς, ἣν φοβουμένη
πάλλαι τὸ μέλλον ἐξετηκόμην γόοις
ἅτὰρ τίς ἀγών, τίνες ἐν Ἀργείοις λόγοι
καθεῖλον ἡμᾶς ἀπεκύρωσαν θανεῖν,
λέγ', ὦ γεραιέ πότερα λευσίμῳ χερὶ
ἢ διὰ σιδήρου πνεῦμ' ἀπορρηξαί με δεῖ,
κοινὰς ἀδελφῷ συμφορὰς κεκτημένην;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

870 ἐτύχανον μὲν ἀγρόθεν πυλῶν ἔσω
βαίνων, πυθέσθαι δεόμενος τὰ τ' ἀμφὶ σοῦ
τά τ' ἀμφ' Ὀρέστου σῶ γὰρ εὖνοϊαν πατρὶ
ἄεί ποτ' εἶχον, καὶ μ' ἔφερβε σὸς δόμος
πένητα μέν, χρῆσθαι δὲ γενναῖον φίλοις.
ὁρῶ δ' ὄχλον στείχοντα καὶ θάσσοντ' ἄκραν,

ORESTES

ELECTRA

Ah me ' what hath he done ? Who so misled him ?

CHORUS

Pylades Lo, yon messenger full soon 850
Shall tell, meseems, how fared thy brother there

Enter MESSENGER

MESSENGER

Child of our wai-chief, hapless, woe-worn one,
Agamemnon's daughter, lady Electra, hear
The woeful tale, wherewith I come to thee

ELECTRA

Alas ! we are undone . thy speech is plain
Thou com'st, meseems, a messenger of ill

MESSENGER

Pelasgia's vote this day hath doomed that thou,
O hapless, and thy brother, are to die

ELECTRA

Woe ! that I looked for cometh, which long since
I feared, and pined with wailings for our fate ! 860
How went the trial ? Before Argos' folk
What pleadings ruined us, and doomed to die ?
Tell, ancient, must I under stoning hands,
Or by the steel, gasp out my dying breath,
I, who am sharei in my brother's woes ?

MESSENGER

It chanced that I was entering the gates
Out of the country, fain to learn thy state,
And of Orestes, foi unto thy sire
Aye was I loyal thine house fostered me,
A poor man, yet true-hearted to his friends 870
Then throngs I saw to seats on yon height climb

- οὐ φασι πρῶτον Δαναὸν Αἰγύπτῳ δίκας
 διδόντ' ἄθροϊσαι λαὸν εἰς κοινὰς ἔδρας.
 ἀστῶν δὲ δὴ τιν' ἡρόμην ἄθροισμ' ἰδὼν·
 τί καινὸν Ἄργει; μὲν τι πολεμίων πάρα
 ἄγγελμ' ἀνεπτέρωκε Δαναιδῶν πόλιν;
 ὁ δ' εἶπ'· Ὀρέστην κείνον οὐχ ὀρᾷς πέλας
 στείχοντ', ἀγῶνα θανάσιμον δραμούμενον,
 ὀρῶ δ' ἄελπτον φάσμ', ὃ μήποτ' ὄφελον,
 880 Πυλάδην τε καὶ σὸν σύγγγονον στείχονθ' ὁμοῦ,
 τὸν μὲν κατηφῇ καὶ παρειμένον νόσῳ,
 τὸν δ' ὥστ' ἀδελφὸν ἴσα φίλῳ λυπούμενον,
 νόσημα κηδεύοντα παιδαγωγίᾳ
 ἐπεὶ δὲ πλήρης ἐγένετ' Ἀργείων ὄχλος,
 κῆρυξ ἀναστὰς εἶπε· τίς χρήζει λέγειν,
 πότερον Ὀρέστην κατθανεῖν ἢ μὴ χρεῶν
 μητροκτονοῦντα, καπὶ τῷδ' ἀνίσταται
 Ταλθύβιος, ὃς σῶ πατρὶ συνεπόρθει Φρύγας.
 890 ἔλεξε δ' ὑπὸ τοῖς δυναμένοισιν ὦν αἰὲ
 διχόμυθα, πατέρα μὲν σὸν ἐκπαγλούμενος,
 σὸν δ' οὐκ ἐπαινῶν σύγγγονον, καλοῖς κακοῖς
 λόγους ἐλίσσων, ὅτι καθισταίῃ νόμους
 εἰς τοὺς τεκόντας οὐ καλοῦς τὸ δ' ὅμμ' αἰὲ
 φαιδρωπὸν ἐδίδου τοῖσιν Αἰγίσθου φίλοις.
 τὸ γὰρ γένος τοιοῦτον· ἐπὶ τὸν εὐτυχῇ
 πηδῶσ' αἰὲ κήρυκες ὅδε δ' αὐτοῖς φίλος,
 ὃς ἂν δύνηται πόλεος ἔν τ' ἀρχαῖσιν ἢ
 ἐπὶ τῷδε δ' ἡγόρευε Διομήδης ἀναξ.
 οὗτος κτανεῖν μὲν οὔτε σ' οὔτε σύγγγονον
 900 εἶα, φυγῇ δὲ ζημιοῦντας εὖσεβεῖν.
 ἐπερρόθησαν δ' οἱ μὲν ὥς καλῶς λέγοι,
 οἱ δ' οὐκ ἐπῆνουν καπὶ τῷδ' ἀνίσταται
 ἀνὴρ τις ἀθυρόγλωσσος, ἰσχύων θράσει,

ORESTES

Where first, as men say, Danaus, by Aegyptus
 Impeached, in general session gathered us
 Marking the crowd, I asked a citizen
 "What news in Argos? Hath a bruit of foes
 Startled the city of the Danaids?"
 But he, "Dost thou not mark Orestes there
 Draw near to run the race whose goal is death?"
 Would I had ne'er seen that unlooked-for sight—
 Pylades with thy brother moving on, 880
 This, sickness-palsied, with down-drooping head,
 That, as a brother, in his friend's affliction
 Afflicted, tending like a nurse the sick

When now the Argive gathering was full,
 A herald rose and cried "Who fain would speak
 Whether Orestes ought to live or die
 For matricide?" Talthybius thereupon
 Rose, helper of thy sire when Troy was sacked
 He spake—subservient ever to the strong—
 Half-heartedly, extolling high thy sire, 890
 But praising not thy brother, intertwined
 Fair words and foul—that he laid down a law
 Right ill for parents so was glancing still
 With flattering eye upon Aegisthus' friends
 Such is the herald tribe lightly they skip
 To fortune's minions' side their friend is he
 Who in a state hath power and beareth rule

Next after him prince Diomedes spake
 Thee nor thy brother would he have them slay,
 But exile you, of reverence to the Gods. 900
 Then murmured some that good his counsel was,
 Some praised it not Thereafter rose up one
 Of tongue unbridled, stout in impudence,

Ἄργεῖος οὐκ Ἄργεῖος, ἠναγκασμένος,
 θορύβῳ τε πίσυνος κάμαθ' εἰ παρρησίᾳ,
 πιθανὸς ἔτ' ἄστούς περιβαλεῖν κακῷ τινι
 [ὅταν γὰρ ἡδὺς τοῖς λόγοις φρονῶν κακῶς
 πείθῃ τὸ πλῆθος, τῇ πόλει κακὸν μέγα
 ὅσοι δὲ σὺν νῦν χρηστὰ βουλευέουσ' αἰεὶ,
 910 καὶ μὴ παραυτίκ', αὐθιγὰ εἰσι χρήσιμοι
 πόλει θεᾶσθαι δ' ὧδε χρὴ τὸν προστάτην
 ἰδόνθ' ὅμοιον γὰρ τὸ χρήμα γίγνεται
 τῷ τοὺς λόγους λέγοντι καὶ τιμωμένῳ]
 ὃς εἶπ' Ὀρέστην καὶ σ' ἀποκτεῖναι πέτροις
 βάλλοντας ὑπὸ δ' ἔτεινε Τυνδάρεως λόγους
 τῷ σφῶ κατακτείνοντι τοιούτους λέγειν
 ἄλλος δ' ἀναστὰς ἔλεγε τῷδ' ἐναντία,
 μορφῇ μὲν οὐκ εὐωπός, ἀνδρείος δ' ἀνὴρ,
 920 ὀλιγάκις ἄστυ κἀγορᾶς χραίνων κύκλον,
 αὐτουργός, οἵπερ καὶ μόνοι σφάζουσι γῆν,
 ξυνετός δὲ χωρεῖν ὁμόσε τοῖς λόγοις θέλων,
 ἀκέραιος, ἀνεπίληπτον ἡσκηκῶς βίον·
 ὃς εἶπ' Ὀρέστην παῖδα τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος
 στεφανοῦν, ὃς ἠθέλησε τιμωρεῖν πατρί,
 κακὴν γυναῖκα κᾶθεον κατακτανῶν,
 ἥ κ' αὖτ' ἀφῆρει, μήθ' ὀπλίζεσθαι χέρα
 μήτε στρατεύειν ἐκλιπόντα δῶματα,
 εἰ τᾶνδον οἰκουρήμαθ' οἱ λελειμμένοι
 930 φθείρουσιν, ἀνδρῶν εὐνιδας λωβώμενοι
 καὶ τοῖς γε χρηστοῖς εὖ λέγειν ἐφαίνετο,
 κούδεις ἔτ' εἶπε σὸς δ' ἐπῆλθε σύγγονος,
 ἔλεξε δ' ὦ γῆν Ἰνάχου κεκτημένοι,
 [πάσαι Πελασγοί, Δαναῖδαι δὲ δευτέρων,]

ORESTES

An Argive, yet no Argive, thrust on us,¹
 In bluster and coarse-gained fluency confident,
 Still plausible to trap the folk in mischief
 For when an evil heart with winning tongue
 Persuades the crowd, ill is it for the state
 Whoso with understanding counsel well
 Profit the state—ere long, if not straightway 910
 Thus ought we on each leader of men to look,
 And so esteem for both be in like case,
 The orator, and the man in office set
 Thee and Orestes he bade stone to death
 But Tyndareus still prompted him the words
 That best told, as he laboured for your doom
 To plead against him then another rose,
 No dainty presence, but a manful man,
 In town and market-circle seldom found,
 A yeoman—such as are the land's one stay,— 920
 Yet shrewd in grapple of words, when this he
 would,
 A stainless man, who lived a blameless life
 He moved that they should crown Agamemnon's son
 Orestes, since he dared avenge his sire,
 Slaying the wicked and the godless wife
 Who sapped our strength —none would take shield on
 arm,
 Or would forsake his home to march to war,
 If men's house-warders be seduced the while
 By stayers at home, and couches be defiled
 To honest men he seemed to speak right well, 930
 And none spake after Then thy brother rose,
 And said, "Lords of the land of Inachus,—
 Of old Pelasgians, later Danaus' sons,—

¹ One who had obtained the citizenship by means repugnant to decent citizens

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὑμῖν ἀμύνων οὐδὲν ἦσσον ἢ πατρὶ
 ἔκτεινα μητέρ'· εἰ γὰρ ἀρσένων φόνος
 ἔσται γυναιξὶν ὅσιος, οὐ φθάνοιτ' ἔτ' ἂν
 θνήσκοντες, ἢ γυναιξὶ δουλεύειν χρεών·
 τοῦναντίον δὲ δράσετ' ἢ δρᾶσαι χρεών
 νῦν μὲν γὰρ ἢ προδοῦσα λέκτρ' ἐμοῦ πατρὸς
 940 τέθυκεν· εἰ δὲ δὴ κατακτενεῖτέ με,
 ὁ νόμος ἀνείται, κοῦ φθάνοι θνήσκων τις ἂν,
 ὡς τῆς γε τόλμης οὐ σπάνις γενήσεται
 ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔπειθ' ὄμιλον, εὖ δοκῶν λέγειν
 νικᾷ δ' ἐκείνος ὁ κακὸς ἐν πλήθει λέγων,
 ὃς ἡγόρευε σύγγονον σέ τε κτανεῖν.
 μόλις δ' ἔπεισε μὴ πετρούμενος θανεῖν
 τλήμων Ὀρέστης· αὐτόχειρι δὲ σφαγῇ
 ὑπέσχετ' ἐν τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ λείψειν βίον
 950 σὺν σοί. πορεύει δ' αὐτὸν ἐκκλητῶν ἄπο
 Πυλάδης δακρύων σὺν δ' ὁμαρτοῦσιν φίλοι
 κλαῖοντες, οἰκτεῖροντες· ἔρχεται δέ σοι
 πικρὸν θέαμα καὶ πρόσονψις ἀθλία
 ἀλλ' εὐτρέπιζε φάσγαν ἢ βρόχον δέρη,
 ὡς δεῖ λιπεῖν σε φέγγος· ἡνυγένεια δὲ
 οὐδέν σ' ἐπωφέλησεν, οὐδ' ὁ Πύθιος
 τρίποδα καθίζων Φοῖβος, ἀλλ' ἀπώλεσεν

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ δυστάλαινα παρθέν', ὡς ξυνηρεφές
 πρόσωπον εἰς γῆν σὸν βαλοῦς' ἄφθογγος εἶ,
 ὡς εἰς στεναγμοὺς καὶ γόους δραμουμένη

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

960 κατάρχομαι στεναγμόν, ὦ Πελασγία, στρ.
 τιθεῖσα λευκὸν ὄνυχ' ἀπαρηίδων,
 αἵματηρόν ἄταν,
 κτύπον τε κρατός, δν ἔλαχ' ἅ κατὰ χθονὸς

ORESTES

'Twas in your cause, no less than in my sire's,
 I slew my mother, for, if their lords' blood
 Shall bring no guilt on wives, make haste to die,
 Else must ye live in thralldom to your wives,
 And so transgress against all rightfulness
 For now the traitress to my father's couch
 Is dead but if ye shall indeed slay me, 940
 Law is annulled: better men died straightway,
 Since for no crime shall wives lack daring now"
 They would not hear, though well he spake, me-
 seemed

That knave prevailed, who to the mob appealed,
 Who called on them to slay thy brother and thee
 Hapless Orestes scarce could gain the boon
 By stoning not to die By his own hand
 He pledged him to leave life on this same day
 With thee Now from the gathering Pylades 950
 Bringeth him weeping, and his friends attend
 Lamenting with strong crying So he comes
 To thee, sight bitter and woeful to behold
 Prepare the sword, or halter for thy neck;
 For thou must leave the light Thy princely birth
 Nought hath availed thee, nor the Pythian King
 Apollo tripod-throned, nay, ruined thee [Exit

CHORUS

O misery-burdened maiden, how art thou
 Speechless, with veiled head bowed unto the earth,
 As who shall run her course of moans and wails!

ELECTRA

Land of Pelasgia, I waken the wailing, (Str) 960
 Scoring red furrows with fingers white
 In my cheeks, as with blood-streaks I mar them, and
 hailing [right,
 On the head of me blows, which she claims as her

νερτέρων καλλίπαις ἄνασσα.
 ἰαχείτω δὲ γὰ Κυκλωπία,
 σίδαρον ἐπὶ κᾶρα τιθεῖσα κούριμον,
 πήματ' οἴκων.
 ἔλεος ἔλεος ὃδ' ἔρχεται
 τῶν θανουμένων ὑπερ,
 στρατηλατᾶν Ἑλλάδος ποτ' ὄντων.

970

βέβακε γὰρ βέβακεν, οἴχεται τέκνων ἄντ.
 πρόπασα γένηνα Πέλοπος ὃ τ' ἐπὶ μακαρίοις
 ζῆλος ὦν ποτ' οἴκοις
 φθόνος νιν εἶλε θεόθεν, ἃ τε δυσμενῆς
 φοινία ψῆφος ἐν πολίταις
 ἰὼ ἰώ, πανδάκρυτ' ἐφ' αἰμέρων
 ἔθνη πολύπονα, λεύσσεθ', ὥς παρ' ἐλπίδας
 μοῖρα βαίνει
 ἕτερα δ' ἕτερος ἀμείβεται
 πήματ' ἐν χρόνῳ μακρῷ·
 βροτῶν δ' ὁ πᾶς ἀστάθμητος αἰών.

980

μόλοιμι τὰν οὐρανοῦ
 μέσον χθονός τε τεταμέναν αἰωρήμασι
 πέτραι ἀλύσεσι χρυσέαισι φερομέναν
 δίναισι βῶλον ἐξ Ὀλύμπου,
 ἵν' ἐν θρήνοισιν ἀναβοάσω
 γέροντι πατρὶ Ταντάλῳ
 ὃς ἔτεκεν ἔτεκε γενέτορας ἐμέθεν δόμων,
 οἱ κατεῖδον ἄτας,

ORESTES

The fair Queen of the dead 'neath the earth that
 are lying
 On thy locks let the steel of the shearing light,
 Land Cyclopean, break forth into crying,
 For the woes of the house of thy princes sighing
 Ah pity upwelling, ah tears unavailing
 For those in this hour that go forth to their dying,
 Erst chieftains of Hellas's battle-might 970
(Ant)

Gone—gone! Lo, the lineage of Pelops hath fled
 Into nothingness wholly, and passed away
 Is the pride of a house in bliss high-seated,
 By Heaven's jealousy blasted, and hungry to slay
 Is the doom that the citizens spake death-dealing
 Ah, travail-worn tribes that endure but a day
 Amid weeping, behold how the morrow, revealing
 The death of your hopes, cometh destiny-sealing,
 And to each man his several sorrows are meted,
 Unto each in his turn, through the years on-
 stealing, 980
 Not ever abide we at one stay.

O might I win to the rock 'twixt heaven¹
 And earth suspended in circles swinging,
 Upborne by the golden chains scarce-clinging,
 The shard from Olympus riven,
 That to Tantalus, father of ancient time,
 I might shriek with laments wild-ringing
 For of his loins came those sires of our name
 Who looked upon that infatuate crime

¹ Tantalus lay in Tartarus beneath a rock, which at every moment seemed about to fall and crush him. Here Euripides seems to identify this rock with the sun, which Anaxagoras described as a red-hot mass of stone hung in heaven

990 ποτανὸν μὲν δίωγμα πώλων
 τεθριπποβάμονι στόλῳ Πέλοψ ὅτε
 πελάγεσι διεδίφρευσε, Μυρτίλου φόνον
 δικῶν ἐς οἶδμα πόντου,
 λευκοκύμοσιν
 πρὸς Γεραιστίαις
 ποντίων σάλων
 ἡόσιν ἄρματεύσας.

ὄθεν δόμοισι τοῖς ἐμοῖς
 ἦλθ' ἀρὰ πολύστονος,
 λόχευμα ποιμνίοισι Μαιάδος τόκου,
 τὸ χρυσόμαλλον ἄρνὸς ὁπότ'
 ἐγένετο τέρας ὁλοὸν ὁλοὸν
 1000 Ἄτρεος ἵπποβώτα
 ὄθεν Ἔρις τό τε πτερωτὸν
 ἀλίου μετέβαλεν ἄρμα,
 τὰν πρὸς ἐσπέραν κέλευθον
 οὐρανοῦ προσαρμόσασα
 μονόπωλον ἐς Ἀῶ,
 ἑπταπόρου τε δρόμημα Πελειάδος
 εἰς ὁδὸν ἄλλαν Ζεὺς μεταβάλλει,
 τῶνδ' ἐτ' ἀμείβει αἰὲ θανάτους θανά-
 των τά τ' ἐπώνυμα δεῖπνα Θυέστου
 λέκτρα τε Κρήσας Ἀερόπας δολί-
 1010 ας δολίοισι γάμοις τὰ πανύστατα δ'
 εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ γενέταν ἐμὸν ἤλυθε
 δόμων πολυπόνοις ἀνάγκαις

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὅδε σὸς σύγγονος ἔρπει
 ψήφῳ θανάτου κατακυρωθείς,
 ὃ τε πιστότατος πάντων Πυλάδης

ORESTES

Wrought when the car-steeds' winged feet chased,
 When the four-horsed chariot of Pelops raced 990
 By the strand, and his hand dashed Myrtilus
 down

Unto hell, in the swell of the sea to drown,
 When the race was o'er
 Of the wheels that sped
 By the white foam-fringe of the surf-lashed shore
 Of Geraestus' head

For a curse heavy-burdened with mourning
 Fell on mine house for the deed,
 When Maia's son from his fold
 Brought the lamb of the fleece of gold,
 A portent whence ruin was rolled
 Upon Atreus, a king's overturning · 1000
 And the sun-car's wingèd speed
 From the ghastly strife turned back,
 Changing his westering track
 Through the heavens unto where, blush-burning,
 Dawn rose with her single steed
 Lo, Zeus to another star-highway bending
 The course of the sailing Pleiads seven !
 Lo, death after death in succession unending
 By the banquet, named of Thyestes, given,
 And by Cretan Aerope's couch of shame
 And treason !—the consummation came 1010
 Of all, upon me and my father descending
 In our house's affliction foredoomed in heaven

CHORUS

Lo, where thy brother hitherward comes faring,
 Doomed by the vote of Argos' folk to die ,
 Yea, also Pylades, above all other

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἰσάδελφος ἀνὴρ,
ἐξιθύνων νοσερὸν κῶλον,
ποδὶ κηδοσύνῳ παράσειρος

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οἷ ἴγῳ πρὸ τύμβου γάρ σ' ὀρώσ' ἀναστένω,
ἀδελφέ, καὶ πάροιθε νερτέρων πυρᾶς
1020 οἷ ἴγῳ μάλ' αὖθις ὥς σ' ἰδοῦς' ἐν ὄμμασι
πανυστάτην πρόσοψιν ἐξέστην φρενῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐ σῖγ' ἀφεῖσα τοὺς γυναικείους γόους
στέρξεις τὰ κραυθέντ', οἰκτρὰ μὲν τάδ', ἀλλ' ὅμως
[φέρειν ἀνάγκη τὰς παρεστώσας τύχας]

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ πῶς σιωπῶ, φέγγος εἰσορᾶν θεοῦ
τόδ' οὐκέθ' ἡμῖν τοῖς θαλαιπῶροις μέτα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σὺ μὴ μ' ἀπόκτειν' ἄλλις ἀπ' Ἀργείας χερὸς
τέθνηχ' ὁ τλήμων τὰ δὲ παρόντ' ἔα κακά.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ μέλεος ἥβης σῆς, Ὀρέστα, καὶ πότμου
1030 θανάτου τ' ἁώρου ζῆν ἐχρῆν σ', ὅτ' οὐκέτ' εἶ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μὴ πρὸς θεῶν μοι περιβάλλης ἀνανδρίαν,
εἰς δάκρυα πορθμεύουσ' ὑπομνήσει κακῶν

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

θανούμεθ' οὐχ οἶόν τε μὴ στένειν κακά
πᾶσιν γὰρ οἰκτρὸν ἢ φίλη ψυχὴ βροτοῖς

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τόδ' ἡμαρ ἡμῖν κύριον δεῖ δ' ἢ βρόχους
ἄπτειν κρεμαστοὺς ἢ ξίφος θήγειν χερσί.

ORESTES

Truest of friends, close-cleaving as a brother,
Cometh, Orestes' fainting steps upbearing,
Even with heedful feet a yokemate nigh

Enter ORESTES and PYLADES

ELECTRA

Woe's me ! I moun to see thee, brother, stand
Before the tomb, before the pyre of death
Woe's me again ! As gaze mine eyes on thee 1020
With this last look, my spirit faileth me

ORESTES

Nay, hush, from wailings womanlike forbear.
Bow to thy fate 'tis piteous, none the less
Needs must we bear the doom that stands hard by

ELECTRA

Nay, how be hushed ? To see yon Sun-god's light
No more is given to us unhappy ones

ORESTES

Ah, slay me not ! Enough that Argive hands
Have slam a wretch let be the imminent ills

ELECTRA

Woe for thy youth, for thine untimely death,
Orestes ! Life, not death, had been thy due. 1030

ORESTES

Ah, by the Gods, I pray, unman me not,
Nor move to tears by mention of our woes

ELECTRA

We die ! I cannot but bemoan our fate
All mortals grieve for precious life forgone

ORESTES

This is our day of doom the noose must coil
About our necks, or our hands grasp the sword

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

σύ νύν μ', ἀδελφέ, μή τις Ἀργείων κτάνῃ
ὑβρισμα θέμενος τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος γόνου

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1040 ἄλλῃς τὸ μητρὸς αἵμ' ἔχω σέ δ' οὐ κτενῶ,
ἀλλ' αὐτόχειρι θνήσχ' ὅτῳ βούλει τρόπῳ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἔσται τάδ' οὐδὲν σοῦ ξίφους λελείψομαι
ἀλλ' ἀμφιθεῖναι σῇ δέρῃ θέλω χέρας

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τέρπου κενὴν ὄνησιν, εἰ τερπνὸν τόδε
θανάτου πέλας βεβῶσι, περιβαλεῖν χέρας

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ φίλτατ', ὦ ποθεινὸν ἥδιστόν τ' ἔχων
τῆς σῆς ἀδελφῆς ὄνομα καὶ ψυχὴν μίαν

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1050 ἔκ τοί με τήξεις καὶ σ' ἀμείψασθαι θέλω
φιλότῃτι χειρῶν τί γὰρ ἔτ' αἰδοῦμαι τάλας,
ὦ στέρν' ἀδελφῆς, ὦ φίλον πρόσπτυγμ' ἐμοί,
τάδ' ἀντὶ παίδων καὶ γαμηλίου λέχους
προσφθέγματ' ἀμφὶ τοῖς ταλαιπώροις πάρα

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

φεῦ
πῶς ἂν ξίφος νῶ ταυτόν, εἰ θέμις, κτάνοι
καὶ μνήμα δέξαιθ' ἔν, κέδρου τεχνάσματα ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἥδιστ' ἂν εἴῃ ταῦθ' ὀρᾶς δὲ δὴ φίλων
ὥς ἐσπανίσμεθ', ὥστε κοινωνεῖν τάφου.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐδ' εἰφ' ὑπὲρ σοῦ, μὴ θάνοις σπουδὴν ἔχων,
Μενέλαος ὁ κακός, ὁ προδότης τοῦμοῦ πατρός,

ORESTES

ELECTRA

Brother, thou slay me, that no Argive slay,
With outrage foul to Agamemnon's child

ORESTES

Suffice the mother's blood I will not slay thee
Die in what wise thou wilt by thine own hand

1040

ELECTRA

O yea I will not lag behind thy sword
But oh to lay mine arms about thy neck !

ORESTES

Enjoy that vain delight, if joy it be
For those that stand at death's door to embrace

ELECTRA

Dearest, who bear'st a name desirable
And sweet on sister's lips !—one soul with mine !

ORESTES

Ah, thou wilt melt me ! Fain would I reply
With arms of love ! Ah, why still shrink in shame ?
O sister-bosom, dear embrace to me !
In children's stead, instead of wedded arms,
This farewell to the hapless is vouchsafed

1050

ELECTRA (*sighs*)

Oh might the selfsame sword, if this may be,
Slay us, one coffin cedar-wrought receive !

ORESTES

Most sweet were this yet, how foilorn of friends
Thou seest are we, who cannot claim one tomb !

ELECTRA

Spake Menelaus not for thee, to plead
Against thy death—base traitor to my sire ?

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1060 οὐδ' ὄμμ' ἔδειξεν, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ σκήπτροις ἔχων
τὴν ἐλπίδ', ἠύλαβεῖτο μὴ σφῶζειν φίλους.
ἀλλ' εἴ, ὅπως γενναῖα κάγαμέμνονος
δράσαντε κατθανούμεθ' ἀξιώτατα
καὶ γὰρ μὲν εὐγένειαν ἀποδείξω πόλει,
παίσας πρὸς ἥπαρ φασγάνῳ σὲ δ' αὖ χρεῶν
ὅμοια πράσσειν τοῖς ἐμοῖς τολμήμασι
Πυλάδῃ, σὺ δ' ἡμῖν τοῦ φόνου γενοῦ βραβεύς,
καὶ κατθανόντων εὖ περιστείλον δέμας,
θάψον τε κοινῇ πρὸς πατρός τύμβον φέρων
καὶ χαῖρ' ἐπ' ἔργον δ', ὥς ὀρέῃς, πορεύομαι

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

1070 ἐπίσχεσ' ἐν μὲν πρῶτά σοι μομφὴν ἔχω,
εἰ ζῆν με χρήζειν σοῦ θανόντος ἥλπισας

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί γὰρ προσήκει κατθανεῖν σ' ἐμοῦ μέτα ,

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἥρου , τί δὲ ζῆν σῆς ἐταιρίας ἄτερ ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἔκτανες σὴν μητέρ', ὥς ἐγὼ τάλας

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

σὺν σοί γε κοινῇ ταῦτά καὶ πάσχειν με δεῖ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1080 ἀπόδος τὸ σῶμα πατρί, μὴ σύνθνησκέ μοι
σοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἔστι πόλις, ἐμοὶ δ' οὐκ ἔστι δῆ,
καὶ δῶμα πατρὸς καὶ μέγας πλούτου λιμὴν
γάμων δὲ τῆς μὲν δυσπότμου τῆσδ' ἐσφάλης,
ἣν σοι κατηγγύησ', ἐταιρίαν σέβων
σὺ δ' ἄλλο λέκτρον παιδοποιήσαι λαβών,
κῆδος δὲ τοῦμόν καὶ σὸν οὐκέτ' ἐστὶ δῆ
ἀλλ' ὦ ποθεινὸν ὄνομ' ὀμιλίας ἐμήs,

ORESTES

ORESTES

His face he showed not—fixed upon the throne
His hope, with good heed not to save his friends '
Come, prove we by our deeds our high-born strain, 1060
And worthily of Agamemnon die
Yea, I will show all men my royal blood,
Plunging the sword into mine heart but thou
Must match with thine the unflinching deed I do
Sit thou as umpire, Pylades, to our death
Meetly lay out the bodies of the dead
Bear to our sire's grave, and with him entomb
Farewell I go, thou seest, to do the deed [*Going*]

PYLADES

Tarry —first, one reproach have I for thee
Thou didst expect that I would live, thou dead ' 1070

ORESTES

How, what hast thou to do to die with me ?

PYLADES

Dost ask ? Without thy friendship what were life ?

ORESTES

Thy mother *thou* slew'st not, as I—woe's me ?

PYLADES

I shared thy deed, thy sufferings must I share

ORESTES

Restore thee to thy sire, die not with me
Thou hast a city,—none to me is left,—
A father's home, a haven wide of wealth
Thou canst not wed this maiden evil-starred
Whom I for friendship's sake betrothed to thee
Yet take thee another bride and rear thee sons 1080
The looked-for tie 'twixt thee and me is not
Now, O dear name of my companionship,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

χαῖρ'. οὐ γὰρ ἡμῖν ἔστι τοῦτο, σοί γε μὴν
οἱ γὰρ θανόντες χαρμάτων τητώμεθα.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

1090 ἦ πολὺ λέλειναι τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων.
μήθ' αἰμά μου δέξαιτο κάρπιμον πέδον,
μὴ λαμπρὸς αἰθήρ, εἴ σ' ἐγὼ προδοῦς ποτε
ἐλευθερώσας τοῦμόν ἀπολίποιμί σε
καὶ συγκατέκτανον γάρ, οὐκ ἀρνήσομαι,
καὶ πάντ' ἐβούλευσ' ὦν σὺ νῦν τίνεις δίκας·
καὶ ξυνθανεῖν οὖν δεῖ με σοὶ καὶ τῇδ' ὁμοῦ.
ἐμὴν γὰρ αὐτήν, ἥς λέχος κατήνεσας,
κρίνω δάμαρτα· τί γὰρ ἐρῶ καλόν ποτε
γῆν Δελφίδ' ἐλθὼν Φωκέων ἀκρόπτολιν,
ὃς πρὶν μὲν ὑμᾶς δυστυχεῖν φίλος παρή,
νῦν δ' οὐκέτ' εἰμὶ δυστυχοῦντί σοι φίλος ;
οὐκ ἔστιν, ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν κάμοι μέλει
ἐπεὶ δὲ κατθανούμεθ', εἰς κοινούς λόγους
ἔλθωμεν, ὥς ἂν Μενέλεως ξυνδυστυχῇ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1100 ὦ φίλτατ', εἰ γὰρ τοῦτο κατθάνοιμ' ἰδὼν.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

πιθοῦ νυν, ἀνάμεινον δὲ φασγάνου τομάς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μενῶ, τὸν ἐχθρὸν εἴ τι τιμωρήσομαι.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

σίγα νυν· ὥς γυναιξὶ πιστεύω βραχύ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μηδὲν τρέσης τάσδ' ὥς πάρεις' ἡμῖν φίλαι

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

Ἐλένην κτάνωμεν, Μενέλεω λύπην πικράν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πῶς ; τὸ γὰρ ἔτοιμον ἔστιν, εἴ γ' ἔσται καλῶς.

ORESTES

Farewell!—not *this* for us, perchance for thee
For us, the dead, is no glad *faring-well*!

PYLADES

Far dost thou fail of hitting mine intent
May neither fruitful earth receive my blood,
Nor sunlit sky, if I forsake thee ever,
Deliver mine own soul, and fall from thee!
I shared the murder, I disown it not,
All did I plan for which thou sufferest now, 1090
Therefore I needs must die with thee, with her
For I account her pledged of thee to me,
My wife What tale fair-seeming shall I tell,
Coming to Delphi, to the Phocians' burg,
Who was your close friend ere your fortunes fell,
Now, in calamity, no more thy friend?
Nay, nay, this task is mine no less than thine
But, since we needs must die, debate we now
How Menelaus too may share our woe

ORESTES

Dear friend, would I could look on this, and die! 1100

PYLADES

Hearken to me, and that sword-stroke defer

ORESTES

I wait, if so I avenge me on my foe

PYLADES (*pointing to Chorus*)

Speak low!—I put in women little trust

ORESTES

Fear not for these all here be friends to us

PYLADES

Slay Helen—Menelaus' bitter grief!

ORESTES

How? Ready am I, if this may well befall

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

σφάξαντες. ἐν δόμοις δὲ κρύπτεται σέθεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μάλιστα· καὶ δὴ πάντ' ἀποσφραγίζεται

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἄλλ' οὐκέθ', "Αἰδην νυμφίον κεκτημένη

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1110 καὶ πῶς ; ἔχει γὰρ βαρβάρους ὀπάοντας.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

τίνας ; Φρυγῶν γὰρ οὐδέν' ἂν τρέσαιμ' ἐγώ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οἴους ἐνόπτρων καὶ μύρων ἐπιστάτας

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

τρυφὰς γὰρ ἦκει δεῦρ' ἔχουσα Τρωικὰς ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὥσθ' Ἑλλάς αὐτῇ σμικρὸν οἰκητήριον

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

οὐδέν τὸ δοῦλον πρὸς τὸ μὴ δοῦλον γένος

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ μὴν τόδ' ἔρξας δις θανεῖν οὐχ ἄζομαι

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἄλλ' οὐδ' ἐγὼ μὴν, σοί γε τιμωρούμενος

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τὸ πρᾶγμα δήλου καὶ πέραιν', ὅπως λέγεις.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

εἴσιμεν ἐς οἴκους δῆθεν, ὥς θανούμενοι

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1120 ἔχω τοσοῦτον, τὰπίλοιπα δ' οὐκ ἔχω

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

γόους πρὸς αὐτὴν θησόμεσθ' ἂ πάσχομεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὥστ' ἐκδακρῦσαί γ' ἐνδοθεν κεχαρμένην.

ORESTES

PYLADES

With sword-thrust in thine halls she hideth now

ORESTES

Even so—and setteth now her seal on all

PYLADES

She seals no more, when Hades hails her bride

ORESTES

Nay, how? She hath barbarian serving-men 1110

PYLADES

Whom? Phrygians!—'tis not I would quail for such

ORESTES

Ay,—chiefs of mirrors and of odours they

PYLADES

So? Hath she come with Trojan luxury hither?

ORESTES

Ay, for her mansion Hellas is too strait

PYLADES

Nought is the slave against the freeborn man

ORESTES

This deed but done, I dread not twice to die

PYLADES

Nay, neither I, so I avenge but thee

ORESTES

Declare the thing, unfold what thou wouldst say

PYLADES

We will into the house, as deathward-bound

ORESTES

Thus much I grasp, but grasp not yet the rest 1120

PYLADES

We will make moan unto her of our plight

ORESTES

That she may weep—rejoicing in her heart!

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

καὶ νῦν παρέσται ταῦθ' ἅπερ κείνη τότε

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔπειτ' ἀγῶνα πῶς ἀγωνιούμεθα,

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

κρύπτ' ἐν πέπλοισι τοισίδ' ἔχομεν ξίφη.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πρόσθεν δ' ὀπαδῶν τίς ὄλεθρος γενήσεται,

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

ἐκκλήσομεν σφᾶς ἄλλον ἄλλοσε στέγης.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ τόν γε μὴ συγῶντ' ἀποκτείνειν χρεών

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

εἴτ' αὐτὸ δηλοῖ τοῦργον οἷ τείνειν χρεών.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1130 Ἐλένην φονεύειν· μανθάνω τὸ σύμβολον.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

ἔγνωσ ἄκουσον δ' ὥς καλῶς βουλεύομαι
εἰ μὲν γὰρ εἰς γυναῖκα σωφρονεστέραν
ξίφος μεθεῖμεν, δυσκλεὲς ἂν ᾦν φόνος·
νῦν δ' ὑπὲρ ἀπάσης Ἑλλάδος δώσει δίκην,
ὧν πατέρας ἔκτειν', ὧν τ' ἀπώλεσεν τέκνα,
νύμφας τ' ἔθηκεν ὀρφανὰς ξυναόρων
ὀλολυγμὸς ἔσται, πῦρ τ' ἀνάψουσιν θεοῖς,
σοὶ πολλὰ κάμοι κέδν' ἀρώμενοι τυχεῖν,
κακῆς γυναικὸς οὖνεχ' αἰμ' ἐπράξαμεν

1140 ὁ μητροφόντης δ' οὐ καλεῖ ταύτην κτανών,
ἀλλ' ἀπολιπὼν τοῦτ' ἐπὶ τὸ βέλτιον πεσεῖ,
Ἐλένης λεγόμενος τῆς πολυκτόνου φονεύς
οὐ δεῖ ποτ' οὐ δεῖ Μενέλεων μὲν εὐτυχεῖν,

ORESTES

PYLADES

Ah ! we shall be in like case then with her !¹

ORESTES

Thereafter, how shall we strive out the strife ?

PYLADES

Hidden beneath these cloaks will we have swords

ORESTES

But in her thralls' sight how shall she be slain ?

PYLADES

In several chambers will we bar them out

ORESTES

And whoso keeps not silence must we slay

PYLADES

Thenceforth the deed's self points the path to us,—

ORESTES

To Helen's death the watchword know I well 1130

PYLADES

Thou say'st and honourable my counsel is,
For, if we loosed the sword against a dame
More virtuous, were that slaying infamous
But *she* shall for all Hellas' sake be punished,
Whose sires she slew, whose children she destroyed,
Whose brides she widowed of their yokefellow
There shall be shouting, fires to heaven shall blaze,
With blessings many invoked on thee and me,
For that we shed a wicked woman's blood
Slay her, thou shalt not *matricide* be called 1140
This cast aside, thou shalt find fairer lot,
Styled Slayer of Helen, a nation's murderess
It must not be that Menelaus thrive,

¹ i. e. Pretending to sorrow, but inwardly 'exulting, as having her in our power

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1150 τὸν σὸν δὲ πατέρα καὶ σὲ κάδελφὴν θανεῖν,
μητέρα τ', ἐὼ τοῦτ', οὐ γὰρ εὐπρεπὲς λέγειν,
δόμους τ' ἔχειν σούς, δι' Ἀγαμέμνονος δόρυ
λαβόντα νύμφην· μὴ γὰρ οὖν ζῶν ἔτι,
ἦν μὴ 'π' ἐκείνῃ φάσγανον σπασώμεθα.
ἦν δ' οὖν τὸν Ἑλένης μὴ κατὰσχουμεν φόνον,
πρήσαντες οἴκους τούσδε κατθανούμεθα.
ἐνὸς γὰρ οὐ σφαλέντες ἔξομεν κλέος,
καλῶς θανόντες ἢ καλῶς σεσωσμένοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πάσαις γυναιξὶν ἄξια στυγεῖν ἔφυ
ἢ Τυνδαρίς παῖς, ἣ κατήσχυνεν γένος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φεῦ·
οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν κρεῖσσον ἢ φίλος σαφής,
οὐ πλούτος, οὐ τυραννίς· ἀλόγιστον δέ τι
τὸ πλήθος ἀντάλλαγμα γεγναίου φίλου.
σὺ γὰρ τά τ' εἰς Αἰγισθον ἐξηῦρες κακά,
καὶ πλησίον παρήσθα κινδύνων ἐμοί,
1160 νῦν τ' αὖ δίδως μοι πολεμίων τιμωρίαν
κοῦκ ἐκποδῶν εἶ. παύσομαί σ' αἰνῶν, ἐπεὶ
βάρος τι καὶ τῷδ' ἐστίν, αἰνεῖσθαι λίαν
ἐγὼ δὲ πάντως ἐκπνέων ψυχὴν ἐμὴν
δράσας τι χρήζω τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἐχθροὺς θανεῖν,
ἵν' ἀνταναλώσω μὲν οἷ μὲ προὔδοσαν,
στένωσι δ' οἷπερ καὶ μ' ἔθηκαν ἄθλιον.
'Αγαμέμνονός τοι παῖς πέφυχ', ὃς Ἑλλάδος
ἦρξ' ἀξιοθείς, οὐ τύραννος ἀλλ' ὅμως
ῥώμην θεοῦ τιν' ἔσχ'· ὃν οὐ καταισχυνῶ
1170 δοῦλον παρασχὼν θάνατον, ἀλλ' ἐλευθέρως
ψυχὴν ἀφήσω, Μενέλεων δὲ τίσομαι.
ἐνὸς γὰρ εἰ λαβοίμεθ', εὐτυχοῖμεν ἄν,

ORESTES

The while thy sire, thou, and thy sister die,
Thy mother—*that* I pass, unmeet to say,—
And that he hold thine halls who won his bride
By Agamemnon's spear ! May I not live
If we shall not against her draw the sword !
If haply we achieve not Helen's death,
Yon palace will we fire, and so will die 1150
For, of two glories, one we will not miss,
To die with honour, or with honour 'scape.

CHORUS

This child of Tyndareus, who hath brought shame
On womankind, deserves all women's hate

ORESTES

Ha ! nought is better than a loyal friend—
Nor wealth, nor lordship ! Sure, of none account
The crowd is, weighed against one noble friend.
Aegisthus' punishment didst thou devise,
On peril's brink thou stoodest at my side ;
And profferest now avenging on my foes, 1160
Nor stand'st aloof,—but I will cease from praise,
For weariness cometh even of overpraise.
I must in any wise give up the ghost,
Yet fain would sting mine enemies ere I die,
That my betrayers I may so requite,
And they which made me miserable may groan
Agamemnon's son am I, the son of one
Held worthy to rule Greece—no despot, yet
A god's might had he. Him I will not shame,
Brooking a slave's death ; but as a free man 1170
Mid vengeance on Menelaus breathe out life.
Might we gain one thing, fortunate were we

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἴ ποθεν ἄελπτος παραπέσοι σωτηρία
κτανούσι μὴ θανούσιν· εὐχομαι τάδε.
ὃ βούλομαι γάρ, ἡδὺν καὶ διὰ στόμα,
πτηνοῖσι μύθοις ἀδαπάνως τέρψαι φρένα

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐγώ, κασίγνητ', αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἔχειν δοκῶ,
σωτηρίαν σοὶ τῷδέ τ' ἐκ τρίτων τ' ἐμοί

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1180 ὅ θεοῦ λέγεις πρόνοιαν ἀλλὰ ποῦ τόδε ,
ἐπεὶ τὸ συνετόν γ' οἶδα σῇ ψυχῇ παρόν

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἄκουε δὴ νυν· καὶ σὺ δεῦρο νοῦν ἔχε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λέγ'· ὥς τὸ μέλλειν ἀγάθ' ἔχει τιν' ἡδονήν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Ἐλένης κάτοισθα θυγατέρ' ; εἰδότηρ ἡρόμην.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οἶδ', ἣν ἔθρεψεν Ἑρμιόνην μήτηρ ἐμῇ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

αὕτη βέβηκε πρὸς Κλυταιμνήστρας τάφον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί χρῆμα δράσους' , ὑποτίθης τίν' ἐλπίδα ;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

χοὰς κατασπείσους' ὑπὲρ μητρὸς τάφου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ δὴ τί μοι τοῦτ' εἶπας εἰς σωτηρίαν ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

συλλάβεθ' ὄμηρον τήνδ', ὅταν στείχῃ πάλιν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1190 τίνος τόδ' εἶπας φάρμακον τρισσοῖς φίλοις ;

ORESTES

If, past hope, unto us deliverance chanced,
To slay and not be slain For this I pray
For sweet the wish is—sweet through sighing lips
To cheer the heart with winged words costing naught

ELECTRA

I, brother, have this same thing found, meseems,—
Deliverance for thee, for him, for me

ORESTES

God's foresight claim'st thou!—yet why say I this,
Since I know wisdom dwelleth in thine heart ? 1180

ELECTRA

Hearken then give thou also (*to PYL*) heed hereto

ORESTES

Speak there is pleasure even in hope of good

ELECTRA

Thou knowest Helen's daughter ?—wherefore ask ?

ORESTES

I know—my mother nursed Hermione

ELECTRA

Even she hath gone to Clytemnestra's tomb.

ORESTES

With what intent ?—now what hope whisperest thou ?

ELECTRA

To pour drink-offerings o'er our mother's tomb

ORESTES

Wherein to safety tendeth this thou nam'st ?

ELECTRA

Seize her, our hostage, when she cometh back

ORESTES

What peril-salve for us three friends were this ? 1190

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Ἑλένης θανούσης, ἣν τι Μενέλεως σὲ δρᾷ
ἢ τόνδε καμέ, πᾶν γὰρ ἐν φίλον τόδε,
λέγ' ὥς φονεύσεις Ἑρμιόνην· ξίφος δὲ χρὴ
δέρη πρὸς αὐτῇ παρθένου σπάσαντ' ἔχειν.
καὶ μὲν σε σφῶζῃ μὴ θανεῖν χρήζων κόρην
Μενέλαος, Ἑλένης πτώμ' ἰδὼν ἐν αἵματι,
μέθες πεπᾶσθαι πατρὶ παρθένου δέμας·
ἣν δ' ὀξυθύμου μὴ κρατῶν φρονήματος
κτείνῃ σε, καὶ σὺ σφάζε παρθένου δέρην.
1200 καὶ νῦν δοκῶ, τὸ πρῶτον ἦν πολὺς παρῇ,
χρόνῳ μαλάξειν σπλάγχχνον· οὔτε γὰρ θρασὺς
οὔτ' ἄλκιμος πέφυκε. τήνδ' ἡμῖν ἔχω
σωτηρίας ἔπαλξιν. εἴρηται λόγος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ τὰς φρένας μὲν ἄρσενας κεκτημένη,
τὸ σῶμα δ' ἐν γυναιξὶ θηλείαις πρέπον,
ὥς ἀξία ζῆν μᾶλλον ἢ θανεῖν ἔφυς.
Πυλάδῃ, τοιαύτης ἄρ' ἀμαρτήσῃ τάλας
γυναικὸς ἢ ζῶν μακάριον κτήσῃ λέχος.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

εἰ γὰρ γένοιτο, Φωκέων δ' ἔλθοι πόλιν
1210 καλοῖσιν ὕμεναίοισιν ἀξίουμένη.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἦξει δ' ἐς οἶκους Ἑρμιόνη τίνος χρόνου ;
ὥς τᾶλλα γ' εἶπας, εἵπερ εὐτυχήσομεν,
κάλλισθ', ἐλόντες σκύμνον ἀνοσίου πατρός.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

καὶ δὴ πέλας νῦν δωμάτων εἶναι δοκῶ·
τοῦ γὰρ χρόνου τὸ μῆκος αὐτὸ συντρέχει.

ORESTES

ELECTRA

If, Helen slain, Menelaus seek to harm
Thee, him, or me,—this bond of friends is one,—
Cry, thou wilt slay Hermione the sword
Drawn must thou hold hard at the maiden's neck.
Then, if Menelaus, lest his daughter die,
Will save thee, seeing Helen fallen in blood,
Yield to her sire's embrace the maiden's form.
But if, controlling not his furious mood,
He seek to slay thee, pierce the maid's neck through
I ween, though swelling be his port at first, 1200
His wrath at last shall cool. Nor brave nor stout
By nature is he This I find for us
The bulwark of deliverance I have said

ORESTES

O thou who hast the spirit of a man,
Albert in body woman manifest,
How worthier far art thou to live than die !
Such woman, Pylades, shalt thou, alas !
Forfeit, or living win in wedlock blest

PYLADES

God grant it so, that to the Phocians' burg
She come, for honour meet of spousals proud ! 1210

ORESTES

But to the house when comes Hermione ?
For all that thou hast said is passing well,
So we may trap this impious father's whelp.

ELECTRA

In sooth, I ween, she is nigh the palace now,
For the time's lapse runs consonant thereto

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καλῶς σὺ μὲν νῦν, σύγγγον' Ἡλέκτρα, δόμων
 πάρος μένουσα παρθένου δέχου πόδα·
 φύλασσε δ' ἦν τις, πρὶν τελευτηθῇ φόνος,
 1220 ἢ ξύμμαχός τις ἢ κασίγνητος πατρός
 ἐλθὼν ἐς οἴκους φθῇ, γέγωνέ τ' εἰς δόμους,
 ἢ σανίδα παίσας' ἢ λόγους πέμψας' ἔσω.
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἔσω στείχοντες ἐπὶ τὸν ἔσχατον
 ἀγὼν' ὀπλιζώμεσθα φασγάνῳ χέρας,
 Πυλάδῃ σὺ γὰρ δὴ συμπονεῖς ἐμοὶ πόνους.
 ὦ δῶμα ναίων νυκτὸς ὀρφναίας πάτερ,
 καλεῖ σ' Ὀρέστης παῖς σὸς ἐπίκουρον μολεῖν
 τοῖς δεομένοισι διὰ σέ γὰρ πάσχω τάλας
 ἀδίκως προδέδομαι δ' ὑπὸ κασιγνήτου σέθεν,
 1230 δίκαια πράξας οὐ θέλω δάμαρθ' ἐλὼν
 κτεῖναι σὺ δ' ἡμῖν τοῦδε συλλήπτωρ γενοῦ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ πάτερ, ἰκοῦ δῆτ', εἰ κλύεις εἴσω χθονὸς
 τέκνων καλούντων, οἳ σέθεν θνήσκουσ' ὕπερ.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ὦ συγγένεια πατρός ἐμοῦ, κάμας λιτάς,
 Ἀγάμεμνον, εἰσάκουσον, ἔκσωσον τέκνα.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔκτεινα μητέρ',

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἡψάμην δ' ἐγὼ ξίφους

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐγὼ δ' ἐπενεκέλευσα κἀπέλυσ' ὄκνου

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σοί, πάτερ, ἀρήγων.

ORESTES

ORESTES

'Tis well Sister Electra, tarry thou
Before the halls to meet the maiden's steps
Keep watch lest any,—brother of our sire,
Or ally—ere this deed be wrought, draw near
The house, forestalling us Give token thou— 1220
Smite on the door, or send a cry within
Now pass we in, and for this latest strife
Arm we our hands with falchions, Pylades
For thou art fellow-toiler in my toil
Father, who dwellest in dark halls of night,
Thy son Orestes bids thee come to help
Those in sore need For thy sake suffer I
Wrongfully—by thy brother am betrayed,
Though I wrought righteousness I fain would
 seize
His wife, and slay be thou our help herein ! 1230

ELECTRA

Come, father, come, if thou in earth's embrace
Hearest thy children cry, who die for thee !

PYLADES

My father's kinsman,¹ to my prayers withal,
Agamemnon, hearken , save thy children thou

ORESTES

I slew my mother—

PYLADES

I too grasped the sword !

ELECTRA

I cheered thee on, snapped trammels of delay !

ORESTES

Sire, for thine help !

¹ Pylades' mother was Agamemnon's sister

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

οὐδ' ἐγὼ προὔδωκά σε.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

οὐκουν ὀνείδη τάδε κλύων ῥύσει τέκνα ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δακρύοις κατασπένδω σ'

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐγὼ δ' οἴκτοισί γε.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

1240 παύσασθε, καὶ πρὸς ἔργον ἐξορμώμεθα
εἴπερ γὰρ εἴσω γῆς ἀκοντίζουσ' ἀραί,
κλύει. σὺ δ', ὦ Ζεῦ πρόγονε καὶ Δίκης σέβας,
δότη' εὐτυχῆσαι τῷδ' ἐμοί τε τῇδέ τε·
τρισοῖς φίλοις γὰρ εἰς ἀγών, δίκη μία,
ἥ ζῆν ἅπασιν ἢ θανεῖν ὀφείλεται.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

Μυκηνίδες ὦ φίλαιοι, στρ.
τὰ πρῶτα κατὰ Πελασγὸν ἔδος Ἀργείων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1250 τίνα θροεῖς αὐδάν, πότνια; παραμένει
γὰρ ἔτι σοι τόδ' ἐν Δαναῖδῶν πόλει.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

στήθ' αἰ μὲν ὑμῶν τόνδ' ἀμαξήρη τρίβον,
αἰ δ' ἐνθάδ' ἄλλον οἶμον εἰς φρουρὰν δόμων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δέ με τόδε χρέος ἀπύεις,
ἐννεπέ μοι, φίλα.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

φόβος ἔχει με μή τις ἐπὶ δώμασι
σταθεῖς ἐπὶ φοῖνιον αἶμα
πήματα πῆμασιν ἐξεύρη.

ORESTES

ELECTRA

Nor I abandoned thee !

PYLADES

Wilt thou not hear this challenge—save thine own ?

ORESTES

I pour thee tears for offerings !

ELECTRA

Wailings I !

PYLADES

Cease ye, and let us haste unto the deed , 1240
For if prayers, javelin-like, pierce earth, he hears
Forefather Zeus, and Justice' majesty,
To him, to me, to her, grant happy speed !
Three friends—their venture one, the forfeit one,—
Owe all the selfsame debt, to live or die

[ORESTES and PYLADES enter the palace.

ELECTRA

Dames of Mycenae, beloved of me, (Str.)
In the Argives' Pelasgian dwelling the noblest ye—

CHORUS

What wouldst thou say unto us, O Princess ?—for thine
This name is yet in the city of Danaus' line 1250

ELECTRA

Set ye yourselves—along the highway some,
And on yon bypath some—to watch the house

CHORUS

But tell to me, friend, why wouldst thou win
This service of me for thy need ?

ELECTRA

I fear lest one yon palace within,
Who hath set him to work a bloody deed,
May earn him but murder for murder's meed

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α

χωρεῖτ', ἐπειγώμεσθ' ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν τρίβον
τόνδ' ἐκφυλάξω, τὸν πρὸς ἡλίου βολάς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β

126() καὶ μὴν ἐγὼ τόνδ', ὃς πρὸς ἐσπέραν φέρει.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

δόχμιά νυν κόρας διάφερ' ὁμμάτων
ἐκείθεν ἐνθάδ', εἴτα παλινσκοπιάν.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α

ἔχομεν ὡς θροεῖς

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἐλίσσετέ νυν βλέφαρον, ἀντ.
κόρας διάδοτε διὰ βοστρύχων πάντη

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β

1270 ὃδε τίς ἐν τρίβῳ, πρόσεχε, τίς ὃδ' ἄρ' ἀμ-
φί μέλαθρον πολεῖ σὸν ἀγρότας ἀνὴρ,

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἀπωλώμεσθ' ἄρ', ὃ φίλαι κεκρυμμένους
θήρας ξιφήρεις αὐτίκ' ἐχθροῖσιν φανεῖ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β

ἄφοβος ἔχε· κενός, ὃ φίλα,
στίβος δν οὐ δοκεῖς

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τί δέ; τὸ σὸν βέβαιον ἔτι μοι μένει,
δὸς ἀγγελίαν ἀγαθάν τιν',
εἰ τάδ' ἔρημα τὰ πρόσθ' αὐλᾶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α

καλῶς τά γ' ἐνθένδ' ἀλλὰ τὰπὶ σοῦ σκόπει·
ὥς οὔτις ἡμῖν Δαναῖδων πελάζεται.

ORESTES

CHORUS *breaks into two parties*

SEMICHORUS 1

On, hasten we for me, upon this path
Will I keep watch that toward the sunrise looks

SEMICHORUS 2

And I on this, that trendeth to the west 1260

ELECTRA

Sideward glance ye—O rightward and leftward aye
Turn ye your eyes · then gaze on the rearward way

SEMICHORUS 1

Even as thou bid'st, we obey

ELECTRA

Now cast ye around you your eyes yea, wide (*Ant*)
Through the veil of your tresses flash them on every
side

SEMICHORUS 2

Who is this on the path?—take heed!—what peasant
is here
That strayeth with haunting feet to thine halls anear? 1270

ELECTRA

Undone, friends!—to our foes shall he reveal
Straightway the armed lions lurking there!

SEMICHORUS 2

Nay, untrodden the path is—have no fear,
O friend—for the which was thy doubt

ELECTRA

And thou—doth thine highway abide yet clear?
If thou hast good tidings, ah, tell it out
If void be the space yon forecourt about

SEMICHORUS 1

All here is well Look thou unto thy side ·
To us draws nigh no man of Danaus' sons

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β

1280 εἰς ταῦτόν ἤκει· καὶ γὰρ οὐδὲ τῇδ' ὄχλος.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

φέρει νυν ἐν πύλαισιν ἀκοὰν βάλω·
τί μέλλεθ' οἱ κατ' οἶκον ἐν ἡσυχίᾳ
σφάγια φοινίσσειν;
οὐκ εἰσακούουσ'· ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγὼ κακῶν.
ἄρ' εἰς τὸ κάλλος ἐκκεκώφηται ξίφη;
τάχα τις Ἀργείων ἔνοπλος ὀρμήσας
1290 ποδὶ βοηδρόμῳ μέλαθρα προσμίξει.
σκέψασθέ νυν ἄμεινον· οὐχ ἔδρας ἀκμή·
ἀλλ' αἱ μὲν ἐνθάδ', αἱ δ' ἐκεῖσ' ἐλίσσετε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀμείβω κέλευθον σκοποῦσα πάντα.

ΕΛΕΝΗ

ἰὼ Πελασγὸν Ἄργος, ὄλλυμαι κακῶς.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Α

ἤκούσαθ'; ἄνδρες χεῖρ' ἔχουσιν ἐν φόνῳ.

ΗΜΙΧΟΡΙΟΝ Β

Ἑλένης τὸ κώκυμ' ἐστίν, ὥς ἀπεικάσαι.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1300 ὦ Διός, ὦ Διὸς ἀέναον κράτος,
ἔλθ' ἐπίκουρον ἐμοῖσι φίλοισι πάντως

ΕΛΕΝΗ

Μενέλαε, θνήσκω· σὺ δὲ παρών μ' οὐκ ὠφελεῖς.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

φονεύετε καίνετε ὄλλυτε,
δίπτυχα δίστομα φάσγανα πέμπετε
ἐκ χερὸς ἰέμενοι
τὰν λιποπάτορα λιπόγαμόν θ', ἃ πλείστους
ἔκανεν Ἑλλάνων
δορὶ παρὰ ποταμὸν ὀλομένους, ὅθι

ORESTES

SEMICHORUS 2

Thy tale is one with mine · no stir is here 1280

ELECTRA

Go to, through the gates as a shaft let me speed my
cry —

Within, ho !—why do ye tarry, and no foe nigh,

Your hands with the slaughter to dye ?

They hear me not !—woe for my miseries !

Ha, at her beauty are the swords struck dumb ?

Soon will some Argive mailed, with racing feet

That rush to rescue, burst into the halls ! 1290

Watch with more heed,—no time to sit still this !

Bestir ye, hither these, those thitherward

CHORUS

I scan the diverse ways—on every hand I gaze—

HELEN (*within*)

Pelasgian Argos, ho !—I am foully slain !

SEMICHORUS 1

Heard ye ?—the men imbrue their hands in blood !

SEMICHORUS 2

Helen's the wild shriek is, to guess thereat

ELECTRA

O power of Zeus, of Zeus—eternal power,

Come, aid my friends in this supremest hour ! 1300

HELEN (*within*)

Husband, I die ! So near, yet help'st thou not !

ELECTRA

Stab ye her—slay her—destroy !

Let them leap, the double-edged falchions twain,

From your grasp with a furious joy

Upon her who left husband and sire, who hath slain

Beside that river of Troy

Many a Greek by the spear who died,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1310 δάκρυα δάκρυσι συνέπεσε σιδαρείοις
βέλεσιν ἀμφὶ τὰς Σκαμάνδρου δίνας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σιγάτε σιγάτ'· ἥσθόμην κτύπου τινὸς
κέλευθον εἰσπεσόντος ἀμφὶ δώματα

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ φίλταται γυναῖκες, εἰς μέσον φόνον
ἦδ' Ἑρμιόνη πάρεστι παύσωμεν βοήν
στείχει γὰρ εἰσπεσοῦσα δικτύων βρόχους.
καλὸν τὸ θήραμ', ἦν ἄλφ', γενήσεται.
πάλιν κατὰστηθ' ἡσύχῳ μὲν ὄμματι,
χρόα δ' ἀδήλῳ τῶν δεδραμένων πέρι·
κάγῳ σκυθρωποὺς ὀμμάτων ἔξω κόρας,
ὥς δῆθεν οὐκ εἰδυῖα τὰξειργασμένα

1320

ὦ παρθέν', ἥκεις τὸν Κλυταιμνήστρας τάφον
στέψασα καὶ σπείσασα νερτέροις χοάς;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἦκω, λαβοῦσα πρευμένειαν. ἀλλὰ μοι
φόβος τις εἰσελήλυθ', ἦντιν' ἐν δόμοις
τηλουρὸς οὔσα δωμάτων κλύω βοήν.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τί δ', ἄξι' ἡμῖν τυγχάνει στεναγμάτων.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

εὐφημος ἴσθι τί δὲ νεώτερον λέγεις;

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

θανεῖν Ὀρέστην καῶμ' ἔδοξε τῇδε γῇ.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

μὴ δῆτ', ἐμούς γε συγγενεῖς πεφυκότας.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

1330

ἄραρ' ἀνάγκης εἰς ζυγὸν καθέσταμεν.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἦ τοῦδ' ἑκατι καὶ βοή κατὰ στέγας;

ORESTES

When the tears fell fast for the non iam
That flashed Scamander's eddies beside ' 1310

CHORUS

Hush ye, O hush I hear a footfall pass
But now into the path that skirts the house

ELECTRA

Belovèd dames, into the jaws of death
Hermione cometh ' Let our outcry cease
For into the net's meshes, lo, she falls
Fair quarry this shall be, so she be trapped
Back to your stations step with quiet look,
With hue that gives no token of deeds done
And I will wear a trouble-clouded eye,
As who of deeds accomplished knoweth nought 1320

Enter HERMIONE

Maiden, from wreathing Clytemnestra's grave,
From pouring offerings to the dead, art come ?

HERMIONE

I come, her favour won But on mine ears
Hath smitten strange dismay touching a cry
Heard from the house when I was yet afar

ELECTRA

Why not ?—to us things worthy groans befall

HERMIONE

Ah, say not so ' What ill news tellest thou ?

ELECTRA

Argos decrees Orestes' death and mine

HERMIONE

Ah, never '—you who are by blood my kin '

ELECTRA

'Tis fixed beneath the yoke of doom we stand 1330

HERMIONE

For this cause was the cry beneath the roof ?

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ίκέτης γὰρ Ἑλένης γόνασι προσπεσὼν βοᾷ—

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τίς, οὐδὲν οἶδα μᾶλλον, ἦν σὺ μὴ λέγῃς

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

τλήμων Ὀρέστης μὴ θανεῖν, ἐμοῦ θ' ὕπερ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἐπ' ἀξίοισι τᾶρ' ἀνευφημεῖ δόμος.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

περὶ τοῦ γὰρ ἄλλου μᾶλλον ἂν φθέγγαιτό τις;

ἀλλ' ἐλθε καὶ μετάσχες ἱκεσίας φίλοις,

σῇ μητρὶ προσπεσοῦσα τῇ μέγ' ὀλβία,

Μενέλαον ἡμᾶς μὴ θανόντας εἰσιδεῖν.

1340 ἀλλ' ὦ τραφεῖσα μητρὸς ἐν χεροῖν ἐμῇς,

οἴκτειρον ἡμᾶς κάπικουφισον κακῶν.

ἴθ' εἰς ἀγῶνα δεῦρ', ἐγὼ δ' ἡγήσομαι·

σωτηρίας γὰρ τέρμ' ἔχεις ἡμῖν μόνη

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἰδοῦ, διώκω τὸν ἐμὸν εἰς δόμους πόδα

σώθηθ' ὅσον γε τοῦτ' ἔμ'.

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ὦ κατὰ στέγας

φίλοι ξιφήρεις, οὐχὶ συλλήψεσθ' ἄγραν;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

οἱ γὰρ τίνας τοῦσδ' εἰσορώ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

συγᾶν χρεών·

ἡμῖν γὰρ ἦκεις, οὐχὶ σοί, σωτηρία

ΗΛΕΚΤΡΑ

ἔχεσθ' ἔχεσθε φάσγανον δὲ πρὸς δέρη

1350 βαλόντες ἡσυχάζεθ', ὥς εἰδῇ τόδε

Μενέλαος, οὐνεκ' ἄνδρας, οὐ Φρύγας κακοῦς,

εὐρὼν ἔπραξεν οἷα χρὴ πράσσειν κακοῦς.

ORESTES

ELECTRA

The suppliant crying fell at Helen's knees,—

HERMIONE

Who?—nought the more I know, except thou tell

ELECTRA

Orestes, pleading for his life, and mine

HERMIONE

With reason then the dwelling rings with cries

ELECTRA

For what cause rather should one lift his voice?

But come thou, and in supplicance join thy friends,

Falling before thy mother, the all-blest,

That Menelaus may not see us die

O thou that in my mother's arms wast nursed, 1340

Have pity on us, of our woes relieve!

Come hither, meet the peril I will lead

With thee alone our safety's issue lies

HERMIONE

Behold, into the house I speed my feet

So far as in me lies, ye are saved [*Enters the palace*]

ELECTRA

Ho ye,

Aimed friends within, will ye not seize the prey?

HERMIONE (*within*)

Alas for me! Whom see I?

ORESTES (*within*)

Hold thy peace

Thou com'st for our deliverance, not for thine

ELECTRA

Hold ye he!—hold! Set to he! throat the sword,

And silent wait, till Menelaus learn

That men, not Phrygian cowards, hath he found,

And fares now as 'tis meet that cowards fare [*Exit*]

1350

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰὼ ἰὼ φίλαι,

στρ.

κτύπον ἐγείρετε, κτύπον καὶ βοὰν
 πρὸ μελάρων, ὅπως ὁ πραχθεὶς φόνος
 μὴ δεινὸν Ἀργείοισιν ἐμβάλη φόβον,
 βοηδρομῆσαι πρὸς δόμους τυραννικούς,
 πρὶν ἐτύμως ἴδω τὸν Ἑλένας φόνον
 καθαιμακτὸν ἐν δόμοις κείμενον,
 ἥ καὶ λόγον του προσπόλων πυθώμεθα·
 1360 τὰς μὲν γὰρ οἶδα συμφοράς, τὰς δ' οὐ σαφῶς.
 διὰ δίκας ἔβα θεῶν
 νέμεσις ἐς Ἑλέναν
 δακρύοισι γὰρ Ἑλλάδ' ἅπασαν ἔπλησε,
 διὰ τὸν ὀλόμενον ὀλόμενον Ἰδαῖον
 Πάριν, ὃς ἄγαγ' Ἑλλάδ' εἰς Ἴλιον.
 ἀλλὰ κτυπεῖ γὰρ κληῖθρα βασιλικῶν δόμων,
 σιγήσατ'· ἔξω γὰρ τις ἐκβαίνει Φρυγῶν,
 οὐ πεισόμεσθα τὰν δόμοις ὅπως ἔχει.

ΦΡΥΞ

Ἀργεῖον ξίφος ἐκ θανάτου πέφευγα
 1370 βαρβάροις εὐμάρισιν,
 κεδρωτὰ παστᾶδων ὑπὲρ τέραμνα
 Δωρικὰς τε τριγλύφους,
 φροῦδα φροῦδα, γᾶ γᾶ,
 βαρβάροισι δρασμοῖς.
 αἰαῖ πᾶ φύγω, ξέναι,
 πολὺν αἰθέρ' ἄμ-
 πτάμενος ἢ πόντον, Ὀκεανὸς δὲ
 ταυρόκρανος ἀγκάλαις ἐλίσ-
 σων κυκλοῖ χθόνα ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν, Ἑλένης πρόσπολ', Ἰδαῖον κᾶρα ;

1380

ORESTES

CHORUS

What ho ' friends, ho ' awake (Str)
A din by the halls, let your clamour outbreak,
That the blood that therein hath been shed
Thrill not the souls of the people of Argos with dread,
And unto the mansion of kings to the rescue they haste,
Ere I look on the carcase of Helen beyond doubt cast
Blood-besprent mid the palace-hall,
Or hear the tale by the mouth of a thrall ;
For I know of the havoc in part, but I know not all 1360
By the hand of Justice the vengeance-doom
Of the Gods upon Helen's head hath come ,
For she filled with tears all Hellas-land
For the sake of Paris, the traitor banned,
Whodrew the array of Hellas away unto Ilium's strand
But lo, the bars clash of the royal halls '
Hush ye ,—there comes forth of her Phrygians one
Of whom we shall learn what befell within.

Enter PHRYGIAN

PHRYGIAN

From the death by the Argive swords have I fled '
In my shoon barbaric I sped , 1370
O'er the colonnade's rafters of cedar I clomb ;
'Twixt the Dorian triglyphs I slid , and I come,
Fleeing like panic-struck Asian array—
O earth, O earth !—away and away
Ah, me, strange dames, whitherward can I flee,
Through the cloud-dappled welkin my flight up-
winging,
Or over the sea
Which the hornèd Ocean with arms enringing
Coileth around earth endlessly ?

CHORUS

What is it, Helen's servant, Ida's son ? 1380

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΦΡΤΞ

"Ιλιον "Ιλιον, ὦμοι μοι, Φρύγιον
 ἄστυ καὶ καλλίβωλον "Ι-
 δας ὄρος ἱερόν, ὥς σ' ὀλόμενον στένω,
 ἄρμάτειον ἄρμάτειον
 μέλος βαρβάρῳ βοᾷ, διὰ τὸ τᾶς
 ὀρνιθόγονον ὄμμα κυκνόπτερον
 καλλοσύνας, Λήδας σκύμνου, δυσελένας,
 ξεστῶν περγάμων Ἀπολλωνίων
 ἔρινύν· ὁτοτοῖ
 1390 ἱαλέμων ἱαλέμων
 Δαρδανία τλάμων Γανυμήδεος
 ἱπποσύνα, Διὸς εὐνέτα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σαφῶς λέγ' ἡμῖν αὖθ' ἕκαστα τὰν δόμοις.
 τὰ γὰρ πρὶν οὐκ εὐγνωστα συμβαλοῦς' ἔχω.

ΦΡΤΞ

αἴλιον αἴλιον ἀρχὰν θανάτου
 βάρβαροι λέγουσιν, αἰαῖ,
 Ἀσιάδι φωνᾷ,
 βασιλέων ὅταν αἶμα χυθῇ κατὰ γᾶν ξίφεσιν
 σιδαρέοισιν Ἄιδα
 1400 ἦλθον δόμους, ἴν' αὖθ' ἕκαστά σοι λέγω,
 λέοντες Ἑλλανες δύο διδύμω·
 τῷ μὲν ὁ στρατηλάτας πατήρ ἐκλήζετο,
 ὁ δὲ παῖς Στροφίου, κακόμητις ἀνὴρ,
 οἶος Ὀδυσσεύς, σιγᾷ δόλιος,
 πιστὸς δὲ φίλοις, θρασὺς εἰς ἀλκάν,
 ξυνετὸς πολέμου, φόνιός τε δράκων.
 ἔρροι τᾶς ἡσύχου προνοί-
 ας κακοῦργος ὢν
 οἱ δὲ πρὸς θρόνους ἔσω

ORESTES

PHRYGIAN

Ilion, Ilion, woe is me !
Phrygian city, and mount Idæan
Holy and fertile, I wail for thee
In the chariot-pæan, the chariot-pæan,
With cry barbaric !—thy ruin came
Of the bird-born beauty, the swan-plumed dame,
Cust Helen the lovely, Leda's child,
A vengeance-fiend to the towers uppled
By Apollo of carven stone.

Alas for thy moan, thy moan,
Dardania !—the steeds that Zeus gave erst
For his minion Ganymede, made thee accurst !

1390

CHORUS

Tell clearly all that in the house befell
For thy first words be vague I can but guess

PHRYGIAN

The Linus-lay—O the Linus-lay !—
Death's prelude chanted, well-a-day,
Of barbarian folk in their Asian tongue
When the blood of their kings is poured on the earth,
when the iron sword

Clangs Hades' song !

There came—that I tell thee the whole tale
through—

1400

Into the halls Greek lions two .

This was the son of the chieftain of Hellas' might ,
That, Strophius' scion, an evil-devising wight,
An Odysseus, silent and subtle of mood,
Staunch to his friends, and valiant in fight,
Cunning in war, a dragon of blood
Ruin seize him, the felon knave,
For his crafty plotting still as the grave !
So came they in, and beside the throne

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1410 μολόντες ἄς ἔγῃμ' ὁ τοξότας Πάρις
 γυναικός, ὄμμα δακρύοις
 πεφυρμένοι, ταπεινοὶ
 ἔξουνθ', ὁ μὲν τὸ κεῖθεν, ὁ δὲ
 τὸ κεῖθεν, ἄλλος ἄλλοθεν πεφραγμένοι.
 περὶ δὲ γόνυ χέρας ἱκεσίους
 ἔβαλον ἔβαλον Ἑλένας ἄμφω
 ἀνὰ δὲ δρομάδες ἔθορον ἔθορον
 ἀμφίπολοι Φρύγες
 προσεῖπε δ' ἄλλος ἄλλον πεσὼν ἐν φόβῳ,
 μή τις εἴη δόλος
 1420 καδόμενοι τοῖς μὲν οὐ,
 τοῖς δ' ἐς ἀρκυστάταν
 μηχανὰν ἐμπλέκειν
 παῖδα τὰν Τυνδαρίδ' ὁ
 μητροφόντας δράκων.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὺ δ' ἦσθα ποῦ τότ', ἡ πάλαι φεύγεις φόβῳ,

ΦΡΥΞ

1430 Φρυγίοις ἔτυχον Φρυγίοισι νόμοις
 παρὰ βόστροχον αὔραν αὔραν
 Ἑλένας Ἑλένας εὐπᾶγι κύκλῳ
 πτερίνῳ πρὸ παρηίδος ἄσσω
 βαρβάροις νόμοισιν
 ἃ δὲ λίνον ἡλακάτα
 δακτύλοις ἔλισσε,
 νῆμά θ' ἔτετο πέδῳ,
 σκύλων Φρυγίων ἐπὶ τύμβον ἀγάλματα
 συστολίσαι χρήζουσα λίνῳ,
 φάρεα πορφύρεα, δῶρα Κλυταιμνήστρᾳ.
 προσεῖπεν δ' Ὀρέστας
 Λάκαιναν κόραν· ὦ

ORESTES

Of the lady whom Archer Paris won,
With eyes tear-streaming all humbly sat, 1410
On this side one, and the one on that,
Yet beset by her servants to left and to right.
Then, bending low to Helen, these
Cast suppliant hands about her knees
But her Phrygian bondmen in panic affright
Upstart'd, upstart'd ;
And this unto that cried fearful-hearted,
" Ha, treachery—beware !"
Yet no peril did some trace there 1420
But to some did it seem that a snare
Of guile was coiled round Tyndareus' child
By the serpent with blood of a mother defiled

CHORUS

Where then wast thou ?—long since in terror fled ?

PHRYGIAN

In the Phrygian fashion, it chanced, was I swaying
Beside Queen Helen the rounded fan .
On the cheeks of Helen its plumes were playing,
Through the tresses of Helen the breeze was straying,
As I chanted a strain barbarian 1430
And the flax from her distaff twining
Her fingers wrought evermore,
And ever her threads trailed down to the floor
For her mind was to broider the purple-shining
Vesture of Phrygian spoils with her thread,
For a gift unto Clytemnestra the dead
Then Orestes unto the daughter
Of Sparta spake, and besought her :

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

- Διὸς παῖ, θεὸς ἵχνος
 1440 πέδῳ δεῦρ' ἀποστᾶσα κλισμοῦ,
 Πέλοπος ἐπὶ προπάτορος
 ἔδραν παλαιᾶς ἐστίας,
 ἵν' εἰδῆς λόγους ἐμούς.
 ἄγει δ' ἄγει νιν· ἅ δ' ἐφείπετ',
 οὐ πρόμαντις ὦν ἔμελλεν·
 ὁ δὲ συνεργὸς ἄλλ' ἔπρασσ'
 ἰὼν κακὸς Φωκεύς·
 οὐκ ἐκποδὼν ἴτ', ἀλλ' αἰὲ κακοὶ Φρύγες,
 ἔκλησε δ' ἄλλον ἄλλοσ' ἐν στέγαις
 τοὺς μὲν ἐν σταθμοῖσιν ἵππικοῖσι,
 1450 τοὺς δ' ἐν ἐξέδραισι, τοὺς δ' ἐκεῖσ' ἐκεῖθεν
 ἄλλον ἄλλοσε διαρμόσας ἀποπρὸ δεσποίνας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί τοῦτ' ἐν τῷδε συμφορᾷς ἐγίγνετο,

ΦΡΥΓ

- Ἰδαία μᾶτερ μᾶτερ
 ὀβρίμα ὀβρίμα, αἰαῖ,
 φονίων παθέων ἀνόμων τε κακῶν
 ἅπερ ἔδρακον ἔδρακον ἐν δόμοις τυράννων.
 ἀμφὶ πορφυρέων πέπλων ὑπὸ σκότου
 ξίφη σπάσαντες ἐν χεροῖν,
 ἄλλος ἄλλοσε
 δίνασεν ὄμμα, μή τις παρὼν τύχοι
 1460 ὥς κάπροι δ' ὀρέστεροι γυναικὸς ἀντίοι στα-
 θέντες
 ἐννέπουσι· κατθανεῖ
 κατθανεῖ, κακὸς σ' ἀποκτείνει πόσις,
 κασιγνήτου προδοὺς
 ἐν Ἀργεὶ θανεῖν γόνον
 ἅ δ' ἀνίαχεν ἱαχεν, ὦμοι μοι

ORESTES

" O child of Zeus, arise from thy seat,
And hitherward set on the floor thy feet, 1440
To the ancient hearthstone-altar pace
Of Pelops, our father of olden days,
To hearken my words in the holy place "
On, on he led her, and followed she
With no foreboding of things to be
But his brother-plotter betook him the while
Unto other deeds, that Phocian vile,—
" Hence '—dastards ever the Phrygians were "
Here, there, he bolted them, penned in the halls
Some prisoned he in the chariot-stalls,
In the closets some, some here, some there, 1450
Sundered and severed afar from the queen in the
snare

CHORUS

Now what disaster after this befell ?

PHRYGIAN

O Mother Idæan, Mother sublime !
What desperate, desperate deeds, alas,
Of murderous outrage, of lawless crime,
Were they which I saw in the king's halls brought to
pass !
From under the gloom of their mantles of purple they
drew [threw
Swords in their hands, and to this side and that side
A swift glance, heeding that none stood nigh
Then as boars of the mountains before my lady up-
towering high, 1460
They shout, " Thou shalt die, thou shalt die '
Thee doth thy craven husband slay,
The traitor that would unto death betray
In Argos his brother's son this day ! "
Then wild she shrieked, she shrieked, ah me !

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λευκὸν δ' ἐμβαλοῦσα πῆχυν στέρνοις,
 κτύπησε κράτα μέλεον πλαγᾷ·
 φυγᾷ δὲ ποδὶ τὸ χρυσεοσάνδαλον
 ἵχνος ἔφερεν ἔφερεν·
 ἐς κόμας δὲ δακτύλους δικῶν Ὀρέστας,
 1470 Μυκηνίδ' ἀρβύλαν προβάς,
 ὥμοις ἀριστεροῖσιν ἀνακλάσας δέρην,
 παίειν λαιμῶν ἔμελλεν
 ἔσω μέλαν ξίφος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ποῦ δῆτ' ἀμύνειν οἱ κατὰ στέγας Φρύγες,

ΦΡΥΞ

ἰαχᾷ δόμων θύρετρα καὶ σταθμοὺς
 μοχλοῖσιν ἐκβαλόντες, ἔνθ' ἐμίμνομεν,
 βοηδρομοῦμεν ἄλλος ἄλλοθεν στέγης,
 ὁ μὲν πέτρους, ὁ δ' ἀγκύλας,
 ὁ δὲ ξίφος πρόκωπον ἐν χεροῖν ἔχων.
 ἔναντα δ' ἦλθεν
 Πυλάδης ἀλίαςτος, οἶος οἶος
 1480 Ἔκτωρ ὁ Φρύγιος ἢ τρικόρυθος Αἴας,
 ὃν εἶδον εἶδον ἐν πύλαισι Πριαμίσιν·
 φασγάνων δ' ἀκμὰς συνήψαμεν.
 τότε δὴ τότε διαπρεπεῖς ἐγένοντο Φρύγες,
 ὅσον Ἄρεος ἀλκὰν ἤσσουνες Ἑλλάδος
 ἐγενόμεσθ' αἰχμᾶς.
 ὁ μὲν οἰχόμενος φυγὰς, ὁ δὲ νέκυς ὦν,
 ὁ δὲ τραῦμα φέρων, ὁ δὲ λισσόμενος,
 θανάτου προβολάν·
 ὑπὸ σκότον δ' ἐφεύγομεν·
 νεκροὶ δ' ἐπιπτον, οἱ δ' ἔμελλον, οἱ δ' ἔκειντ'.
 1490 ἔμολε δ' ἅ τάλαιν' Ἑρμιόνα δόμονος

ORESTES

Her white arm on her bosom beat,
Her head she smote in misery
With golden-sandalled hurrying feet
She turned to flee, to flee !
But his clutch on her tresses Orestes laid,
For her shoon Mycenean his stride outwent , 1470
On her leftward shoulder he bent
Backward her neck, with intent
To plunge in her throat the sword's dark blade.

CHORUS

What did those Phrygians in the house to help ?

PHRYGIAN

Shouting, with battering bars asunder we rent
Doorpost and door of the chambers wherein we were
pent , [we run,
And from this side and that of the halls to the rescue
One bearing stones, and a javelin one ;
In the hand of another a drawn sword shone —
But onward to meet us pressed
Pylades' dauntless breast,
Like Hector the Phrygian, or Aias of triple crest, 1480
Whom I saw, I saw, when through portals of Priam he
flashed ;
And point to point in the grapple we clashed
Then was it plain to discern how far
Worser than Hellenes in prowess of war
We Phrygians are
In flight one vanished, and dead one lay,
Thus reeled sore wounded, that fell to pray
For life—his one shield prayer !
We fled, we fled through the darkness away,
While some were falling, and staggering some, some
lay still there 1490
Then hapless Hermione came to the halls, to the earth

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐπὶ φόνῳ χαμαιπετεῖ ματρός, ἃ νιν ἔτεκεν
τλάμων.

ἄθυρσοι δ' οἷά νιν δραμόντε Βάκχαι
σκύμνον ἐν χεροῖν ὀρεῖαν
ξυνήρπασαν· πάλιν δὲ τὰν Διὸς κόραν
ἐπὶ σφαγὰν ἔτεινον· ἃ δ' ἐκ θαλάμων
ἐγένετο διαπρὸ δωμάτων ἄφαντος,
ὦ Ζεῦ καὶ γὰ καὶ φῶς καὶ νύξ,
ἦτοι φαρμάκοισιν ἢ μάγων
τέχναισιν ἢ θεῶν κλοπαῖς
τὰ δ' ὕστερ' οὐκέτ' οἶδα δρα-
πέτην γὰρ ἐξέκλεπτον ἐκ δόμων πόδα.
1500 πολύπονα δὲ πολύπονα πάθεα
Μενέλαος ἀνασχόμενος ἀνόνητον ἀπὸ
Τροίας ἔλαβε τὸν Ἑλένας γάμον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ἀμείβει καινὸν ἐκ καινῶν τόδε·
ξιφηφόρον γὰρ εἰσορῶ πρὸ δωμάτων
βαίνοντ' Ὀρέστην ἐπτοημένῳ ποδί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ποῦ 'στιν οὗτος ὃς πέφευγεν ἐκ δόμων τούμῳ
ξίφος,

ΦΡΤΞ

προσκυνῶ σ', ἄναξ, νόμοισι βαρβάροισι προσ-
πίτνων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἐν Ἰλῳ τάδ' ἐστίν, ἀλλ' ἐν Ἀργείᾳ χθονί

ΦΡΤΞ

πανταχοῦ ζῆν ἠδὲ μᾶλλον ἢ θανεῖν τοῖς σώ-
φροσιν.

ORESTES

As fell for her death the wretched mother who gave
her birth

But as Bacchanals dropping the thyrsus to seize
A wolf's whelp over the hills that flees,
They rushed on her—grasped—turned back to
the slaughter

Of Helen—but vanished was Zeus's daughter !
From the bowels, through the house, gone
wholly from sight !

O Zeus, O Earth, O Sun, O Night !
Whether by charms or by wizardry,
Or stolen by Gods—not there was she !
What chanced thereafter I know not, I,
For with stealthy feet from the halls did I fly
Ah, with manifold travail and weary pain 1500
Menelaus hath won from Troy again
Helen his bride—in vain !

CHORUS

But unto strange things, lo, strange things succeed,
For sword in hand before the halls I see
Orestes come with passion-fevered feet

Enter ORESTES

ORESTES

Where is he that fleeing from the palace hath escaped
my sword ?

PHRYGIAN

Crouching to thee in barbaric wise I grovel, O my lord !

ORESTES

Out ! No Ilum this is, but the land of Argos spreads
hereby

PHRYGIAN

Everywhere shall wise men better love to cling to life
than die

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1510 οὔτι που κραυγὴν ἔβηκας Μενέλεω βοηδρομεῖν;

ΦΡΤΞ

σοὶ μὲν οὖν ἔγωγ' ἀμύνειν ἀξιώτερος γὰρ εἶ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐνδίκως ἦ Τυνδάρειος ἄρα παῖς διώλετο,

ΦΡΤΞ

ἐνδικώτατ', εἴ γε λαιμοὺς εἶχε τριπτύχους θανεῖν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δειλία γλώσση χαρίζει, τᾶνδον οὐχ οὔτω φρονῶν

ΦΡΤΞ

οὐ γάρ, ἥτις Ἑλλάδ' αὐτοῖς Φρυξὶ διελυμήνατο;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὁμοσον, εἰ δὲ μή, κτενῶ σε, μὴ λέγειν ἐμὴν χάριν.

ΦΡΤΞ

τὴν ἐμὴν ψυχὴν κατώμοσ', ἦν ἂν εὐορκοῖμ' ἐγώ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦδε κὰν Τροία σίδηρος πᾶσι Φρυξὶν ἦν φόβος ,

ΦΡΤΞ

ἄπεχε φάσγανον· πέλας γὰρ δεινὸν ἀνταυγεῖ
φόνον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1520 μὴ πέτρος γένη δέδοικας, ὥστε Γοργόν' εἰσιδών ;

ORESTES

ORESTES

Didst thou not to Menelaus shout the rescue-cry but
now ? 1510

PHRYGIAN

Nay, O nay !—but for thine helping cried I —worthier
art thou

ORESTES

Answer—did the child of Tyndareus by righteous sen-
tence fall ?

PHRYGIAN

Righteous—wholly righteous—though she had three
throats to die withal

ORESTES

Dastard, 'tis thy tongue but truckles in thine heart
thou think'st not so

PHRYGIAN

Should she not, who Hellas laid, and Phrygia's folk,
in ruin low ?

ORESTES

Swear—or I will slay thee,—that thou speakest not to
pleasure me

PHRYGIAN

By my life I swear—an oath I sure should honour
sacredly

ORESTES

Like to thee at Troy did steel fill all the Trojan folk
with fear ?

PHRYGIAN

Take, take hence thy sword ! It glaieth ghastly mur-
der, held so near !

ORESTES

Fear'st thou lest thou turn to stone, as who hath
seen the Gorgon nigh ? 1520

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΦΡΤΞ

μὴ μὲν οὖν νεκρός· τὸ Γοργοῦς δ' οὐ κάτοιδ' ἐγὼ
κάρα

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δοῦλος ὦν φοβεῖ τὸν Ἀιδην, ὅς σ' ἀπαλλάξει
κακῶν,

ΦΡΤΞ

πᾶς ἀνὴρ, καὶ δοῦλος ἢ τις, ἥδεται τὸ φῶς ὀρών

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εὖ λέγεις, σφίζει σε σύνεσις· ἀλλὰ βαῖν' εἴσω
δόμων.

ΦΡΤΞ

οὐκ ἄρα κτενεῖς μ'·

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀφείσαι.

ΦΡΤΞ

·

καλὸν ἔπος λέγεις τόδε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀλλὰ μεταβουλεύσόμεσθα.

ΦΡΤΞ

τοῦτο δ' οὐ καλῶς λέγεις.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μῶρος, εἰ δοκεῖς με τλῆναι σὴν καθαιμάξαι δέρην
οὔτε γὰρ γυνὴ πέφυκας οὔτ' ἐν ἀνδράσιν σύ γ' εἶ
τοῦ δὲ μὴ στήσαί σε κραυγὴν εἶνεκ' ἐξῆλθον
δόμων

1530 ὁξὺ γὰρ βοῆς ἀκοῦσαν Ἄργος ἐξεγείρεται
Μενέλεων δ' οὐ τάρβος ἡμῖν ἀναλαβεῖν εἴσω
ξίφους

ἀλλ' ἔγωγε ξανθοῖς ἐπ' ὤμων βοστρύχοις γαν-
ρούμενος·

ORESTES

PHRYGIAN

Nay, but rather to a corpse, of head of Gorgon
nought know I

ORESTES

Thou a slave, and fearest Death, who shall from
misery set thee free !

PHRYGIAN

Every man, though ne'er so much a thrall, yet joys
the light to see

ORESTES

Well thou say'st thy wit hath saved thee Hence
within the house—away !

PHRYGIAN

Then thou wilt not slay me ?

ORESTES

Paidoned art thou

PHRYGIAN

Kindly dost thou say

ORESTES

Varlet, mine intent may change !—

PHRYGIAN

Thou utterest now an evil note !
[*Exit*

ORESTES

Fool ! to think that I would brook with blood to
stain me from thy throat, [men among !

Who art neither woman, neither found the ranks of
Forth the palace I but came to curb the clamour of
thy tongue, [hear

For that swiftly roused is Argos if the rescue-cry she 1530

Menelaus—set him once at sword-length—nothing
do I fear [his shoulders falls !

Let him come, with golden locks whose pride about

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰ γὰρ Ἀργείους ἐπάξει τοῖσδε δώμασιν λαβών,
 τὸν Ἑλένης φόνον διώκων, καμὲ μὴ σφάζειν θέλῃ
 σύγγονόν τ' ἐμὴν Πυλάδην τε τὸν τάδε ξυν-
 δρῶντά μοι,
 παρθένον τε καὶ δάμαρτα δύο νεκρὰ κατόψεται

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀντ.

ἰὼ ἰὼ τύχα,
 ἕτερον εἰς ἀγῶν', ἕτερον αὖ δόμος
 φοβερὸν ἀμφὶ τοὺς Ἀτρεΐδας πίτνει
 τί δρῶμεν, ἀγγέλλωμεν εἰς πόλιν τάδε,
 1540 ἢ σίγ' ἔχωμεν, ἀσφαλέστερον, φίλαι.
 ἴδε πρὸ δωμάτων ἴδε προκηρύσσει
 θοάζων ὃδ' αἰθέρος ἄνω καπνός
 ἄπτουσι πεύκας ὡς πυρῶσοντες δόμους
 τοὺς Ταυταλείους, οὐδ' ἀφίστανται φόνου.
 τέλος ἔχει δαίμων βροτοῖς,
 τέλος ὅπα θέλει
 μεγάλα δέ τις ἂ δύναμις· δι' ἀλάστορ'
 ἔπεσ' ἔπεσε μέλαθρα τάδε δι' αἱμάτων
 διὰ τὸ Μυρτίλου πέσημ' ἐκ δίφρου

ἀλλὰ μὴν καὶ τόνδε λεύσσω Μενέλεων δόμων
 πέλας
 1550 ὀξύπουν, ἥσθημένον που τὴν τύχην ἢ νῦν πάρα
 οὐκέτ' ἂν φθάνοιτε κληῖθρα συμπεραίνοντες
 μοχλοῖς,
 ὦ κατὰ στέγας Ἀτρεΐδαι δεινὸν εὐτυχῶν ἀνὴρ
 πρὸς κακῶς πράσσοντας, ὡς σὺ νῦν, Ὀρέστα,
 δυστυχεῖς.

ORESTES

For, if he shall gather Argives, lead them on against
these halls, [will set me free—
Claiming blood-revenge for Helen, nor from death
Me, my sister too, and Pylades who wrought herein
with me,—
Corpses twain, his maiden daughter and his wife, his
eyes shall see [Exit

CHORUS

(Ant to 1353-1365)

Ho, fortune, ho!—again, again,
The house into terrible conflict-strain
Breaks forth for the Atreids' sake!
What shall we do?—to the city the tidings take?
Or keep we silence? Safer were this, O friends 1540
Lo there, lo there, where the smoke upleaping sends
Its token afront of the halls through air!
They will fire the palace of Tantalus!—glare
Already the brands, nor the deeds of murder they
spare
Yet God overruleth the issue still,
To mete unto men what issue he will
Great is his power! By a curse-fiend led
This house on a track of blood hath been sped
Since Myrtilus, dashed from the chariot, plashed in
the sea-surge, dead

Ha, I see unto the palace Menelaus draweth near
Hasty-footed, having heard the deeds but now
accomplished here 1550
Ye within the mansion—Atreus' children!—bar the
bolted gate! [fortunate
Haste! oh haste! A formidable foeman is the
Unto such as be, Orestes, even as thou, in evil
strait

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἤκω κλύων τὰ δεινὰ καὶ δραστήρια
 δισσοῖν λεόντοιν· οὐ γὰρ ἄνδρ' αὐτῷ καλῶ.
 ἤκουσα γὰρ δὴ τὴν ἐμὴν ξυνάορον
 ὥς οὐ τέθνηκεν, ἀλλ' ἄφαντος οἴχεται,
 κενὴν ἀκούσας βάξιν, ἣν φόβῳ σφαλεῖς
 ἡγγειλέ μοί τις ἀλλὰ τοῦ μητροκτόνου
 1560 τεχνάσματ' ἐστὶ ταῦτα καὶ πολλὺς γέλως.
 ἀνοιγέτω τις δῶμα προσπόλοις λέγω
 ὠθεῖν πύλας τᾶσδ', ὥς ἂν ἀλλὰ παῖδ' ἐμὴν
 ῥυσώμεθ' ἀνδρῶν ἐκ χερῶν μαιφόνων,
 καὶ τὴν τάλαιναν ἀθλίαν δάμαρτ' ἐμὴν
 λάβωμεν, ἣ δεῖ ξυνθανεῖν ἐμῇ χερὶ
 τοὺς διολέσαντας τὴν ἐμὴν ξυνάορον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὗτος σύ, κλήθρων τῶνδε μὴ ψαύσης χερί,
 Μενέλαον εἶπον, ὃς πεπύργωσαι θράσει·
 ἣ τῷδε θριγκῶ κρᾶτα συνθραύσω σέθεν,
 1570 ῥήξας παλαιὰ γεῖσα, τεκτόνων πόνον.
 μοχλοῖς δ' ἄραρε κληῖθρα, σῆς βοηδρόμου
 σπουδῆς ἅ σ' εἴρξει, μὴ δόμων εἴσω περᾶν

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔα, τί χρῆμα, λαμπάδων ὀρῶ σέλας,
 δόμων δ' ἐπ' ἄκρων τοῦσδε πυργηρουμένους,
 ξίφος δ' ἐμῆς θυγατρὸς ἐπίφρουρον δέρη.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πότερον ἐρωτᾶν ἢ κλύειν ἐμοῦ θέλεις,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐδέτερόν· ἀνάγκη δ', ὥς ἔοικε, σοῦ κλύειν

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μέλλω κτανεῖν σου θυγατέρ', εἰ βούλει μαθεῖν.

ORESTES

*Enter MENELAUS, below, ORESTES and PYLADES above,
with HERMIONE*

MENELAUS

I come at news of strange and violent deeds
Wrought by two tigers, men I call them not
In sooth I heard a rumour that my wife
Is slain not, but hath vanished from the earth
An idle tale I count it, brought by one
Distraught with fear Nay, some device is this
Of yonder matricide—a thing to mock !
Open the door !—within there !—serving-men !
Thrust wide the gates, that I may save at least
My child from hands of blood-stained murderers,
And take mine hapless miserable wife,
Even mine helpmeet, whose destroyers now
Shall surely perish with her by mine hand

1560

ORESTES (*above*)

Ho there !—lay not thine hand unto these bolts,
Thou Menelaus, tower of impudence,
Else with this coping will I crush thine head,
Rending the ancient parapet's masonry
Fast be the doors with bars, to shut out thence
Thy rescuing haste, that thou force not the house

1570

MENELAUS

Ha, what is this ?—torches a gleam I see,
And on the house-roof yonder men at bay—
My daughter guarded—at her throat a sword !

ORESTES

Wouldest thou question, or give ear to me ?

MENELAUS

Neither : yet needs must I, meseems, hear thee.

ORESTES

I am bent to slay thy child—if thou wouldst know.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

MENEΛΑΟΣ

Ἐλένην φονεύσας ἐπὶ φόνῳ πράσσεις φόνον,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1580 εἰ γὰρ κατέσχον μὴ θεῶν κλεφθεὶς ὕπο

MENEΛΑΟΣ

ἄρνει κατακτὰς κάφ' ὕβρει λέγεις τάδε,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λυπράν γε τὴν ἄρνησιν εἰ γὰρ ὄφελον—

MENEΛΑΟΣ

τί χρῆμα δρᾶσαι, παρακαλεῖς γὰρ εἰς φόβον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τὴν Ἑλλάδος μιάστορ' εἰς Ἀιδου βαλεῖν.

MENEΛΑΟΣ

ἀπόδος δάμαρτος νέκυν, ὅπως χώσω τάφῳ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

θεοὺς ἀπαίτει παῖδα δὲ κτενῶ σέθεν.

MENEΛΑΟΣ

ὁ μητροφύντης ἐπὶ φόνῳ πράσσει φόνον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὁ πατὴρ ἀμύντωρ, ὃν σὺ προὔδικας θανεῖν

MENEΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ ἤρκεσέν σοι τὸ παρὸν αἷμα μητέρος,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1590 οὐκ ἂν κάμοιμι τὰς κακὰς κτείνων αἰεῖ.

MENEΛΑΟΣ

ἦ καὶ σύ, Πυλάδῃ, τοῦδε κοινωνεῖς φόνου,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φησὶν σιωπῶν· ἀρκέσω δ' ἐγὼ λέγων

MENEΛΑΟΣ

ἄλλ' οὐτι χαίρων, ἣν γε μὴ φύγῃς πτεροῖς

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐ φευξόμεσθα· πυρὶ δ' ἀνάψομεν δόμους.

ORESTES

MENELAUS

How ? Helen slain, wouldst thou add blood to blood ?

ORESTES

Would I had done that, ere Gods baffled me ! 1580

MENELAUS

Thou slew'st her '—and for insult dost deny !

ORESTES

Bitter denial 'tis to me would God—

MENELAUS

Thou hadst done—what ? Thou thrillest me with fear !

ORESTES

I had hurled the curse of Hellas down to hell !

MENELAUS

Yield up my wife's corpse · let me bury her !

ORESTES

Ask of the Gods But I will slay thy child

MENELAUS

He would add blood to blood—this matricide !

ORESTES

His father's champion, death-betrayed by thee !

MENELAUS

Sufficed thee not thy stain of mother's blood ?

ORESTES

Ne'er should I weary of slaying wicked wives ! 1590

MENELAUS

Shar'st thou too in this murder, Pylades ?

ORESTES

His silence saith it let my word suffice.

MENELAUS

Nay, thou shalt rue, except thou flee on wings

ORESTES

Flee will we not, but we will fire the halls

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἦ γὰρ πατρῶον δῶμα πορθήσεις τόδε ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὥς μή γ' ἔχης σύ, τήνδ' ἐπισφάξας πυρί.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κτεῖν' ὥς κτανών γε τῶνδέ μοι δώσεις δίκην

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔσται τάδ'.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ᾄ ᾄ, μηδαμῶς δράσης τάδε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σίγα νύν, ἀνέχου δ' ἐνδίκως πράσσων κακῶς

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἦ γὰρ δίκαιον ζῆν σε ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1600

καὶ κρατεῖν γε γῆς.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ποίας,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐν Ἄργει τῷδε τῷ Πελασγικῷ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

εὖ γοῦν θίγοις ἂν χερνίβων—

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δὴ γὰρ οὐ ,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ σφάγια πρὸ δορὸς καταβάλοις

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σὺ δ' ἂν καλῶς ,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀγνὸς γάρ εἰμι χεῖρας.

ORESTES

MENELAUS

How ? this thy fathers' home wilt thou destroy ?

ORESTES

Lest thou possess it—and slay hei o'er its flames

MENELAUS

Slay on,—and taste my vengeance for her death !

ORESTES

So be it (*raises sword*)

MENELAUS

Ah ! in no wise do the deed !

ORESTES

Peace !—and endure ill-fortune, thy just due

MENELAUS

How ?—just that thou shouldst live ? 1600

ORESTES

Yea—rule withal.

MENELAUS

What land ?

ORESTES

Pelasgian Argos, even this

MENELAUS

Thou touch the sacred lavers !—¹

ORESTES

Wherefore not ?

MENELAUS

And slay ere battle victims !—

ORESTES

Well mayst thou !

MENELAUS

Yea, for mine hands are clean

¹ The king, as commander-in-chief, sacrificed for the army before battle

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀλλ' οὐ τὰς φρένας

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

τίς δ' ἂν προσείποι σ' ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὅστις ἐστὶ φιλοπάτωρ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὅστις δὲ τιμᾷ μητέρ',

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εὐδαίμων ἔφυ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκουν σύ γ'.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐ γὰρ ἀνδάνουσιν αἱ κακαί.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἄπαιρε θυγατρὸς φάσγανον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ψευδῆς ἔφυς

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἀλλὰ κτενεῖς μου θυγατέρ' ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐ ψευδῆς ἔτ' εἰ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οἶμοι, τί δράσω,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πεῖθ' ἐς Ἀργείους μολών—

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πειθὼ τί ν',

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἡμᾶς μὴ θανεῖν αἰτοῦ πόλιν.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἦ παῖδά μου φονεύσεθ' ,

ORESTES

ORESTES

But not thine heart !

MENELAUS

Who would speak to thee ?

ORESTES

Whoso loveth father

MENELAUS

And honoureth mother ?

ORESTES

Happy he who may !

MENELAUS

Not such art thou !

ORESTES

Vile women please me not

MENELAUS

Take from my child thy sword !

ORESTES

Born liar—no !

MENELAUS

Wilt slay my child ?

ORESTES

Ay—now thou hest not

MENELAUS

What shall I do ?

ORESTES

To the Aigives go, persuade— 1610

MENELAUS

What suasion ?

ORESTES

Of the city beg our lives

MENELAUS

Else will ye slay my daughter ?

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦδ' ἔχει τάδε

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ τλήμον 'Ελένη,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τάμὰ δ' οὐχὶ τλήμονα,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

σὲ σφάγιον ἐκόμισ' ἐκ Φρυγῶν,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰ γὰρ τόδ' ἦν

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πόνους πονήσας μυρίους.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πλήν γ' εἰς ἐμέ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πέπονθα δεινά

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τότε γὰρ ἦσθ' ἀνωφελής

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ἔχεις με

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σαυτὸν σύ γ' ἔλαβες κακὸς γεγώς.

ἀλλ' εἴ, ὕφαπτε δώματ', Ἥλέκτρα, τάδε

σύ τ', ὦ φίλων μοι τῶν ἐμῶν σαφέστατε,

1620 Πυλάδῃ, κάταιθε γεῖσα τειχέων τάδε

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ γαῖα Δαναῶν ἱππίου τ' Ἄργους κτίται,

οὐκ εἴ' ἐνόπλῳ ποδὶ βοηδρομήσετε,

πᾶσαν γὰρ ὑμῶν ὁδε βιάζεται πόλιν·

ζῆ δ',¹ αἷμα μητρὸς μυσαρὸν ἐξειργασμένος

¹ Nauck for ζῆν of MSS, "defieth your state so as to live"

ORESTES

ORESTES

Even so

MENELAUS

O hapless Helen !—

ORESTES

And not hapless I ?

MENELAUS

From Troy to death I brought thee—

ORESTES

Would 'twere so !

MENELAUS

From toils untold endured !

ORESTES

Yet none 'for me

MENELAUS

I am foully wronged !

ORESTES

No help hadst thou for me

MENELAUS

Thou hast trapped me !

ORESTES

Villain, thou hast trapped thyself !

What ho ! Electra, fire the halls below !

And thou, O truest of my friends to me,

Pylades, kindle yonder parapets

1620

MENELAUS

O land of Danaans, folk of knightly Aigos,

Up, gird on harness !—unto rescue run !

For lo, this man 'defieth all your state,

Yet lives, polluted with a mother's blood

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

- Μενέλαε, παῦσαι λῆμ' ἔχων τεθηγμένον,
 Φοῖβός σ' ὁ Λητοῦς παῖς ὃδ' ἐγγὺς ὦν καλῶ,
 σύ θ' ὃς ξιφήρης τῇδ' ἐφεδρεύεις κόρη,
 'Ορέσθ', ἵν' εἰδῆς οὓς φέρων ἦκω λόγους
 'Ελένην μὲν ἦν σὺ διολέσαι πρόθυμος ὦν
 1630 ἤμαρτες, ὀργὴν Μενέλεω ποιούμενος,
 ἥδ' ἐστίν, ἦν ὁράτ' ἐν αἰθέρος πτυχαῖς,
 σεσσωσμένη τε κοῦ θανούσα πρὸς σέθεν.
 ἐγὼ νιν ἐξέσωσα καπὸ φασγάνου
 τοῦ σοῦ κελευσθεὶς ἥρπασ' ἐκ Διὸς πατρος
 Ζηνὸς γὰρ οὔσαν ζῆν νιν ἄφθιτον χρεῶν,
 Κάστορί τε Πολυδεύκει τ' ἐν αἰθέρος πτυχαῖς
 σύνθακος ἔσται, ναυτίλοις σωτήριος
 ἄλλην δὲ νύμφην εἰς δόμους κτῆσαι λαβών,
 1640 ἐπεὶ θεοὶ τῷ τῆσδε καλλιστεύματι
 "Ἑλληνας εἰς ἓν καὶ Φρύγας ξυνήγαγον,
 θανάτους τ' ἔθηκαν, ὡς ἀπαντλοῖεν χθονὸς
 ὕβρισμα θνητῶν ἀφθόνου πληρώματος.
 τὰ μὲν καθ' Ἑλένην ὦδ' ἔχει σέ δ' αὖ χρεῶν,
 'Ορέστα, γαίης τῆσδ' ὑπερβαλόνθ' ὄρους
 Παρράσιον οἰκεῖν δάπεδον ἐνιαυτοῦ κύκλον.
 κεκλήσεται δὲ σῆς φυγῆς ἐπώνυμον
 'Αζᾶσιν Ἀρκάσιν τ' 'Ορέστειον [καλεῖν].
 ἐνθένδε δ' ἐλθὼν τὴν Ἀθηναίων πόλιν
 1650 δίκην ὑπόσχεσ αἵματος μητροκτόνου
 Εὐμένισι τρισσαῖς θεοὶ δέ σοι δίκης βραβῆς
 πάγοισιν ἐν Ἀρείοισιν εὐσεβεστάτην
 ψῆφον διοίσουσ', ἐνθα νικῆσαί σε χρή.
 ἐφ' ἧς δ' ἔχεις, 'Ορέστα, φάσγανον δέρη,
 γῆμαι πέπρωταί σ' Ἑρμόνην ὃς δ' οἶεται
 Νεοπτόλεμος γαμεῖν νιν, οὐ γαμεῖ ποτε.

ORESTES

APOLLO appears above in the clouds with HPLEN

APOLLO

Menelaus, peace to thine infuriate mood
 I Phoebus, Leto's son, here call on thee
 Peace thou, Orestes, too, whose sword doth guard
 Yon maid, that thou mayst hear the words I bear,
 Helen, whose death thou hast essayed, to sting
 The heart of Menelaus, yet hast missed, 1630
 Is here,—whom wrapped in folds of air ye see,—
 From death delivered, and not slam of thee
 'Twas I that rescued her, and from thy sword
 Snatched her away by Father Zeus' behest,
 For, as Zeus' daughter, deathless must she live,
 And shall by Castor and Polydeuces sit
 In folds of air, the mariners' saviour she
 Take thee a new bride to thine halls, and wed,
 Seeing the high Gods by her beauty's lure
 Hellenes and Phrygians into conflict drew, 1640
 And brought to pass deaths, so to lighten earth
 Oppressed with over-increase of her sons
 Thus far for Helen 'tis thy doom to pass,
 Orestes, o'er the borders of this land,
 And dwell a year's round on Parthian soil,
 Which lips Azanian and Arcadian
 Shall from thine exile call "Orestes' Land"
 Thence shalt thou fare to the Athenians' burg,
 And stand thy trial for thy mother's blood
 Against the Avengers Three The Gods shall
 there 1650
 Sit judges, and on Ares' Holy Hill
 Pass righteous sentence thou shalt win thy cause
 Hermione, at whose throat is thy sword,
 Orestes, is thy destined bride who thinks
 To wed her, shall not—Neoptolemus;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1660 θανεῖν γὰρ αὐτῷ μοῖρα Δελφικῷ ξίφει,
 δίκας Ἀχιλλέως πατὺρ ἐξαιτοῦντά με
 Πυλάδῃ δ' ἀδελφῆς λέκτρον, ὡς κατήνεσας,
 δός ὁ δ' ἐπιὼν νιν βίοςτος εὐδαίμων μένει.
 Ἄργους δ' Ὀρέστην, Μενέλεως, ἔα κρατεῖν,
 ἔλθων δ' ἄνασσε Σπαρτιάτιδος χθονός,
 φερνὰς ἔχων δάμαρτος, ἥ σε μυρίοις
 πόνοις διδοῦσα δεῦρ' αἰεὶ διήνυσσε.
 τὰ πρὸς πόλιν δὲ τῷδ' ἐγὼ θήσω καλῶς,
 ὅς νιν φονεῦσαι μητέρ' ἐξηνάγκασα

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1670 ὦ Λοξία μαντεῖε σὼν θεσπισμάτων
 οὐ ψευδόμαντις ἦσθ' ἄρ', ἀλλ' ἐτήτυμος.
 καίτοι μ' ἐσῆι δαῖμα μὴ τινος κλύων
 ἀλαστόρων δόξαιμι σὴν κλύειν ὅπα
 ἀλλ' εὖ τελεῖται, πείσομαι δὲ σοῖς λόγοις.
 ἰδὼν μεθίημι Ἑρμιόνην ἀπὸ σφαγῆς,
 καὶ λέκτρ' ἐπήνεσ' ἡνίκ' ἂν διδῷ πατῆρ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὦ Ζηνὸς Ἑλένη χαῖρε παῖ· ζηλῶ δέ σε
 θεῶν κατοικήσασαν ὄλβιον δόμον
 Ὀρέστα, σοὶ δὲ παῖδ' ἐγὼ κατεγγυνῶ,
 Φοίβου λέγοντος εὐγενῆς δ' ἀπ' εὐγενοῦς
 γήμας ὄναιο καὶ σὺ χῶ διδοὺς ἐγώ.

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

χωρεῖτέ νυν ἕκαστος οἷ προστάσσομεν,
 νείκας τε διαλύεσθε

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

πεῖθεσθαι χρεῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1680 καὶ γὰρ τοιοῦτος σπένδομαι δὲ συμφοραῖς,
 Μενέλαε, καὶ σοῖς, Λοξία, θεσπίσμασιν

ORESTES

For doomed is he to die by Delphian swords,
When for his sire he claims redress of me
On Pylades thy sister's plighted hand
Bestow a life of bliss awaiteth him
Menelaus, leave Orestes Argos' throne 1660
Go, hold the sceptre of the Spartan land,
As thy wife's dower, since she laid on thee
Travail untold to this day evermore
I will to Argos reconcile this man
Whom I constrained to shed his mother's blood

ORESTES

Hail, Prophet Loxias, to thine oracles !
No lying prophet wert thou then, but true
And yet a fear crept o'er me, lest I heard,
Seeming to hear thy voice, a Fuy-fiend
Yet well ends all thy words will I obey 1670
Lo, from the sword Hermione I release,
And pledge me, when her sire bestows, to wed

MENELAUS

Hail, Helen, Child of Zeus ! I count thee blest,
Thou dweller in the happy home of Gods
Orestes, I betroth to thee my child
At Phoebus' hest Fair fall thy bridal, prince
To princess wed well may it fall for me !

APOLLO

Depart now, each as I appoint to you,
And your feuds reconcile

MENELAUS

Obey we must

ORESTES

I am as he, to my fate reconciled, 1680
To Menelaus, and thine oracles

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΑΠΟΛΛΩΝ

ἴτε νυν καθ' ὁδόν, τὴν καλλίστην
θεῶν Εἰρήνην τιμῶντες ἐγὼ δ'
Ἑλένην Δίοις μελάρθοις πελάσω,
λαμπρῶν ἄστρον πόλον ἐξανύσας,
ἔνθα παρ' Ἥρα τῇ θ' Ἡρακλέους
Ἥβη πάρεδρος θεὸς ἀνθρώποις
ἔσται σπονδαῖς ἔντιμος αἰεί,
σὺν Τυνδαρίδαις τοῖς Διὸς υἱοῖς,
ναύταις μεδέουσα θαλάσσης.

1690

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ μέγα σεμνὴ Νίκη, τὸν ἐμὸν
βίοντον κατέχοις
καὶ μὴ λήγοις στεφανοῦσα.

ORESTES

APOLLO

Pass on your way and to Peace, of the Gods most fair,
Render ye praise
Helen will I unto Zeus's mansion bear,
Soon as I win to the height of the firmament, where
Flash the star-rays
Throned beside Hera, and Hebe, and Hercules, there
Aye shall she be [darid pair,
With drink-offerings honoured by men, with the Tyn-
Scions of Zeus, by mariners worshipped with prayer,
Queen of the Sea

1690

CHORUS

Hail, reverèd Victory
Rest upon my life, and me
Crown, and crown eternally !

[*Exeunt OMNES*

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ARGUMENT

WHEN *Iphigencia*, daughter of *Agamemnon*, lay on the altar of sacrifice at *Aulis*, *Artemis* snatched her away, and bare her to the *Tauric* land, which lieth in *Thrace* to north of the *Black Sea*. Here she was made priestess of the Goddess's temple, and in this office was constrained to consecrate men for death upon the altar, for what Greeks soever came to that coast were seized and sacrificed to *Artemis*.

And herein is told how her own brother *Orestes* came thither, and by what means they were made known to each other, and of the plot that they framed for their escape.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ΒΟΥΚΟΛΟΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

IPHIGENEIA, *daughter of Agamemnon, and Priestess of Artemis*

ORESTES, *brother of Iphigeneia*

PYLADES, *friend of Orestes*

HERDMAN, *a Thracian*

THOAS, *king of Thrace*

MESSENGER, *servant of Thoas*

ATHENA, *a Goddess*

CHORUS, *consisting of captive Greek maidens, attendants of Iphigeneia*

SCENE —In front of the temple of Artemis in Taurica *

* The modern Crimea

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Πέλοψ ὁ Ταντάλειος εἰς Πῖσαν μολὼν
 θοαῖσιν ἵπποις Οἰνομάου γαμῆ κόρην,
 ἐξ ἧς Ἀτρεὺς ἐβλασθεν Ἀτρέως δ' ἄπο
 Μενέλαος Ἀγαμέμνων τε τοῦ δ' ἔφυν ἐγώ,
 τῆς Τυνδαρείας θυγατρὸς Ἰφιγένεια παῖς,
 ἦν ἀμφὶ δίναις ἄς θάμ' Εὐριπος πυκναῖς
 αὖραις ἐλίσσων κυνέαν ἄλα στρέφει,
 ἔσφαξεν Ἑλένης εἵνεχ', ὥς δοκεῖ, πατὴρ
 Ἀρτέμιδι κλειναῖς ἐν πτυχαῖσιν Αὐλίδος
 10 ἐνταῦθα γὰρ δὴ χιλίων ναῶν στόλον
 Ἑλληνικὸν συνήγαγ' Ἀγαμέμνων ἄναξ,
 τὸν καλλίνικον στέφανον Ἰλίου θέλων
 λαβεῖν Ἀχαιοὺς, τοὺς θ' ὑβρισθέντας γάμους
 Ἑλένης μετελθεῖν, Μενέλαω χάριν φέρων
 δεινῆς δ' ἀπλοίας πνευμάτων τε τυγχάνων,¹
 εἰς ἔμπυρ' ἦλθε, καὶ λέγει Κάλχας τάδε·
 ὦ τῆσδ' ἀνάσσων Ἑλλάδος στρατηγίας,
 Ἀγάμεμνον, οὐ μὴ ναῦς ἀφορμίσῃ χθονός,
 20 πρὶν ἂν κόρην σὴν Ἰφιγένειαν Ἀρτεμις
 λάβῃ σφαγεῖσαν ὃ τι γὰρ ἐνιαυτὸς τέκοι
 κάλλιστον, ἠϋξω φωσφόρῳ θύσειν θεᾷ

¹ Barnes and Witschel for τ'ἀπλοίας and τ'οὐ of MSS

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Enter from temple IPHIGENEIA

IPHIGENEIA

PELOPS, the son of Tantalus, with fleet steeds
To PISA came, and won Oenomaus' child
Atreus she bare, of him Menelaus spang
And Agamemnon, born of whom was I,
Iphigeneia, Tyndareus' daughter's babe
Me, by the eddies that with ceaseless gusts
Euripus shifteth, rolling his dark surge,
My sire slew—as he thinks—for Helen's sake
To Artemis, in Aulis' clefts renowned
For king Agamemnon drew together there 10
The Hellenic armament, a thousand ships,
Fain that Achaea should from Ilum win
Fain victory's crown, and Helen's outraged bed
Avenge—all this for Menelaus' sake
But, faced with winds that grimly banded the
seas,
To divination he sought, and Calchas spake
“Thou captain of this battle-host of Greece,
Agamemnon, thou shalt sail not from the land
Ere Artemis receive thy daughter slain,
Iphigeneia for, of one year's fruit, 20
Thou vowedst the fairest to the Queen of Light

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

παῖδ' οὖν ἐν οἴκοις σὴ Κλυταιμνήστρα δάμαρ
 τίκει, τὸ καλλιστεῖον εἰς ἔμ' ἀναφέρων,
 ἦν χρή σε θῦσαι καί μ' Ὀδυσσέως τέχναις
 μητρὸς παρείλυντ' ἐπὶ γάμοις Ἀχιλλέως.
 ἐλθούσα δ' Αὐλίδ' ἢ τάλαιν' ὑπὲρ πυρᾶς
 μεταρσία ληφθεῖς' ἐκαινόμην ξίφει·
 ἀλλ' ἐξέκλεψεν ἑλαφον ἀντιδοῦσά μου
 Ἄρτεμις Ἀχαιοῖς, διὰ δὲ λαμπρὸν αἰθέρα
 30 πέμψασά μ' εἰς τήνδ' ὄκισεν Ταύρων χθόνα,
 οὐ γῆς ἀνάσσει βαρβάροισι βάρβαρος
 Θόας, δς ὠκὺν πόδα τιθεῖς ἴσον πτεροῖς
 εἰς τοῦνομ' ἦλθε τόδε ποδωκείας χάριν
 ναοῖσι δ' ἐν τοῖσδ' ἱερίαν τίθησί με·
 ὄθεν νόμοισι τοῖσιν ἥδεται θεὰ
 Ἄρτεμις ἐορτῆς — τοῦνομ' ἦς καλὸν μόνον,
 τὰ δ' ἄλλα σιγῶ, τὴν θεὸν φοβουμένη—
 θύω γάρ, ὄντος τοῦ νόμου καὶ πρὶν πόλει,
 δς ἂν κατέλθῃ τήνδε γῆν Ἑλλην ἀνὴρ.
 40 κατάρχομαι μὲν, σφάγια δ' ἄλλοισιν μέλει
 ἄρρητ' ἔσωθεν τῶνδ' ἀνακτόρων θεᾶς
 ἂ καὶνὰ δ' ἦκει νύξ φέρουσα φάσματα,
 λέξω πρὸς αἰθέρ', εἴ τι δὴ τόδ' ἔστ' ἄκος
 ἔδοξ' ἐν ὕπνῳ τῆσδ' ἀπαλλαχθεῖσα γῆς
 οἰκεῖν ἐν Ἀργεῖ, παρθενῶσι δ' ἐν μέσοις
 εὖδειν, χθονὸς δὲ νῶτα σεισθῆναι σάλῳ,
 φεύγειν δὲ κᾶξω στᾶσα θριγκὸν εἰσιδεῖν
 δόμων πίτνοντα, πᾶν δ' ἐρείψιμον στέγος
 βεβλημένον πρὸς οὐδας ἐξ ἄκρων σταθμῶν.
 50 μόνος δ' ἐλείφθη στῦλος, ὥς ἔδοξέ μοι,
 δόμων πατρώων, ἐκ δ' ἐπικράνων κόμας
 ξανθὰς καθεῖναι, φθέγμα δ' ἀνθρώπου λαβεῖν,
 καὶ γὰρ τέχνην τήνδ' ἦν ἔχω ξενοκτόνον

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Lo, thy wife Clytemnestra in thine halls
 Bare thee a child"—so naming me most fair,—
 "Whom thou must offer" By Odysseus' wiles
 From her they drew me, as to wed Achilles
 I came to Aulis o'er the pyre,—ah me!—
 High raised was I, the sword in act to slay,—
 When Artemis stole me, for the Achaeans set
 There in my place a hind, and through clear air
 Wafted me, in this Taurian land to dwell, 30
 Where a barbarian rules barbarians,
 Thoas, who, since his feet be swift as wings
 Of birds, hath of his fleetness won his name
 And in this fane her priestess made she me
 Therefore in rites of that dark cult wherein
 Artemis joys,—fair is its name alone,
 But, for its deeds, her fear strikes dumb my lips,—
 I sacrifice—'twas this land's ancient wont—
 What Greek soever cometh to this shore
 I consecrate the victim, in the shrine 40
 The unspeakable slaughter is for others' hands
 Now the strange visions that the night hath
 brought
 To heaven I tell—if aught of help be there
 In sleep methought I had escaped this land,
 And dwelt in Argos In my maiden-bower
 I slept then with an earthquake shook the ground
 I fled, I stood without, the cornice saw
 Of the roof falling,—then, all crashing down,
 Turret and basement, hurled was the house to
 earth
 The central pillar alone, meseemed, was left 50
 Of my sires' halls, this from its capital
 Streamed golden hair, and spake with human voice
 Then I, my wonted stranger-slaughtering rite

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

τιμῶσ' ὑδραίνειν αὐτὸν ὡς θανούμενον,
 κλαίονσα τοῦναρ δ' ὦδε συμβάλλω τόδε
 τέθηκ' Ὀρέστης, οὐ κατηρξάμην ἐγὼ
 στῦλοι γὰρ οἴκων εἰσὶ παῖδες ἄρσενες
 θνήσκουσι δ' οὓς ἂν χέρνιβες βάλωσ' ἐμαί
 οὐδ' αὖ συνάψαι τοῦναρ εἰς φίλους ἔχω·
 60 Στροφίῳ γὰρ οὐκ ἦν παῖς, ὅτ' ὠλλύμην ἐγὼ
 νῦν οὖν ἀδελφῷ βούλομαι δοῦναι χοᾶς
 ἀποῦσ' ἀπόντι, ταῦτα γὰρ δυναίμεθ' ἄν,
 σὺν προσπόλοισιν, ἅς ἔδωχ' ἡμῖν ἄναξ
 Ἑλληνίδας γυναῖκας ἀλλ' ἐξ αἰτίας
 οὐπω τινὸς πάρεισιν· εἴμ' εἴσω δόμων
 ἐν οἷσι ναίω τῶνδ' ἀνακτόρων θεᾶς

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὄρα, φυλάσσου μή τις ἐν στίβῳ βροτῶν

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

ὁρῶ, σκοποῦμαι δ' ὄμμα πανταχοῦ στρέφων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

70 Πυλάδῃ, δοκεῖ σοι μέλαθρα ταῦτ' εἶναι θεᾶς,
 ἐνθ' Ἀργόθεν ναῦν ποντίαν ἐστείλαμεν,

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

ἔμοιγ', Ὀρέστα· σοὶ δὲ συνδοκεῖν χρεῶν

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ βωμός, Ἕλλην οὐ καταστάζει φόνος,

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

ἐξ αἱμάτων γοῦν ξάνθ' ἔχει θρυγκώματα

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

θρυγκοῖς δ' ὑπ' αὐτοῖς σκῦλ' ὀρᾶς ἡρτημένα,

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

τῶν κατθανόντων γ' ἀκροθίνια ξένων
 ἀλλ' ἐγκυκλοῦντ' ὀφθαλμὸν εἷ σκοπεῖν χρεῶν.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Observing, sprinkled it, as doomed to death,
Weeping Now thus I read this dream of mine
Dead is Orestes—him I sacrificed,—
Seeing the pillars of a house be sons,
And they die upon whom my sprinklings fall
None other friend can I match with my dream,
For on my death-day Strophius had no son 60
Now will I pour drink-offerings, far from him,
To a brother far from me,—'tis all I can,—
I with mine handmaids, given me of the king,
Greek damsels But for some cause are they here
Not yet within the portals will I pass
Of this, the Goddess' shrine, wherein I dwell

[*Re-enters temple*]

Enter ORESTES and PYLADES

ORESTES

Look thou—take heed that none be in the path

PYLADES

I look, I watch, all ways I turn mine eyes

ORESTES

Pylades, deem'st thou this the Goddess' fane
Whither from Argos we steered oversea ? 70

PYLADES

I deem it is, Orestes, as must thou

ORESTES

And the altar, overdripped with Hellene blood ?

PYLADES

Blood-russet are its fims in any wise

ORESTES

And 'neath them seest thou hung the spoils arow ?

PYLADES

Yea, trophies of the strangers who have died
But needs must we glance round with heedful eyes

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

80 ὦ Φοῖβε, ποῖ μ' αὖ τήνδ' ἐς ἄρκυν ἡγαγες
 χρήσας, ἐπειδὴ πατὺρ αἶμ' ἐτισάμην,
 μητέρα κατακτάς, διαδοχαῖς δ' Ἑρινύων
 ἡλαυνόμεσθα φυγάδες, ἔξεδροι χθονός,
 δρόμους τε πολλοὺς ἐξέπλησα καμπίμους
 ἐλθὼν δὲ σ' ἠρώτησα πῶς τροχηλάτου
 μανίας ἂν ἔλθοιμ' εἰς τέλος πόνων τ' ἐμῶν,
 οὓς ἐξεμόχθουν περιπολῶν καθ' Ἑλλάδα
 σὺ δ' εἶπας ἐλθεῖν Ταυρικῆς μ' ὄρους χθονός,
 ἔνθ' Ἀρτεμῖς σοι σύγγονος βωμοὺς ἔχει,
 λαβεῖν τ' ἄγαλμα θεᾶς, ὃ φασιν ἐνθάδε
 εἰς τούσδε ναοὺς οὐρανοῦ πεσεῖν ἄπο·
 λαβόντα δ' ἡ τέχναισιν ἡ τύχη τινί,
 90 κίνδυνον ἐκπλήσαντ', Ἀθηναίων χθονὶ
 δοῦναι τὸ δ' ἐνθένδ' οὐδὲν ἐρρήθη πέρα·
 καὶ ταῦτα δράσαντ' ἀμπνοὰς ἔξειν πόνων
 ἤκω δὲ πεισθεῖς σοῖς λόγοισιν ἐνθάδε
 ἄγνωστον εἰς γῆν, ἄξενον σὲ δ' ἱστορῶ,
 Πυλάδῃ, σὺ γάρ μοι τοῦδε συλλήπτωρ πόνου,
 τί δρῶμεν, ἀμφίβληστρα γὰρ τοίχων ὄρᾱς
 ὑψηλὰ πότερα δωμάτων* προσαμβάσεις
 ἐκβησόμεσθα, πῶς ἂν οὖν μάθοιμεν¹ ἂν,
 μὴ χαλκότευκτα κληῖθρα λύσαντες μοχλοῖς,
 100 ὧν οὐδὲν ἴσμεν, ἣν δ' ἀνοίγοντες πύλας
 ληφθῶμεν εἰσβάσεις τε μηχανώμενοι,
 θανούμεθ' ἀλλὰ πρὶν θανεῖν, νεῶς ἐπι
 φεύγωμεν, ἥπερ δεῦρ' ἐναυστολήσαμεν

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

φεύγειν μὲν οὐκ ἀνεκτὸν οὐδ' εἰώθαμεν
 τὸν τοῦ θεοῦ δὲ χρῆσμον οὐ κακιστέον.

¹ μάθοιμεν MSS. , λάθοιμεν, Salher and many others

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES

Phoebus, why is thy word again my snare,
When I have slain my mother, and avenged
My sire ? From tired Fiends Fiends take up the
chase,

And exiled drive me, outcast from my land, 80

In many a wild race doubling to and fro
To thee I came and asked how might I win
My whirling madness' goal, my troubles' end,
Wherein I travailed, roving Hellas through
Thou bad'st me go unto the Taurian coasts
Where Artemis thy sister hath her altars,
And take the Goddess' image, which, men say,
Here fell into this temple out of heaven,

And, winning it by craft or happy chance, 90
All danger braved, to the Athenians' land

To give it—nought beyond was bidden me,—
This done, should I have respite from my toils
Hither I come, obedient to thy words,

To a strange land and cheerless Thee I ask,
Pylades, thee mine helper in this toil,—
What shall we do ? Thou seest the engirdling walls,
How high they be Up yonder temple-steps
Shall we ascend ? How then could we learn more,
Except our levers force the brazen bolts

Whereof we know nought ? If we be surprised 100
Opening gates, and plotting entrance here,
Die shall we Nay, ere dying, let us flee
Back to the ship wherein we hither sailed

PYLADES

Flee ?—'twere intolerable !—'twas ne'er our wont
Nor craven may we be to the oracle

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

110 ναοῦ δ' ἀπαλλαχθέντε κρύψωμεν δέμας
κατ' ἄντρ' ἃ πόντος νοτίδι διακλύζει μέλας,
νεὼς ἄπωθεν, μή τις εἰσιδὼν σκάφος
βασιλεῦσιν εἶπη, κατὰ ληφθῶμεν βία
ὅταν δὲ νυκτὸς ὄμμα λυγαίας μόλη,
τολμητέον τοι ξεστὸν ἐκ ναοῦ λαβεῖν
ἄγαλμα πάσας προσφέροντε μηχανάς
ὄρα δέ γ' εἴσω τριγλύφων ὅποι κενὸν
δέμας καθεῖναι τοὺς πόνους γὰρ ἀγαθοὶ
τολμῶσι, δειλοὶ δ' εἰσὶν οὐδὲν οὐδαμοῦ
οὔτοι μακρὸν μὲν ἤλθομεν κώπη πόρον,
ἐκ τερμάτων δὲ νόστον ἀροῦμεν πάλιν ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

120 ἀλλ' εὖ γὰρ εἶπας, πειστέον· χωρεῖν χρεῶν
ὅποι χθονὸς κρύψαντε λήσομεν δέμας.
οὐ γὰρ τὸ τοῦ θεοῦ γ' αἴτιον γενήσεται
πεσεῖν ἄκραντον θέσφατον· τολμητέον
μόχθος γὰρ οὐδεὶς τοῖς νέοις σκῆψιν φέρει

ΧΟΡΟΣ

130 εὐφαιμεῖτ', ὦ
πόντου δισσὰς συγχωρούσας
πέτρας Εὐξείνου ναίοντες.
ὦ παῖ τᾶς Λατοῦς,
Δίκτυν' οὐρεία,
πρὸς σὰν αὐλάν, εὐστύλων
ναῶν χρυσήρεις θριγκούς,
πόδα παρθένιον ὄσιον ὀσίας
κληδούχου δούλα πέμπω,
Ἑλλάδος εὐίππου πύργους
καὶ τείχη χόρτων τ' εὐδένδρων
ἐξαλλάξας Εὐρώταν,
πατρώων οἴκων ἔδρας

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Withdraw we from the temple, let us hide
In caves by the dark sea-wash oversprayed,
Far from our ship, lest some one spy her hull,
And tell the chiefs, and we be seized by force
But when the eye of murky night is come, 110
That caiven image must we dare to take
Out of the shine with all the craft we may
Mark thou betwixt yon triglyphs a void space
Whereby to clumb down Brave men on all toils
Adventure, nought are cowards anywhere
Have we come with the oar a weary way,
And from the goal shall we turn back again?

ORESTES

Good I must heed thee Best withdraw ourselves
Unto a place where we shall lurk unseen
For, if his oracle fall unto the ground, 120
The God's fault shall it not be We must daie,
Since for young men toil knoweth no excuse
[*Exeunt*]

Enter CHORUS and IPHIGENEIA

CHORUS

Keep reverent silence, ye
Beside the Euxine Sea
Who dwell, anigh the clashing rock-towers twain
Maid of the mountain-wild,
Dictynna, Leto's child,
Unto thy count, thy lovely-pillared fane,
Whose roofs with red gold burn,
Pure maiden feet I turn, 130
Who serve the hallowed Bearer of the Key,
Banished from Hellas' towers,
Trees, gardens, meadow-flowers
That fringe Eurotas by mine home o'ersea.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

140 ἔμολον· τί νέον ; τίνα φροντίδ' ἔχεις ,
 τί με πρὸς ναοὺς ἀγαγες ἀγαγες,
 ὦ παῖ τοῦ τᾶς Τροίας πύργους
 ἐλθόντος κλεινᾷ σὺν κώπᾳ
 χίλιοναύτα μυριοτευχεῖ
 τῶν Ἀτρείδαν τῶν κλεινῶν ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἰὼ δμωαί,
 δυσθρηνήτοις ὥς θρήνοις
 ἔγκειμαι, τᾶς οὐκ εὐμούσου
 μολπαῖσι βοᾶς ἀλύροις ἐλέγοις,
 αἰαῖ, κηδείοις οἴκτοις,
 αἶ μοι συμβαίνουσ' αἶται,
 σύγγονον ἄμὸν κατακλαιομένα
 150 ζῶας, οἶαν ἰδόμεν ὄψιν ὀνείρων
 νυκτός, τᾶς ἐξῆλθ' ὄρφνα
 ὀλομαν ὀλόμαν
 οὐκ εἶσ' οἴκοι πατρῷοι·
 οἴμοι φροῦδος γέννα
 φεῦ φεῦ τῶν Ἀργεὶ μόχθων
 ἰὼ ἰὼ δαίμων, ὃς τὸν
 μούνόν με κασίγνητον συλᾶς
 160 Ἰδιδά πέμψας, ᾧ τάσδε χοᾶς
 μέλλω κρατῆρά τε τὸν φθιμένον
 ὑδραίνειν γαίης ἐν νώτοις,
 πηγὰς τ' οὐρέων ἐκ μόσχων
 Βάκχου τ' οἶνηρὰς λειβὰς
 ξουθᾶν τε πόνημα μελισσᾶν,
 ἃ νεκροῖς θελκτήρια κεῖται.

ἀλλ' ἔνδος μοι πάγχρυσον
 τεύχος καὶ λειβὰν Ἰδιδά,

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

I come Thy tidings ?—what
Thy care ? Why hast thou brought
Me to the shrines, O child of him who led
That fleet, the thousand-keeled,
That host of myriad shield
That Troyward with the glorious Atreids sped ? 140

IPHIGENEIA

Ah maidens, sunken deep
In mourning's dole I weep
My wails no measure keep
With aught glad-ringing
From harps no Song-queen's strain
Breathes o'er the sad refrain
Of my bereavement's pain,
Nepenthe-bringing
The curse upon mine head
Is come—a brother dead ! 150
Ah vision-dream that fled
To Night's hand clinging '
Undone am I—undone !
My race—its course is run .
My sire's house—there is none
Woe, Argos' nation !
Ah, cruel Fate, that tore
From me my love, and bore
To Hades ! Dear, I pour
Thy death-libation— 160
Fountains of mountain-kine,
The brown bees' toil, the wine,
Shed on earth's breast, are thine,
Thy peace-oblation !
Give me the urn, whose gold
The Death-god's draught shall hold —

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

170 ὦ κατὰ γαίης Ἀγαμεμνόνιον
θάλος, ὥς φθιμένῳ τάδε σοι πέμπω·
δέξαι δ' οὐ γὰρ πρὸς τύμβον σοι
ξανθὰν χαίταν, οὐ δάκρυ' οἷσω
τηλόσε γὰρ δὴ σᾶς ἀπενάσθην
πατρίδος καὶ ἐμᾶς, ἔνθα δοκήμασι
κεῖμαι σφαχθεῖς ἅ τλάμων

ΧΟΡΟΣ

180 ἀντιψάλλοντας ᾠδὰς ὕμνον τ'
Ἀσιήταν σοι βάρβαρον ἀχὰν
δεσποίνῃ γ' ἐξαυδάσω,
τὰν ἐν θρήνοισιν μοῦσαν,
νέκυσι μελομένην τὰν ἐν μολπαῖς
Ἄιδας ὕμνεϊ δίχα παιάνων

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οἷμοι, τῶν Ἀτρειδᾶν οἴκων
ἔρρει φῶς σκλήπτρων, ἔρρει ¹
οἷμοι πατρῶν οἴκων
τίνος ἐκ τῶν εὐόλβων Ἀργεῖ
190 βασιλέων ἀρχά;
μόχθος δ' ἐκ μόχθων ἄσσει

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δινευούσαις ἵπποις πταναῖς ²
ἀλλάξας ἐξ ἔδρας
ἱερὸν μετέβας ὄμμ' αὐγᾶς

¹ Text of 187-190 much disputed

² Text of 192-197 quite uncertain England's readings
adopted, except ἄλλαις for ἄλλοις

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

170

Thee, whom earth's arms enfold,
 Atreides' scion,
 These things I give thee now,
 Dear dead, accept them thou,
 Bright tresses from my brow
 Shall never lie on
 Thy grave, nor tears Our land —
 Thine—mine—to me is banned
 Far off the altars stand
 Men saw me die on

CHORUS

180

Lo, I will peal on high
 To echo thine, O queen,
 My dirge, the Asian hymn, and that weird cry,
 The wild barbaric keen,
 The litany of death,
 Song-tribute that we bring
 To perished ones, where moaneth Hades' breath,
 Where no glad pæans ring

IPHIGENEIA

190

Woe for the kingly sway
 From Atreus' house that falls!
 Passed is their sceptre's glory, passed away—
 Woe for my fathers' halls!
 Where are the heaven-blest kings
 Throned erstwhile in their might
 O'er Argos? Trouble out of trouble springs
 In ceaseless arrowy flight

CHORUS

O day when from his place
 The Sun his winged steeds wheeled,
 Turning the splendour of his holy face

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

200 ἄλιος ἄλλαις δ' ἄλλα προσέβα
 χρυσέας ἄρνους μελάνθοις ὀδύνα,
 φόνος ἐπὶ φόνῳ, ἄχεά τ' ἄχεσιν
 ἔνθεν τῶν πρόσθεν δμαθέντων
 Τανταλιδᾶν ἐκβαίνει ποινα γ'
 εἰς οἴκους σπεύδει δ' ἀσπούδαστ'
 ἐπὶ σοι δαίμων.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

209 ἐξ ἀρχᾶς μοι δυσδαίμων
 δαίμων τᾶς ματρὸς ζώνας
 καὶ νυκτὸς κείνας· ἐξ ἀρχᾶς
 λόχαι στερρὰν παιδείαν
 Μοῖραι συντείνουσιν θεαί,
 208 ἂν πρωτόγονον θάλος ἐν θαλάμοις
 210 ἃ μναστευθεῖς ἐξ Ἑλλάνων,
 Λήδας ἃ τλάμων κούρα,
 σφάγιον πατρώα λῶβα
 καὶ θῦμ' οὐκ εὐγάθητον
 ἔτεκεν, ἔτρεφεν, εὐκταίαν
 ἱππείοις ἐν δίφροισιν
 ψαμάθων Αὐλίδος ἐπιβᾶσαν
 νύμφαν, οἴμοι, δύσνυμφον
 τῇ τᾶς Νηρέως κούρας, αἰαῖ

220 νῦν δ' ἀξείνου πόντου ξείνα
 δυσχόρτους οἴκους ναίω
 ἄγαμος, ἄτεκνος, ἄπολις, ἄφιλος,
 οὐ τὰν Ἄργει μέλπουσ' Ἥραν
 οὐδ' ἱστοῖς ἐν καλλιφθόγγοις
 κερκίδι Παλλάδος Ἀτθίδος εἰκὼ
 καὶ Τιτάνων ποικίλλουσ', ἀλλ'

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

From horrors there revealed '
That golden lamb ¹ hath brought
Woe added unto woe,
Pang upon pang, murder on murder wrought
All these thy line must know
Vengeance thine house must feel
For sons thereof long dead 200
Their sins Fate, zealous with an evil zeal,
Visiteth on thine head

IPHIGENEIA

From the beginning was to me accurst
My mother's spousal-fate
The Queens of Birth with hardship from the first
Crushed down my childhood-state
I, the first blossom of the bridal-bowen 210
Of Leda's hapless daughter
By princes wooed, was nursed for that dark hour
Of sacrificial slaughter,
For vows that stained with sin my father's hands
When I was chariot-borne
Unto the Nereid's son on Aulis' sands—
Ah me, a bride forlorn !

Lone by a stern sea's desert shores I live
Loveless, no children clinging
To me ; the homeless, friendless, cannot give 220
To Hera praise of singing
In Argos , nor to music of my loom
Shall Pallas' image grow
Splendid in strife Titanic —in my doom

¹ See note to *Electra*, l 699

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

αἰμόρραντον δυσφόρμιγγα
 ξείνων αἰμάσσουσ' ἄταν βωμούς,
 οἰκτρὰν τ' αἰαζόντων αὐδάν,
 οἰκτρὸν τ' ἐκβαλλόντων δάκρυον

230 καὶ νῦν κείνων μὲν μοι λάθα,
 τὸν δ' Ἄργει δμαθέντα κλαίω
 σύγγονον, ὃν ἔλιπον ἐπιμαστίδιον
 ἔτι βρέφος, ἔτι νέον, ἔτι θάλος
 ἐν χερσὶν ματρὸς πρὸς στέρνοις τ'
 Ἄργει σκηπτοῦχον Ὀρέσταν

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν ὃδ' ἀκτὰς ἐκλιπὼν θαλασσίους
 βουφορβὸς ἤκει, σημανῶν τί σοι νέον

ΒΟΥΚΟΛΟΣ

Ἀγαμέμνονός τε καὶ Κλυταιμνήστρας τέκνον,
 ἄκουε καινῶν ἐξ ἐμοῦ κηρυγμάτων

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

240 τί δ' ἔστι τοῦ παρόντος ἐκπλήσσον λόγου ,

ΒΟΥΚΟΛΟΣ

ἤκουσιν εἰς γῆν, κυανέαν Συμπληγάδα
 πλάτῃ φυγόντες, δίπτυχοι νεανίαι,
 θεᾷ φίλον πρόσφαγμα καὶ θυτήριον
 Ἀρτέμιδι χέρνιβας δὲ καὶ κατάργματα
 οὐκ ἂν φθάνοις ἂν εὐτρεπῇ ποιουμένη

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ποδαποί , 'τίνος γῆς ὄνομ' ¹ ἔχουσιν οἱ ξένοι ,

ΒΟΥΚΟΛΟΣ

Ἕλληνας· ἐν τούτ' οἶδα κοῦ περαιτέρω

¹ So the MSS Monk reads σχῆμ', "what land's garb do the strangers wear?"

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Blood-streams mid groanings flow,
The ghastly music made of strangeis laid
On altars, piteous-weeping !

Yet from these horrors now my thoughts have strayed,
Afar to Argos leaping 230
To wail Orestes dead—a kingdom's heir !
Ah, hands of my lost mother
Clasped thee, her breast, at my departing, bare
Thy babe-face, O my brother !

CHORUS

Lo, yonder from the sea-shore one hath come,
A herdsman bearing tidings unto thee

Enter HERDSMAN

HERDSMAN

Agamemnon's daughter, Clytemnestra's child,
Hear the strange story that I bring to thee !

IPHIGENEIA

What cause is in thy tale for this amaze ? 240

HERDSMAN

Unto the land, through those blue Clashing Rocks
Sped by the oar-blades, two young men be come,
A welcome offering and sacrifice
To Artemis Prepare thee with all speed
The lustial streams, the consecrating rites

IPHIGENEIA

Whence come ?—what land's name do the strangers
bear ?

HERDSMAN

Hellenes this one thing know I, nought beside

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐδ' ὄνομ' ἀκούσας οἶσθα τῶν ξένων φράσαι ,

ΒΟΥΚΟΛΟΣ

Πυλάδης ἐκλήζεθ' ἄτερος πρὸς θατέρου

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

250 τοῦ ξυζύγου δὲ τοῦ ξένου τί τοῦνομ' ἦν ,

ΒΟΥΚΟΛΟΣ

οὐδεὶς τόδ' οἶδεν οὐ γὰρ εἰσηκούσαμεν

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ποῦ δ' εἶδετ' αὐτοὺς κἀντυχόντες εἴλετε,

ΒΟΥΚΟΛΟΣ

ἄκραις ἐπὶ ῥηγμῖσιν ἄξένου πόρου

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ τίς θαλάσσης βουκόλοις κοινωνία,

ΒΟΥΚΟΛΟΣ

βοῦς ἦλθομεν νύφοντες ἐναλίκα δρόσφ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐκεῖσε δὴ 'πάνελθε, ποῦ νιν εἴλετε
τρόπῳ θ' ὁποίῳ· τοῦτο γὰρ μαθεῖν θέλω
χρόνιοι γὰρ ἤκουσ', ἐξ ὅτου βωμὸς θεᾶς
Ἑλληνικαῖσιν ἐξεφοινίχθη ῥοαῖς

ΒΟΥΚΟΛΟΣ

260 ἐπεὶ τὸν εἰσρέοντα διὰ Συμπληγάδων
βοῦς ὑλοφορβὸς πόντον εἰσεβάλλομεν,
ἦν τις διαρρῶξ κυμάτων πολλῷ σάλῳ
κοιλωπὸς ἀγμός, πορφυρευτικαὶ στέγαι
ἐνταῦθα δισσοὺς εἶδέ τις νεανίας
βουφορβὸς ἡμῶν, κἀνεχώρησεν πάλιν
ἄκροισι δακτύλοισι πορθμεύων ἵχνης
ἔλεξε δ' οὐχ ὀρᾶτε, δαίμονές τινες
θάσσουσιν οἶδε θεοσεβῆς δ' ἡμῶν τις ὦν
ἀνέσχε χεῖρε καὶ προσηύξατ' εἰσιδὼν

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

Not heardest thou then name, to tell it me ?

HERDMAN

Pylades one was of his fellow named

IPHIGENEIA

And of the stranger's comrade what the name ? 250

HERDMAN

This no man knoweth, for we heard it not

IPHIGENEIA

Where saw ye—came upon them—captured them ?

HERDMAN

Upon the breakers' verge of yon dear sea

IPHIGENEIA

Now what have herdmen with the sea to do ?

HERDMAN

We went to wash our cattle in sea-brine

IPHIGENEIA

To this return—where laid ye hold on them,
And in what manner ? This I fain would learn
For late they come the Goddess' altar long
Hath been with streams of Hellene blood undyed

HERDMAN

Even as we drave our woodland-pasturing kine 260
Down to the sea that parts the Clashing Rocks,—
There was a cliff-chine, by the ceaseless dash
Of waves grooved out, a purple-fishers' haunt,—
Even there a herdman of our company
Beheld two youths, and backward turned again,
With tiptoe stealth his footsteps piloting,
And spake, " Do ye not see them ?—yonder sit
Gods ! " One of us, a god-revering man,
Lifted his hands, and looked on them, and prayed .

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

- 270 ὦ ποντίας παῖ Λευκοθέας, νεῶν φύλαξ,
 δέσποτα Παλαῖμον, ἴλεως ἡμῖν γενοῦ,
 εἴτ' οὖν ἐπ' ἀκταῖς θάσσετον Διοσκόρω,
 ἢ Νηρέως ἀγάλμαθ', ὃς τὸν εὐγενῆ
 ἔτικτε πεντήκοντα Νηρηΐδων χορόν
 ἄλλος δέ τις μάταιος, ἀνομία θρασύς,
 ἐγέλασεν εὐχαῖς, ναυτίλους δ' ἐφθαρμένους
 θάσσειν φάραγγ' ἔφασκε τοῦ νόμου φόβῳ,
 κλύοντας ὡς θύοιμεν ἐνθάδε ξένους
 280 ἔδοξε δ' ἡμῶν εὖ λέγειν τοῖς πλείοσι,
 θηρᾶν τε τῇ θεῷ σφάγια τὰπιχώρια
 κἂν τῷδε πέτραν ἄτερος λιπὼν ξένοιν
 ἔστη κάρα τε διετίναξ' ἄνω κάτω
 κἂπεστέναξεν ὠλένας τρέμων ἄκρας,
 μανίαις ἀλαίνων, καὶ βοᾷ κυναγὸς ὥς
 Πυλάδῃ, δέδορκας τήνδε, τήνδε δ' οὐχ ὀρᾷς
 "Αἶδου δράκαιναν, ὥς με βούλεται κτανεῖν
 δειναῖς ἐχίδναις εἰς ἔμ' ἐστομωμένη ,
 ἢ δ' ἐκ χιτῶνων πῦρ πνέουσα καὶ φόνον
 290 πτεροῖς ἐρέσσει, μητέρ' ἀγκάλαις ἐμὴν
 ἔχουσα, πέτρινον ὄχθον, ὡς ἐπεμβάλλῃ
 οἴμοι κτενεῖ με ποῖ φύγω , παρῆν δ' ὀρᾶν
 οὐ ταῦτα μορφῆς σχήματ', ἀλλ' ἡλλάσσετο
 φθογγὰς τε μόσχων καὶ κυνῶν ὑλάγματα,
 ἃ 'φασκ'¹ Ἐρινῦς ἰέναι μυκήματα ²
 ἡμεῖς δὲ συσταλέντες, ὡς θανούμενοι,
 σιγῇ καθήμεθ' ὁ δὲ χερὶ σπάσας ξίφος,
 μόσχους ὀρούσας εἰς μέσας λέων ὅπως,
 παῖει σιδήρῳ λαγόνas εἰς πλευρὰς εἰς,
 300 δοκῶν Ἐρινῦς θεὰς ἀμύνεσθαι τάδε,
 ὡς αἵματηρὸν πέλαγος ἐξανθεῖν ἀλός

¹ Badham for MSS & φᾶσ' ² Nauck for MSS μιμήματα

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

κὰν τῷδε πᾶς τις, ὡς ὄρᾳ βουφόρβια
 πίπτοντα καὶ πορθούμεν', ἐξωπλίζετο,
 κόχλους τε φυσῶν συλλέγων τ' ἐγχωρίους
 πρὸς εὐτραφεῖς γὰρ καὶ νεανίας ξένους
 φαύλους μάχεσθαι βουκόλους ἡγούμεθα
 πολλοὶ δ' ἐπληρώθημεν οὐ μακρῷ χρόνῳ.
 πίπτει δὲ μανίας πίτυλον ὁ ξένος μεθείς,
 στάζων ἀφρῷ γένειον ὡς δ' ἐσείδομεν
 310 προὔργου πεσόντα, πᾶς ἀνὴρ ἔσχευ πόνον
 βάλλων ἀράσσω· ἄτερος δὲ τοῖν ξένοι
 ἀφρόν τ' ἀπέψῃ σώματός τ' ἐτημέλει
 πέπλων τε προυκάλυπτεν εὐπήνους ὑφάς,
 караδοκῶν μὲν τὰπιόντα τραύματα,
 φίλον δὲ θεραπείαισιν ἄνδρ' εὐεργετῶν.
 ἔμφρων δ' ἀνάξας ὁ ξένος πεσήματος
 ἔγνω κλύδωνα πολεμίων προσκείμενον
 καὶ τὴν παρούσαν συμφορὰν αὐτοῖν πέλας,
 320 ὣμωξέ θ'· ἡμεῖς δ' οὐκ ἀνίεμεν πέτρους
 βάλλοντες, ἄλλος ἄλλοθεν προσκείμενοι
 οὐδ' ἄν τὸ δεινὸν παρακέλυσμ' ἠκούσαμεν·
 Πυλάδῃ, θανούμεθ', ἀλλ' ὅπως θανούμεθα
 κάλλισθ'· ἔπου μοι, φάσγανον σπάσας χερὶ
 ὡς δ' εἶδομεν δίπαλτα πολεμίων ξίφη,
 φυγῇ λεπαίας ἐξεπίμπλαμεν νάπας.
 ἀλλ', εἰ φύγοι τις, ἄτεροι προσκείμενοι
 ἔβαλλον αὐτούς· εἰ δὲ τοῦσδ' ὠσαίατο,
 αὐθις τὸ νῦν ὑπεῖκον ἥρασσον πέτροις.
 ἀλλ' ἦν ἄπιστον· μυρίων γὰρ ἐκ χερῶν
 330 οὐδεὶς τὰ τῆς θεοῦ θύματ' ἠτύχει βαλὼν
 μόλις δέ νιν τόλμῃ μὲν οὐ χειρούμεθα,
 κύκλῳ δὲ περιβαλόντες ἐξεκλέψαμεν
 πέτροισι χερῶν φάσγαν', εἰς δὲ γῆν γόνυ

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Thereat each man, soon as he marked the herds
 Harried and falling slain, 'gan arm himself,
 Blowing on conchs and gathering dwellers-round,
 For we accounted herdmen all too weak
 To fight with strangers young and lusty-grown
 So in short time were many mustered there
 Now ceased the stranger's madness-fit he falls,
 Foam spraying o'er his beard We, marking him
 So timely fallen, wrought each man his part,
 Hurling with battering stones His fellow still 310
 Wiped off the foam, and tended still his frame,
 And screened it with his cloak's fair-woven folds,
 Watching against the ever-hailing blows,
 With loving service ministering to his friend.

He came to himself—he leapt from where he lay—
 He marked the surge of foes that rolled on him,
 He marked the deadly mischief imminent,
 And groaned but we ceased not from hurling
 stones,

Hard pressing them from this side and from that
 Thereat we heard this terrible onset-shout 320
 “Pylades, we shall die . see to it we die
 With honour! Draw thy sword, and follow me”
 But when we saw our two foes' brandished blades,
 In flight we filled the copses of the cliffs
 Yet, if these fled, would those press on again,
 And cast at them, and if they drave those back,
 They that first yielded hurled again the stones
 Yet past belief it was—of all those hands,
 To smite the Goddess' victims none prevailed
 At last we overbore them,—not by courage, 330
 But, compassing them, smote the swords unwares
 Out of their hands with stones To earth they
 bowed

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

καμάτῳ καθείσαν πρὸς δ' ἄνακτα τῆσδε γῆς
 κομίζομέν νιν. ὁ δ' ἐσιδὼν ὅσον τάχος
 εἰς χέρνιβας τε καὶ σφαγεῖ' ἔπεμπέ σοι.
 εὐχου δὲ τοιάδ', ὦ νεᾶνί, σοι ξένων
 σφάγια παρῆναι κἂν ἀναλίσκης ξένους
 τοιούσδε, τὸν σὸν Ἑλλὰς ἀποτίσει φόνον
 δίκας τίνουσα τῆς ἐν Αὐλίδι σφαγῆς

ΧΟΡΟΣ

340 θαυμάστ' ἔλεξας τὸν φανένθ', ὅστις ποτὲ
 Ἑλληνος ἐκ γῆς πόντον ἦλθεν ἄξενον.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἶεν. σὺ μὲν κόμιζε τοὺς ξένους μολῶν
 τὰ δ' ἐνθάδ' ἡμεῖς φροντιοῦμεν οἷα χρῆ.¹

350 ὦ καρδία τάλαινα, πρὶν μὲν εἰς ξένους
 γαληνὸς ἦσθα καὶ φιλοικτίρμων αἰεί,
 εἰς θοῦμόφυλον ἀναμετρομένη δάκρυ,
 Ἑλληνας ἄνδρας ἠνίκ' εἰς χέρας λάβοις
 νῦν δ' ἐξ ὀνείρων οἷσιν ἠγριώμεθα,
 δοκοῦσ' Ὀρέστην μηκέθ' ἥλιον βλέπειν,
 δύσνουν με λήψεσθ', οἵτινές ποθ' ἤκετε
 καὶ τοῦτ' ἄρ' ἦν ἀληθές, ἡσθόμην, φίλαι
 οἱ δυστυχεῖς γὰρ τοῖσιν εὐτυχεστέροις
 αὐτοὶ καλῶς πράξαντες οὐ φρονοῦσιν εὖ
 ἀλλ' οὔτε πνεῦμα Διόθεν ἦλθε πώποτε,
 οὐ πορθμῖς, ἥτις διὰ πέτρας Συμπληγάδας
 Ἑλένην ἀπήγαγ' ἐνθάδ', ἥ μ' ἀπώλεσε,
 Μενελέων θ', ἔν' αὐτοὺς ἀντετιμωρησάμην,
 τὴν ἐνθάδ' Αὐλιν ἀντιθεῖσα τῆς ἐκεῖ,
 οὐ μ' ὥστε μόσχον Δαναΐδαι χειρούμενοι

¹ Badham for οἷα φροντιοῦμεθα of MSS

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Their toil-spent knees We brought them to the king
 He looked on them, and sent them with all speed
 To thee, for sprinkling waters and blood-bowls.
 Pray, maiden, that such strangers aye be given
 For victims If thou still destroy such men,
 Hellas shall make atonement for thy death,
 Yea, shall requite thy blood in Aulis spilt

CHORUS

Strange tale thou tellest of one newly come, 340
 Whoe'er from Hellas yon drear sea hath reached.

IPHIGENEIA

Enough go thou, the strangers hither bring ·
 I will take thought for all that needeth here

[Exit HERDMAN.]

O stricken heart, to strangers in time past
 Gentle wast thou and ever pitiful,
 To kinship meting out its due of tears,
 When Greeks soever fell into thine hands
 But now, from dreams whereby mine heart is
 steeled,—

Who deem Orestes seeth light no more,—
 Stern shall ye find me, who ye be soe'er 350
 Ah, friends, true saw was this, I prove it now —
The hapless, which have known fair fortune once,
Are bitter-thoughted unto happier folk
 Ah, never yet a breeze from Zeus hath come,
 Nor ship, that through the Clashing Rocks hath
 brought

Hitherward Helen, her which ruined me,
 And Menelaus, that I might requite
 An Aulis here on them for that afar,
 Where, like a calf, the sons of Danaus seized

360 ἔσφαζον, ἱερεὺς δ' ἦν ὁ γεννήσας πατήρ
οἷμοι· κακῶν γὰρ τῶν τότε οὐκ ἀμνημονῶ,
ὅσας γενείου χεῖρας ἐξηκόντισα
γονάτων τε τοῦ τεκόντος ἐξαρτωμένη,
λέγουσα τοιάδ' ὦ πάτερ, νυμφεύομαι
νυμφεύματ' αἰσχρὰ πρὸς σέθεν μήτηρ δ' ἐμὲ
σέθεν κατακτείνοντος Ἀργεῖαί τε νῦν
ὑμνοῦσιν ὑμεναίοισιν, αὐλεῖται δὲ πᾶν
μέλαθρον· ἡμεῖς δ' ὀλλύμεσθα πρὸς σέθεν
370 Ἀιδης Ἀχιλλεὺς ἦν ἄρ', οὐχ ὁ Πηλέως,
ὃν μοι προτείνας¹ πόσιν, ἐν ἀρμάτων μ' ὄχοις
εἰς αἵματηρὸν γάμον ἐπὶ ῥθμευσας δόλῳ
ἐγὼ δὲ λεπτῶν ὄμμα διὰ καλυμμάτων
ἔχουσ', ἀδελφόν τ' οὐκ ἀνελόμην χεροῖν,
ὃς νῦν ὄλωλεν, οὐ κασιγνήτην στόμα
συνῆψ' ὑπ' αἰδοῦς, ὥς ἰοῦσ' εἰς Πηλέως
μέλαθρα· πολλὰ δ' ἀπεθέμην ἀσπάσματα
εἰσαυθίς, ὥς ἤξουσ' ἐς Ἀργος αὖ πάλιν

380 ὦ τλήμων, εἰ τέθηκας, ἐξ οἶων καλῶν
ἔρρεις, Ὅρέστα, καὶ πατρός ζηλωμάτων.
τὰ τῆς θεοῦ δὲ μέμφομαι σοφίσματα,
ἧτις βροτῶν μὲν ἦν τις ἄψηται φόνου,
ἧ καὶ λοχείας ἧ νεκροῦ θίγη χεροῖν,
βωμῶν ἀπείργει, μυσσάρων ὥς ἡγουμένη,
αὐτὴ δὲ θυσίαις ἤδεται βροτοκτόνοις.
οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως ἔτικτεν ἡ Διὸς δάμαρ
Λητὼ τοσαύτην ἀμαθίαν ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν
τὰ Ταντάλου θεοῖσιν ἐστιάματα
ἄπιστα κρίνω, παιδὸς ἡσθῆναι βορᾶ,
τοὺς δ' ἐνθάδ', αὐτοὺς ὄντας ἀνθρωποκτόνους,

¹ Badham for MSS. προσεΐπας

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

And would have slain me—mine own sue the
priest ! 360

Ah me ! that hour's woe cannot I forget—
How oft unto my father's beard I strained
Mine hands, and clung unto my father's knees,
Crying, " O father, in a shameful bridal
I am joined of thee ! My mother, in this hour
When thou art slaying me, with Aigive dames
Chanteth my marriage-hymn . through all the
house

Flutes ring !—and I am dying by thine hand !
Hades the Achilles was, no Peleus' son,
Thou profferedst me for spouse , thou broughtest me 370
By guile with chariot-pomp to bloody spousals "
But I—the fine-spun veil fell o'er mine eyes,
That I took not my brother in mine aims,
Who now is dead, nor kissed my sister's lips
For shame, as unto halls of Peleus bound
Yea, many a loving greeting I deferred,
As who should come to Argos yet again

Hapless Orestes !—from what goodly lot
By death thou art banished, what high heritage !
Out on this Goddess's false subtleties, 380
Who, if one stain his hands with blood of men,
Or touch a wife new-travailed, or a corpse,
Bars him her altars, holding him defiled,
Yet joys herself in human sacrifice !
It cannot be that Zeus' bride Leto bare
Such folly Nay, I hold unworthy credence
The banquet given of Tantalus to the Gods,—
As though the Gods could savour a child's flesh !
Even so, this folk, themselves man-murderers,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

390 εἰς τὴν θεὸν τὸ φαῦλον ἀναφέρειν δοκῶ
οὐδένα γὰρ οἶμαι δαιμόνων εἶναι κακόν

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κυάνεαι κυάνεαι σύνοδοι θαλάσσας, στρ α'
ἴν' οἷστρος ὁ ποτώμενος Ἀργόθεν
ἄξενον ἐπ' οἶδμα διεπέρασεν Ἴους
Ἀσιήτιδα γαῖαν
Εὐρώπας διαμείψας,
τίνες ποτ' ἄρα τὸν εὐνδρον δονακόχλοον
400 λιπόντες Εὐρώταν
ἥ ρεύματα σεμνὰ Δίρκας
ἔβασαν ἔβασαν ἄμικτον αἶαν, ἔνθα κούρα
δία τέγγει
βωμοὺς καὶ περικίονας
ναοὺς αἶμα βρότειον,

ἥ ῥοθίοις εἰλατίναις δικρότοισι κώπαις ἀντ α'
ἔπεμψαν¹ ἐπὶ πόντια κύματα
410 νάιον ὄχημα λινοπόροισι τ' αὔραις,
φιλόπλουτον ἄμιλλαν
αὔξουντες μελάβθοισιν,
φίλα γὰρ ἐλπίς ἐγένετ' ἐπὶ πῆμασι βροτῶν
ἄπληστος ἀνθρώποις,
ὄλβου βάρους οὐ φέρονται
πλάνητες ἐπ' οἶδμα πόλεις τε βαρβάρους περῶντες
κοινῇ δόξα.
γνώμα δ' οἷς μὲν ἄκαιρος ὄλ-
420 βου, τοῖς δ' εἰς μέσον ἤκει

πῶς πέτρας τὰς συνδρομάδας, στρ β'
πῶς Φινείδας ἀύπνους

¹ Kochly for ἔπλευσαν

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Charge on their Goddess their own sin, I ween , 390
For I believe that none of Gods is vile

[*Exit*

CHORUS

(*Str* 1)

Dark cliffs, dark cliffs of the Twin Seas' meeting,
Where the gadfly of Io, from Argos fleeting,
 Passed o'er the heave of the havenless surge
 From the Asian land unto Europe's veige,
Who are these, that from waters lovely-gleaming
By Eurotas' reeds, or from fountains streaming 400
 Of Dirce the hallowed have come, have come,
 To the shore where the stranger may find no
 home,

Where crimson from human veins that raineth
The altars of Zeus's Daughter staineth,
 And her pillared dome?

(*Ant* 1)

With pine-oars rightward and leftward flinging
The surf, and the breeze in the tackle singing,
 That sea-wain over the surge did they sweep, 410
 Sore-coveted wealth in their halls to heap?—
For winsome is hope unto men's undoing,
 And unsatisfied ever they be with pursuing
 The treasure up-piled for the which they roam
 Unto alien cities o'er ridges of foam,
By the same hope lured —but one ne'er taketh
Fortune at flood, while her full tide breaketh
 Unsought over some 420

How twixt the Death-crags' swing, (*Str* 2)
And by Phineus' beaches that ring

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

- ἀκτὰς ἐπέρασαν
 παρ' ἄλιον αἰγιαλὸν ἐπ' Ἀμφιτρίτας
 ῥοθίῳ δραμόντες,
 ὅπου πευτήκοντα κορᾶν
 Νηρηίδων χοροὶ
 μέλπουσιν ἐγκύκλιοι,
 430 πλησιιστίοισι πνοαῖς,
 συριζόντων κατὰ πρύμναν
 εὐναίων πηδαλίων
 αὔραισιν νοτίαις
 ἢ πνεύμασι Ζεφύρου,
 τὰν πολυόρνιθον ἐπ' αἶαν,
 λευκὰν ἀκτάν, Ἀχιλλῆος
 δρόμους καλλισταδίους,
 ἄξεινον κατὰ πόντον ,

 εἴθ' εὐχαῖσιν δεσποσύνοις
 440 Λήδας Ἑλένα φίλα παῖς
 ἐλθοῦσα τύχοι τὰν
 Τρῳάδα λιποῦσα πόλιν, ἵν' ἀμφὶ χαίτα
 δρόσον αἵματηρὰν
 εἰλιχθεῖσα λαιμοτόμῳ
 δεσποίνας χερὶ θάνῃ
 ποινὰς δοῦσ' ἀντιπάλους
 ἄδιστ' ἂν τήνδ' ἀγγελίαν
 δεξαίμεσθ', Ἑλλάδος ἐκ γᾶς
 450 πλωτῆρων εἴ τις ἔβα,
 δουλείας ἐμέθεν
 δειλαίας παυσίπονος
 καὶ γὰρ ὀνείρασι συνείην
 δόμοις πόλει τε πατρῷα,
 τερπνῶν ὕμνων ἀπόλαυ-
 σιν, κοινὰν χάριν ὄλβῳ.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

With voices of seas unsleeping,
 Won they, by breakers leaping
 O'er the Sea-queen's stand, as they passed
 Through the crash of the surge flying fast,
 And saw where in dance-rings sweeping
 The fifty Nereids sing,—
 When strained in the breeze the sail, 430
 When hissed, as the keel ran free,
 The rudder astern, and before the gale
 Of the south did the good ship flee,
 Or by breath of the west was fanned
 Past that bird-haunted strand,
 The long white reach of Achilles' Beach,
 Where his ghost-feet skim the sand
 By the cheerless sea ?

But O had Helen but stiaied (Ant 2)
 Hither from Troy, as prayed 440
 My lady,—that Leda's daughter,
 Her darling, with spray of the water
 Of death on her head as a wreath,
 Were but laid with her throat beneath
 The hand of my mistress for slaughter !
 Fit penalty so should be paid
 How gladly the word would I hail,
 If there came from the Hellene shore,
 One hitherward wafted by wing of the sail,
 Who should bid that my bondage be o'er, 450
 My bondage of travail and pain !
 O but in dreams yet again
 Mid the homes to stand of my fatherland,
 In the bliss of a rapturous strain
 My soul to outpour !

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

460 ἄλλ' οἶδε χέρας δεσμοῖς δίδυμοι
 συνερεισθέντες χωροῦσι, νέον
 πρόσφαγμα θεᾶς· σιγᾶτε, φίλαι
 τὰ γὰρ Ἑλλήνων ἀκροθίνια δὴ
 ναοῖσι πέλας τάδε βαίνει·
 οὐδ' ἀγγελίας ψευδεῖς ἔλακεν
 βουφορβὸς ἀνὴρ
 ὦ πότνι', εἴ σοι τὰδ' ἀρεσκόντως
 πόλις ἦδε τελεῖ, δέξαι θυσίας,
 ἃς ὁ παρ' ἡμῖν νόμος οὐχ ὀσίας
 Ἑλλησι διδοὺς ἀναφαίνει

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἶεν·
 470 τὰ τῆς θεοῦ μὲν πρῶτον ὡς καλῶς ἔχῃ
 φροντιστέον μοι μέθετε τῶν ξένων χέρας,
 ὡς ὄντες ἱεροὶ μηκέτ' ὦσι δέσμιοι
 ναοῦ δ' ἔσω στείχοντες εὐτρεπίζετε
 ἂν χρὴ 'πὶ τοῖς παροῦσι καὶ νομίζεται,
 φεῦ·
 τίς ἄρα μήτηρ ἢ τεκοῦσ' ὑμᾶς ποτε
 πατήρ τ', ἀδελφή τ', εἰ γεγῶσα τυγχάνει,
 οἷων στερεῖσα διπτύχων νεανιῶν
 ἀνάδελφος ἔσται τὰς τύχας τίς οἶδ' ὅτῳ
 τοιαῖδ' ἔσονται; πάντα γὰρ τὰ τῶν θεῶν
 εἰς ἀφανὲς ἔρπει, κούδεν οἶδ' οὐδεὶς κακόν.
 ἢ γὰρ τύχῃ παρήγαγ' εἰς τὸ δυσμαθές.
 480 πόθεν ποθ' ἦκετ', ὦ ταλαίπωροι ξένοι;
 ὥς διὰ μακροῦ μὲν τήνδ' ἐπλεύσατε χθόνα,
 μακρὰν δ' ἀπ' οἴκων χθονὸς ἔσεσθ' αἰεὶ κάτω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί ταῦτ' ὀδύρει, καπὶ τοῖς μέλλουσι νῶ
 κακοῖσι λυπεῖς, ἥτις εἰ ποτ', ὦ γύναι,

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Enter attendants with ORESTES and PYLADES

Lo, hither with pinioned arms come twain,
Victims fresh for the Goddess's fane —
Friends, hold ye your peace
No lying message the herdman spoke 460
To the temple be coming the pride of the folk
Of the land of Greece !

Dread Goddess, if well-pleasing unto thee
Aie this land's deeds, accept the sacrifice
Her laws give openly, although it be
Accurst in Hellene eyes

Enter IPHIGENEIA

IPHIGENEIA

First, that the Goddess' rites be duly done
Must I take heed Unbind the strangers' hands,
That, being hallowed, they be chained no more ;
Then, pass within the temple, and prepare 470
What needs for present use, what custom bids

Sighs [Exeunt attendants]

Who was your mother, she which gave you birth ?—
Your sire ?—your sister who ?—if such there be,
Of what fair brethren shall she be bereaved,
Brotherless now ! Who knoweth upon whom
Such fates shall fall ? Heaven's dealings follow
ways

Past finding out, and none foreseeeth ill
Fate draws us even on to the unknown !
Whence, O whence come ye, strangers evil-stained ?
Far have ye sailed—only to reach this land, 480
To lie in Hades far from home for aye !

ORESTES

Why make this moan, and with the ills to come
Afflict us, woman, whosoe'er thou art ?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

οὔτοι νομίζω σοφόν, ὃς ἂν μέλλων θανεῖν
οἴκτω τὸ δεῖμα τοῦλέθρου νικᾶν θέλῃ,
οὐδ' ὅστις Ἄϊδην ἐγγὺς ὄντ' οἰκτίζεται,
σωτηρίας ἀνελπίς ὥς δὴ ἐξ ἑνὸς
κακῷ συνάπτει, μωρίαν τ' ὀφλισκάνει
θνήσκει θ' ὁμοίως· τὴν τύχην δ' ἔαν χρεῶν
490 ἡμᾶς δὲ μὴ θρήνῃ σὺ τὰς γὰρ ἐνθάδε
θυσίας ἐπιστάμεσθα καὶ γιγνώσκομεν

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πότερος ἄρ' ὑμῶν ἐνθάδ' ὀνομασμένος
Πυλάδης κέκληται ; τόδε μαθεῖν πρῶτον θέλω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὃδ', εἴ τι δὴ σοι τοῦτ' ἐν ἡδονῇ μαθεῖν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ποίας πολίτης πατρίδος Ἑλλήνος γεγώς,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δ' ἂν μαθοῦσα τόδε πλέον λάβοις, γύναι,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πότερον ἀδελφῷ μητρός ἔστον ἐκ μιᾶς,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φιλότῃ γ'· ἐσμέν δ' οὐ κασιγνήτω γένει

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σοὶ δ' ὄνομα ποῖον ἔθεθ' ὁ γεννήσας πατήρ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

500 τὸ μὲν δίκαιον δυστυχεῖς καλοῖμεθ' ἂν

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐ τοῦτ' ἔρωτῶ· τοῦτο μὲν δὸς τῇ τύχῃ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀνώνυμοι θανόντες οὐ γελῶμεθ' ἂν

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί δὲ φθονεῖς τοῦτ', ἧ φρονεῖς οὕτω μέγα;

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Not wise I count him, who, when doomed to
death,

By lamentation would its terrors quell,
Nor him who wails for Hades looming nigh,
Hopeless of help He maketh evils twain
Of one. he stands of foolishness convict,
And dies no less E'en let fate take her course.
For us make thou no moan · the altar-rites
Which this land useth have we learnt, and know

490

IPHIGENEIA

Whether of you twain here was called by name
Pylades?—this thing first I fain would learn

ORESTES

He—if to learn this pleasure thee at all

IPHIGENEIA

And of what Hellene state born citizen?

ORESTES

How should the knowledge, lady, advantage thee?

IPHIGENEIA

Say, of one mother be ye brethren twain?

ORESTES

In love we are brethren, lady, not in birth

IPHIGENEIA

And what name gave thy father unto thee?

ORESTES

Rightly might I be called "Unfortunate"

500

IPHIGENEIA

Not this I ask lay this to fortune's door.

ORESTES

If I die nameless, I shall not be mocked

IPHIGENEIA

Now wherefore grudge me this? So proud art thou?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τὸ σῶμα θύσεις τοῦμόν, οὐχὶ τοῦνομα

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐδ' ἂν πόλιν φράσειας ἥτις ἐστὶ σοι,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ζητεῖς γὰρ οὐδὲν κέρδος, ὥς θανουμένῳ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

χάριν δὲ δοῦναι τήνδε κωλύει τί σε,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τὸ κλεινὸν Ἄργος πατρίδ' ἐμὴν ἐπεύχομαι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πρὸς θεῶν ἀληθῶς, ὦ ξέν', εἰ κεῖθεν γεγώς,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

510 ἐκ τῶν Μυκηνῶν γ', αἶ ποτ' ἦσαν ὄλβιαι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

φυγὰς δ' ἀπῆρας πατρίδος, ἣ ποῖα τύχη,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φεύγω τρόπον γε δὴ τιν' οὐχ ἐκὼν ἐκὼν

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ μὴν ποθεινός γ' ἦλθες ἐξ Ἄργους μολών.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκουν ἐμαυτῷ γ'. εἰ δὲ σοί, σὺ τοῦθ' ὄρα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἄρ' ἂν τί μοι φράσειας ὦν ἐγὼ θέλω;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὥς γ' ἐν παρέργῳ τῆς ἐμῆς δυσπραξίας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Τροίαν ἴσως οἶσθ', ἥς ἀπανταχοῦ λόγος.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὥς μήποτ' ὤφελόν γε μηδ' ἰδὼν ὄναρ

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES

My body shalt thou slaughter, not my name

IPHIGENEIA

Not even thy city wilt thou name to me ?

ORESTES

Thou seekest to no profit I must die

IPHIGENEIA

Yet, as a grace to me, why grant not this ?

ORESTES

Argos the glorious boast I for my land

IPHIGENEIA

'Foie Heaven, stranger, art indeed her son ?

ORESTES

Yea—of Mycenae, prosperous in time past 510

IPHIGENEIA

Exiled didst quit thy land, or by what hap ?

ORESTES

In a sort exiled—willing, and yet loth

IPHIGENEIA

Yet long-desued from Argos hast thou come

ORESTES

Of me, not if of thee, see thou to that

IPHIGENEIA

Now wouldst thou tell a thing I fain would know ?

ORESTES

Ay—a straw added to my trouble's weight

IPHIGENEIA

Troy haply know'st thou, famed the wide world
through ?

ORESTES

Would I did not,—not even seen in dreams !

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

φασίν νιν οὐκέτ' οὔσαν οἷχθῃσθαι δορί

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔστιν γὰρ οὔτως οὐδ' ἄκραντ' ἠκούσατε

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Ἑλένη δ' ἀφίκεται δῶμα Μενέλεω πάλιν,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἥκει, κακῶς γ' ἐλθοῦσα τῶν ἐμῶν τινι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ ποῦ 'στι; καὶ μοι γάρ τι προῦφείλει κακόν

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Σπάρτῃ ξυνοικεῖ τῷ πάρος ξυνευνέτῃ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ μῖσος εἰς Ἑλληνας, οὐκ ἐμοὶ μόνῃ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀπέλαυσα καὶ γὰρ δὴ τι τῶν κείνης γάμων

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

νόστος δ' Ἀχαιῶν ἐγένεθ', ὥς κηρύσσεται,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὥς πάνθ' ἅπαξ με συλλαβοῦς' ἀνιστορεῖς

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πρὶν γὰρ θανεῖν σε, τοῦδ' ἐπαυρέσθαι θέλω

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔλεγχ', ἐπειδὴ τοῦδ' ἐρᾶς λέξω δ' ἐγώ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Κάλχας τις ἦλθε μάντις ἐκ Τροίας πάλιν,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὄλωλεν, ὥς ἦν ἐν Μυκηναίοις λόγος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ πότνι, ὥς εὔ. τί γὰρ ὁ Λαέρτου γόνος,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐπω νενόστηκ' οἶκον, ἔστι δ', ὥς λόγος.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

'They say she is no more, by speals o'erthrown

ORESTES

So is it things not unfulfilled ye heard 520

IPHIGENEIA

Came Helen back to Menelaus' home ?

ORESTES

She came—for evil unto kin of mine

IPHIGENEIA

Where is she ? Evil debt she oweth me

ORESTES

In Sparta dwelling with her sometime lord

IPHIGENEIA

Thing loathed of Hellenes, not of me alone !

ORESTES

I too have tasted of her bridal's fruit.

IPHIGENEIA

And came the Achaeans home, as rumour saith ?

ORESTES

Thou in one question comprehendest all

IPHIGENEIA

Ah, ere thou die, this boon I fain would win

ORESTES

Ask on, since this thou cravest I will speak 530

IPHIGENEIA

Calchas, a prophet—came he back from Troy ?

ORESTES

Dead—as the rumour in Mycenae ran

IPHIGENEIA (*turning to Artemis' temple*)

O Queen, how justly ! And Laertes' son ?

ORESTES

He hath won not home, but liveth, rumour tells

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὄλοιτο, νόστου μήποτ' εἰς πάτραν τυχών.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μηδὲν κατεύχου· πάντα τὰ κείνου νοσεῖ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Θέτιδος δὲ τῆς Νηρηίδος ἔστι παῖς ἔτι,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν· ἄλλως λέκτρ' ἔγῃμ' ἐν Αὐλίδι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

δόλια γάρ, ὥς ἴσασιν οἱ πεπονθότες.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

540 τίς εἰ ποθ'; ὥς εὖ πυνθάνει τὰ φ' Ἑλλάδος

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐκείθεν εἰμι· παῖς ἔτ' οὐσ' ἀπωλόμην

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὀρθῶς ποθεῖς ἄρ' εἰδέναι τὰ κεί, γύναι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί δ' ὁ στρατηγός, δν λέγουσ' εὐδαιμονεῖν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τίς; οὐ γὰρ ὅν γ' ἐγὼ δα τῶν εὐδαιμόνων.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Ἀτρέως ἐλέγετο δὴ τις Ἀγαμέμνων ἀναξ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ἄπελθε τοῦ λόγου τούτου, γύναι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μὴ πρὸς θεῶν, ἀλλ' εἴφ', ἵν' εὐφρανθῶ, ξένε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τέθνηχ' ὁ τλήμων, πρὸς δ' ἀπώλεσέν τινα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τέθνηκε, ποῖα συμφορᾶ, τάλαιν' ἐγώ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

550 τί δ' ἐστὲναξας τοῦτο, μῶν προσήκέ σοι,

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

Now ruin seize him ! Never win he home !

ORESTES

No need to curse His lot is misery all

IPHIGENEIA

Liveth the son of Nereid Thetis yet ?

ORESTES

Lives not In Aulis vain his bridal was

IPHIGENEIA

A treacherous bridal !—they which suffered know

ORESTES

Who art thou—thou apt questioner touching Greece ? 540

IPHIGENEIA

Thence am I, in my childhood lost to her

ORESTES

Well mayst thou, lady, long for word of her

IPHIGENEIA

What of her war-chief, named the prosperous ?

ORESTES

Who ? Of the prosperous is not he I know

IPHIGENEIA

One King Agamemnon, Atreus' scion named

ORESTES

I know not Lady, let his story be

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, tell, by Heaven, that I be gladdened, friend

ORESTES

Dead, hapless king !—and perished not alone

IPHIGENEIA

Dead is he ? By what fate ?—ah, woe is me !

ORESTES

Why dost thou sigh thus ? Is he kin to thee ?

550

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τὸν ὄλβον αὐτοῦ τὸν πάροιθ' ἀναστένω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δεινῶς γὰρ ἐκ γυναικὸς οἴχεται σφαγείς

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ πανδάκρυτος ἢ κτανούσα χῶ θανών.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

παῦσαί νυν ἤδη μῆδ' ἐρωτήσης πέρα

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τοσόνδε γ', εἰ ζῇ τοῦ τάλαιπώρου δάμαρ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἔστι παῖς νυν ὃν ἔτεχ', οὗτος ὤλεσεν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ συνταραχθεὶς οἶκος ὥς τί δὴ θέλων,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

πατρὸς θανόντος αἷμα τιμωρούμενος

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

φεῦ·

ὥς εὖ κακὸν δίκαιον εἰσεπράξατο

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

560

ἀλλ' οὐ τὰ πρὸς θεῶν εὐτυχεῖ δίκαιος ὢν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

λείπει δ' ἐν οἴκοις ἄλλον Ἀγαμέμνων γόνον,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λέλοιπεν Ἡλέκτραν γε παρθένον μίαν

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί δέ; σφαγείσης θυγατρὸς ἔστι τις λόγος,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐδεὶς γε, πλὴν θανούσαν οὐχ ὀρᾶν φάος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τάλαιν' ἐκείνη χῶ κτανὼν αὐτὴν πατήρ

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

His happiness of old days I bemoan

ORESTES

Yea, and his awful death—slain by his wife !

IPHIGENEIA

O all-bewailed, the murderess and the dead !

ORESTES

Refrain thee even now, and ask no more

IPHIGENEIA

This only—lives the hapless hero's wife ?

ORESTES

Lives not Her son—ay, whom herself bare—slew
her

IPHIGENEIA

O house distraught ! Slew he !—with what intent ?

ORESTES

To avenge on her his murdered father's blood

IPHIGENEIA

Alas !—ill justice, wrought how righteously !

ORESTES

Not blest of heaven is he, how just soe'er

560

IPHIGENEIA

Left the king other issue in his halls ?

ORESTES

One maiden child, Electra, hath he left

IPHIGENEIA

How, is nought said of her they sacrificed ?

ORESTES

Nought—save, being dead, she seeth not the light

IPHIGENEIA

Ah, hapless she, and hapless sire that slew !

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κακῆς γυναικὸς χάριν ἄχαριν ἀπώλετο.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὁ τοῦ θανόντος δ' ἔστι παῖς Ἄργει πατρός,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔστ', ἄθλιός γε, κοῦδαμοῦ καὶ πανταχοῦ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ψευδεῖς ὄνειροι, χαίρετ'· οὐδὲν ἦτ' ἄρα

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

570 οὐδ' οἱ σοφοί γε δαίμονες κεκλημένοι
πτηνῶν ὀνείρων εἰσὶν ἀψευδέστεροι.
πολὺς ταραγμὸς ἔν τε τοῖς θεοῖς ἔνι
κἂν τοῖς βροτέοις· ἔν δὲ λυπεῖται μόνον,
ὅτ' οὐκ ἄφρων ὦν μάντεων πεισθεὶς λόγοις
ἔλωλεν ὥς ἔλωλε τοῖσιν εἰδόσιν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

φεῦ φεῦ τί δ' ἡμεῖς οἳ τ' ἐμοὶ γεννήτορες,
ἄρ' εἰσὶν; ἄρ' οὐκ εἰσί, τίς φράσειεν ἄν,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

580 ἀκούσατ' εἰς γὰρ δὴ τιν' ἤκομεν λόγον,
ὕμῃν τ' ὀνησιν, ὦ ξένοι, σπεύδουσ' ἅμα
καμοί. τὸ δ' εὖ μάλιστα τῇδε γίγνεται,
εἰ πᾶσι ταῦτ' ὀνείρων ἀρεσκόντως ἔχει
θέλοις ἄν, εἰ σῶσαιμί σ', ἀγγεῖλαι τί μοι
πρὸς Ἄργος ἔλθων τοῖς ἐμοῖς ἐκεῖ φίλοις,
δέλτον τ' ἐνεγκεῖν, ἣν τις οἰκτεῖρας ἐμὲ
ἔγραψεν αἰχμάλωτος, οὐχὶ τὴν ἐμὴν
φονέα νομίζων χεῖρα, τοῦ νόμου δ' ὑπο
θνήσκειν σφε, τῆς θεοῦ τάδε δίκαι' ἡγουμένης,
οὐδένα γὰρ εἶχον ὅστις ἀγγεῖλαι μολῶν
εἰς Ἄργος αὐθις, τὰς τ' ἐμὰς ἐπιστολὰς
590 πέμψειε σωθεὶς τῶν ἐμῶν φίλων τινί

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES

Slain for an evil woman—graceless grace !

IPHIGENEIA

And lives the dead king's son in Argos yet ?

ORESTES

He lives, unhappy, nowhere, everywhere

IPHIGENEIA

False dreams, avaurt ! So then ye were but nought

ORESTES

Ay, and not even Gods, whom men call wise, 570
Are less deceitful than be fleeting dreams
Utter confusion is in things divine
And human Wise men grieve at this alone
When—rashness ?—no, but faith in oracles
Brings ruin—how deep, they that prove it know

CHORUS

Alas, alas ! Of me—*my* parents—what ?
Live they, or live they not ? Ah, who can tell ?

IPHIGENEIA

Hearken, for I have found us a device,
Strangers, shall do you service, and withal
To me , and thus is fair speed best attained, 580
If the same end be pleasing unto all
Wouldst thou, if I would save thee, take for me
To Argos tidings to my kindred there,
And bear a letter, which a captive wote
Of pity for me, counting not mine hand
His murderer, but that he died by law
Of this land, since the Goddess holds it just ?
For I had none to be my messenger
Hence, saved alive, to Argos, and to bear
My letter to a certain friend of mine 590

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

σὺ δ', εἴ γάρ, ὥς ἔοικας, οὔτε δυσγενὴς
καὶ τὰς Μυκῆνας οἶσθα χοῦς κἀγὼ θέλω,
σώθητι, καὶ σὺ μισθὸν οὐκ αἰσχρὸν λαβὼν
κούφῳ ἑκατὶ γραμμάτων σωτηρίαν
οὗτος δ', ἐπεὶ περ πόλις ἀναγκάζει τάδε,
θεῇ γενέσθω θῦμα χωρισθεὶς σέθεν

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας τᾶλλα πλὴν ἓν, ὦ ξένη·
τὸ γὰρ σφαγῆναι τόνδ' ἐμοὶ βάρος μέγα.
ὁ ναυστολῶν γὰρ εἰμ' ἐγὼ τὰς ξυμφοράς·
600 οὗτος δὲ συμπλεῖ τῶν ἐμῶν μόχθῳ χάριν.
οὐκ οὐν δίκαιον ἐπ' ὀλέθρῳ τῷ τοῦδ' ἐμέ
χάριν τίθεσθαι καὐτὸν ἐκδύναι κακῶν.
ἀλλ' ὥς γενέσθω· τῷδε μὲν δέλτον δίδου,
πέμπει γὰρ Ἄργος, ὥστε σοι καλῶς ἔχειν·
ἡμᾶς δ' ὁ χρήζων κτεινέτω τὰ τῶν φίλων
αἰσχιστον ὅστις καταβαλὼν εἰς ξυμφοράς
αὐτὸς σέσωσται. τυγχάνει δ' ὁδ' ὦν φίλος,
ὃν οὐδὲν ἤσσουν ἢ 'μὲ φῶς ὀρᾶν θέλω

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ λῆμ' ἄριστον, ὥς ἀπ' εὐγενοῦς τινος
610 ῥίζης πέφυκας τοῖς φίλοις τ' ὀρθῶς φίλος.
τοιοῦτος εἶη τῶν ἐμῶν ὁμοσπύρων
ὅσπερ λείπεται καὶ γὰρ οὐδ' ἐγώ, ξένοι,
ἀνάδελφός εἰμι, πλὴν ὅς' οὐχ ὀρώσά νιν
ἐπεὶ δὲ βούλει ταῦτα, τόνδε πέμπομεν
δέλτον φέροντα, σὺ δὲ θανεῖ πολλὰ δέ τις
προθυμία σε τοῦδ' ἔχουσα τυγχάνει.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

θύσει δὲ τίς με καὶ τὰ δεινὰ τλήσεται,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐγώ· θεᾶς γὰρ τήνδε προστροπὴν ἔχω.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

But thou, if thou art nobly-born, as seems,
And know'st Mycenae, and the folk I mean,
Receive thy life accept no base reward,
Deliverance, for a little letter's sake
But this man, since the state constraineth so,
Torn from thee, be the Goddess' sacrifice

ORESTES

Well say'st thou, save for one thing, stranger
maid —

That he be slain were heavy on my soul
I was his pilot to calamity,
He sails with me for mine affliction's sake 600
Unjust it were that I, in pleasuring thee,
Should seal his doom, and 'scape myself from ills
Nay, be it thus,—the letter give to him
To bear to Argos so art thou content
But me let who will slay Most base it is
That one should in misfortune overwhelm his friends,
Himself escaping This man is my friend,
Whose life I tender even as my own

IPHIGENEIA

O noble spirit! from what princely stock
Hast thou sprung, thou so loyal to thy friends! 610
Even such be he that of my father's house
Is left alive! For, stranger, brotherless
I too am not, save that I see him not
Since thou wilt have it so, him will I send
Bearing the letter thou wilt die Ah, deep
This thy strange yearning unto death must be!

ORESTES

Whose shall be that dread deed, my sacrifice?

IPHIGENEIA

Mine, for this office hold I of the Goddess

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄζηλά γ', ὦ νεᾶνι, κοῦκ εὐδαίμονα

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

620 ἄλλ' εἰς ἀνάγκην κείμεθ', ἣν φυλακτέον.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

αὐτὴ ξίφει θύουσα θῆλυς ἄρσενας ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἀλλὰ χαίτην ἀμφὶ σὴν χερνύφομαι.

ΘΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὁ δὲ σφαγεὺς τίς; εἰ τὰδ' ἱστορεῖν με χρή.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἴσω δόμων τῶνδ' εἰσὶν οἷς μέλει τάδε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τάφος δὲ ποῖος δέξεταί μ', ὅταν θάνω,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πῦρ ἱερὸν ἔνδον χάσμα τ' εὐρωπὸν πέτρας.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

φεῦ·

πῶς ἄν μ' ἀδελφῆς χεῖρ περιστείλειεν ἄν,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μάταιον εὐχὴν, ὦ τάλας, ὅστις ποτ' εἶ,
630 ἠϋξω μακρὰν γὰρ βαρβάρου ναίει χθονός.

οὐ μὴν, ἐπειδὴ τυγχάνεις Ἀργείος ὦν,
ἀλλ' ὦν γε δυνατὸν οὐδ' ἐγὼ ἄλλείψω χάριν
πολὺν τε γάρ σοι κόσμον ἐνθήσω τάφῳ,
ξανθῷ τ' ἐλαίῳ σῶμα σὸν κατασβέσω,
καὶ τῆς ὀρέας ἀνθεμόρρυτον γάνος
ξουθῆς μελίσσης εἰς πυρὰν βαλῶ σέθεν
ἀλλ' εἴμι, δέλτον τ' ἐκ θεᾶς ἀνακτόρων
οἴσω τὸ μέντοι δυσμενὲς μὴ ἴμοι λάβρης.
φυλάσσετ' αὐτούς, πρόσπολοι, δεσμῶν ἄτερ
ἴσως ἄελπτα τῶν ἐμῶν φίλων τινὶ

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES

A task, O maid, of horror, all unblest !

IPHIGENEIA

Bowed 'neath necessity, I must submit

620

ORESTES

A woman, with the priest's knife slay'st thou men ?

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, on thine han I shed but lustial spay

ORESTES

The slayer, who ?—if I may ask thee this

IPHIGENEIA

Within the fane be men whose part is this

ORESTES

And what tomb shall receive me, being dead ?

IPHIGENEIA

A wide rock-rift within, and holy fire

ORESTES

Would that a sister's hand might lay me out !

IPHIGENEIA

Vain prayer, unhappy, whosoe'er thou be,
Thou prayest Far she dwells from this wild
land

Yet, forasmuch as thou an Argive art,
Of all I can, no service will I spare
Much ornament will I lay on thy grave
With golden oil thine ashes will I quench,
The tawny hill-bee's amber-lucent dews,
That well from flowers, I'll shed upon thy pyre.
I go, the letter from the Goddess' shrine
To bring Ah, think not bitterly of me !
Ward them, ye guards, but with no manacles
Perchance to a friend in Argos shall I send

630

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

640

πέμψω πρὸς Ἄργος, ὃν μάλιστα ἐγὼ φιλῶ,
καὶ δέλτος αὐτῷ ζῶντας οὓς δοκεῖ θανεῖν
λέγουσα πιστὰς ἡδονὰς ἀπαγγελεῖ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

κατολοφυρόμεθα σὲ τὸν χερνίβων στρ.
ῥανίσι βαρβάρων¹
μελούμενον αἵμακταῖς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οἶκτος γὰρ οὐ ταῦτ', ἀλλὰ χαίρετ', ὦ ξένοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σὲ δὲ τύχας μάκαρος, ἰὼ νεανία, ἀντ.
σεβόμεθ', εἰς πάτραν
ὅτι πόδ' ἐπεμβάσει

ΠΤΑΛΑΔΗΣ

650 ἄζηλά τοι φίλοισι, θνησκόντων φίλων

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ σχέτλιοι πομπαί
φεῦ φεῦ, διόλλυσαι
αἰαῖ αἰαῖ
πότερος ὁ μέλεος μᾶλλον ὢν, ²
ἔτι γὰρ ἀμφίλογα δίδυμα μέμονε φρήν,
σὲ πάρος ἢ σ' ἀναστενάξω γόοις

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Πυλάδη, πέπονθας ταῦτὰ πρὸς θεῶν ἐμοί,

ΠΤΑΛΑΔΗΣ

οὐκ οἶδ' ἐρωτᾶς οὐ λέγειν ἔχοντά με

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

660 τίς ἐστὶν ἡ νεᾶνις, ὥς Ἑλληνικῶς
ἀνῆρεθ' ἡμᾶς τοὺς τ' ἐν Ἰλίῳ πόνους

¹ Elmsley's conjecture, to complete strophic correspondence

² Wecklein for ὁ μέλλων of MSS

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Tidings unhop'd—the friend whom most I love — 640
 The letter, telling that she lives whom dead
 He deems, shall seal the happy tidings' faith [*Exit*

CHORUS

To ORESTES (Str)

I wail for thee, for whom there wait
 The drops barbaric, on thy brow
 To fall, to doom thee to be slain

ORESTES

This asks not pity Stranger maids, farewell

CHORUS

To PYLADES (Ant)

Thee count I blessed for thy fate,
 Thine happy fate, fair youth, that thou
 Shalt tread thy native shore again

PYLADES

Small cause to envy friends, when die their friends 650

CHORUS

Ah, cruel journeying for thee !
 Woe ! thou art ruined utterly !
 Alas ! woe worth the day !

Whether of you is deeper whelmed in woe ?
 For yet my soul in doubt sways to and fro—
 Thee shall I chiefly wail, or thee ? How shall I say ?

ORESTES

'Fore Heaven, Pylades, is thy thought mine ?—

PYLADES

I know not: this thy question baffles me.

ORESTES

Who is the maiden ? With how Greek a heart 660
 She asked us of the toils in Ilium,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Ἡ ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

νόστιον τ' Ἀχαιῶν τόν τ' ἐν οἴωνοῖς σοφὸν
 Κάλχαντ' Ἀχιλλέως τ' ὄνομα, καὶ τὸν ἄθλιον
 Ἀγαμέμνον' ὥς ῥ' ἔκτειρ' ἀνθρώπα τέ με
 γυναικα παῖδάς τ' ἔστιν ἡ ξένη γένος
 ἐκείθεν Ἀργεῖα τις οὐ γὰρ ἂν ποτε
 δέλτον τ' ἔπεμπε καὶ τάδ' ἐξεμάνθανεν,
 ὥς κοινὰ πράσσουσ', Ἀργος εἰ πράσσοι καλῶς

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

670 ἔφθης με μικρόν ταῦτά δέ φθάσας λέγεις,
 πλὴν ἔν' τὰ γάρ τοι βασιλέων παθήματα
 ἴσασι πάντες, ὧν ἐπιστροφὴ τις ἦν
 ἀτὰρ διήλθον χᾶτερον λόγον τινά.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τίν' ; εἰς τὸ κοινὸν δοὺς ἄμεινον ἂν μάθοις.

ΠΥΛΛΑΔΗΣ

αἰσχροὺς θανόντος σοῦ βλέπειν ἡμᾶς φάος,
 κοινῇ τ' ἔπλευσα, δεῖ με καὶ κοινῇ θανεῖν
 καὶ δειλίαν γὰρ καὶ κάκην κεκτῆσομαι
 Ἀργεῖ τε Φωκέων τ' ἐν πολυπτύχῳ χθονί,
 δόξω δὲ τοῖς πολλοῖσι, πολλοὶ γὰρ κακοί,
 680 προδούς σε, σωθεῖς δ' αὐτὸς εἰς οἴκους μόνος,
 ἧ καὶ φονεύσας ἐπὶ νοσοῦσι δώμασι,
 ῥάψαι μόρον σοι σῆς τυραννίδος χάριν,
 ἔγκληρον ὥς δὴ σὴν κασιγνήτην γαμῶν
 ταῦτ' οὖν φοβοῦμαι καὶ δι' αἰσχύνης ἔχω,
 κοῦκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ χρὴ συνεκπνεύσαι μέ σοι
 καὶ συσφαγῆναι καὶ πυρωθῆναι δέμας,
 φίλον γεγῶτα καὶ φοβούμενον ψόγον

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εὖφημα φώνει· τὰ μὰ δεῖ φέρειν ἐμέ¹
 ἀπλᾶς δὲ λύπας ἔξόν, οὐκ οἶσω διπλᾶς

¹ Porson, Nauck, and Wecklein for MSS κακά

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

The host's home-coming, Calchas the wise seer
Of birds, Achilles' name ! How pitied she
Agamemnon's wretched fate, and questioned me
Touching his wife, his children ! Sure her birth
Is thence, of Argos, else she ne'er would send
A letter thither, nor would question thus,
As one whose welfare hung on Argos' weal

PYLADES

Mine own thought but a little thou forestallest,
Save this—that the calamities of kings 670
All know, who have had converse with the world
But my mind runneth on another theme

ORESTES

What ? Share it, and thou better shalt conclude

PYLADES

'Twere base that I live on, when thou art dead
With thee I voyaged, and with thee should die
A coward's and a knave's name shall I earn
In Argos and in Phocis' thousand glens
Most men will think—seeing most men be knaves—
That I forsook thee, escaping home alone,—
Yea, slew thee, mid the afflictions of thine house 680
Devising, for thy throne's sake, doom for thee,
As being to thine heiress sister wed
For these things, then I take both shame and
fear

It cannot be but I must die with thee,
With thee be slaughtered and with thee be burned,
Seeing I am thy friend, and dread reproach

ORESTES

Ah, speak not so ! My burden must I bear,
Nor, when but one grief needs, will I bear twain

690 ὃ γὰρ σὺ λυπρὸν κἀπονείδιστον λέγεις,
 ταῦτ' ἔστιν ἡμῖν, εἴ σε συμμοχθοῦντ' ἔμοι
 κτενῶ· τὸ μὲν γὰρ εἰς ἔμ' οὐ κακῶς ἔχει,
 πρᾶσσονθ' ἂ πρᾶσσω πρὸς θεῶν, λιπεῖν βίον
 σὺ δ' ὀλβιός τ' εἶ, καθαρὰ τ' οὐ νοσοῦντ' ἔχεις
 μέλαθρ', ἐγὼ δὲ δυσσεβῆ καὶ δυστυχή
 σωθεῖς δὲ παῖδας ἐξ ἐμῆς ὁμοσπόρου
 κτησάμενος, ἦν ἔδωκά σοι δάμαρτ' ἔχειν,
 ὄνομά τ' ἐμοῦ γένοιτ' ἄν, οὐδ' ἄπαις δόμος
 πατρῶος οὐμὸς ἐξαλειφθείη ποτ' ἄν
 700 ἀλλ' ἔρπε καὶ ζῇ καὶ δόμους οἴκει πατρός
 ὅταν δ' ἐς Ἑλλάδ' ἵππιόν τ' Ἄργος μόλῃς,
 πρὸς δεξιᾶς σε τῆσδ' ἐπισκῆπτω τάδε
 τύμβον τε χῶσον κἀπίθης μνημεῖά μοι,
 καὶ δάκρυ' ἀδελφῇ καὶ κόμας δότῳ τάφῳ
 ἄγγελλε δ' ὥς ὄλωλ' ὑπ' Ἀργείας τινὸς
 γυναικὸς, ἀμφὶ βωμὸν ἀγνισθεὶς φόνῳ·
 καὶ μὴ προδῶς μου τὴν κασιγνήτην ποτέ,
 ἔρημα κῆδη καὶ δόμους ὁρῶν πατρός
 καὶ χαῖρ' ἐμῶν γὰρ φίλτατον σ' ἡὔρον φίλων,
 710 ὦ συγκυναγέ καὶ συνεκτραφεῖς ἐμοί,
 ὦ πόλλ' ἐνεγκῶν τῶν ἐμῶν ἄχθη κακῶν
 ἡμᾶς δ' ὁ Φοῖβος μάντις ὦν ἐψεύσατο
 τέχνην δὲ θέμενος ὥς προσώταθ' Ἑλλάδος
 ἀπήλασ' αἰδοῖ τῶν πάρος μαντευμάτων,
 ᾧ πάντ' ἐγὼ δούς τὰμὰ καὶ πεισθεὶς λόγοις,
 μητέρα κατακτὰς αὐτὸς ἀνταπόλλυμαι.

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

ἔσται τάφος σοι, καὶ κασιγνήτης λέχος
 οὐκ ἂν προδοίην, ὦ τάλας, ἐπεὶ σ' ἐγὼ
 θανόντα μᾶλλον ἢ βλέπονθ' ἔξω φίλον.
 ὑτάρ τὸ τοῦ θεοῦ σ' οὐ διέφθορέν γέ πω

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

For that reproach and grief which thou dost name
 Is mine, if thee, the share of my toil, 690
 I slay For my lot is not evil all,—
 Being thus tormented by the Gods,—to die
 But thou art prosperous taintless art thine
 halls,

Unstricken, mine accurst and fortune-clost
 If thou be saved, and get thee sons of her,
 My sister, whom I gave thee to thy wife,
 Then should my name live, nor my father's house
 Ever, for lack of heirs, be blotted out
 Pass hence, and live dwell in my father's halls
 And when to Greece and Argos' wai-steed land 700
 Thou com'st,—by this right hand do I charge
 thee—

Heap me a tomb memorials lay of me
 There, tears and shorn hair let my sister give
 And tell how by an Aigive woman's hand
 Hallowed for death by altar-dews, I died
 Never forsake my sister, though thou see
 Thy marriage-kin, my sire's house, desolate
 Farewell Of friends I have found thee kindest,
 O fellow-hunter, foster-brother mine,
 Bearer of many a burden of mine ills ! 710
 Me Phoebus, prophet though he be, deceived,
 And by a cunning shift from Argos drave
 Afar, for shame of those his prophecies
 I gave up all to him, obeyed his words,
 My mother slew—and perish now myself !

PYLADES

Thine shall a tomb be ne'er will I betray
 Thy sister's bed, O hapless I shall still
 Hold thee a dearer friend in death than life
 Yet thee hath the God's oracle not yet

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

720

μάντευμα, καίτοι γ' ἐγγυὺς ἔσθηκας φόνου
ἀλλ' ἔστιν ἔστιν ἡ λῖαν δυσπραξία
λίαν διδοῦσα μεταβολάς, ὅταν τύχη

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σίγα· τὰ Φοίβου δ' οὐδὲν ὠφελεῖ μ' ἔπη·
γυνή γὰρ ἦδε δωμάτων ἔξω περᾶ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

730

ἀπέλθεθ' ὑμεῖς καὶ παρευτρεπίζετε
ταῖνδον μολόντες τοῖς ἐφειστώσι σφαγῇ
δέλτου μὲν αἶδε πολύθυροι διαπτυχαί,
ξένοι, πάρειςιν ἃ δ' ἐπὶ τοῖσδε βούλομαι,
ἀκούσατ'· οὐδεὶς αὐτὸς ἐν πόνοις τ' ἀνῆρ
ὅταν τε πρὸς τὸ θάρσος ἐκ φόβου πέσῃ
ἐγὼ δὲ ταρβῶ μὴ ἀπονοστήσας χθονὸς
θῆται παρ' οὐδὲν τὰς ἐμὰς ἐπιστολάς
ὅ τήνδε μέλλων δέλτον εἰς Ἄργος φέρειν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δῆτα βούλει, τίνος ἀμηχανεῖς πέρι,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὄρκον δότω μοι τάσδε πορθμεύσειν γραφὰς
πρὸς Ἄργος, οἷσι βούλομαι πέμψαι φίλων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἢ κἀντιδώσεις τῷδε τοὺς αὐτοὺς λόγους,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί χρῆμα δράσειν ἢ τί μὴ δράσειν, λέγε

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐκ γῆς ἀφήσειν μὴ θανόντα βαρβάρου.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

740

δίκαιον εἶπας πῶς γὰρ ἀγγεῖλειεν ἄν;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἢ καὶ τύραννος ταῦτα συγχωρήσεται,

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Destroyed, albeit thou standest hard by death 720
Nay, misery's blackest night may chance, may chance,
By fortune's turn, to unfold a sudden dawn

ORESTES

Peace ! Phoebus' words avail me nothing now ,
For yonder forth the temple comes the maid

Enter IPHIGENEIA

IPHIGENEIA (*to guards*)

Depart ye, and within make ready all
For them whose office is the sacrifice [*Exeunt* GUARDS
Strangers, my letter's many-leavèd folds
Are here but that which therebeside I wish
Hear —in affliction is no man the same
As when he hath passed from fear to confidence 730
I dread lest, having gotten from this land,
He who to Argos should my tablet bear
Shall set my letter utterly at nought

ORESTES

What wouldst thou then ? Why thus disquieted ?

IPHIGENEIA

Let him make oath to bear to Argos this
To friends to whom I fain would send the same

ORESTES

Wilt thou in turn give him the selfsame pledge ?

IPHIGENEIA

To do what thing, or leave undone ? Say on

ORESTES

To send him forth this barbarous land unslain ?

IPHIGENEIA

A fair claim thine ! How should he bear it else ? 740

ORESTES

But will the king withal consent hereto ?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πείσω σφε, καὺτὴ ναὸς εἰσβήσω σκάφος

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὄμνυ σὺ δ' ἔξαρχ' ὄρκον ὅστις εὐσεβής.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

δώσεις, λέγειν χρή, τήνδε τοῖς ἐμοῖς φίλοις

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

τοῖς σοῖς φίλοισι γράμματ' ἀποδώσω τάδε

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

κἀγὼ σὲ σώσω κυανέας ἔξω πέτρας

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

τίν' οὖν ἐπόμενυς τοισίδ' ὄρκιον θεῶν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Ἄρτεμιν, ἐν ἧσπερ δώμασιν τιμὰς ἔχω.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἐγὼ δ' ἀνακτά γ' οὐρανοῦ, σεμνὸν Δία.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

750 εἰ δ' ἐκλιπὼν τὸν ὄρκον ἀδικοίης ἐμέ ;

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἄνοστος εἶην· τί δὲ σύ, μὴ σώσασά με ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μήποτε κατ' Ἄργος ζῶσ' ἵχνος θείην ποδός.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἄκουε δὴ νυν ὃν παρήλθομεν λόγον

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' οὔτις ἔστ' ἄκαιρος, ἣν καλῶς ἔχη.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ

ἐξαίρετόν μοι δὸς τόδ', ἣν τι ναῦς πάθῃ,
χὴ δέλτος ἐν κλύδωνι χρημάτων μέτα
ἀφανὴς γένηται, σῶμα δ' ἐκσώσω μόνον,
τὸν ὄρκον εἶναι τόνδε μηκέτ' ἔμπεδον.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

I will persuade him, yea, embark thy friend

ORESTES (*to PYLADES*)

Swear thou —and thou a sacred oath dictate

IPHIGENEIA

Say thou wilt give this tablet to my friends

PYLADES

I to thy friends will render up this script

IPHIGENEIA

And through the Dark Rocks will I send thee safe

PYLADES

What God dost take to witness this thine oath ?

IPHIGENEIA

Artemis, in whose fane I hold mine office

PYLADES

And I by Heaven's King, revered Zeus

IPHIGENEIA

What if thou fail thine oath, and do me wrong ? 750

PYLADES

May I return not If *thou* save me not ?—

IPHIGENEIA

Alive in Argos may I ne'er set foot

PYLADES

Hear now a matter overlooked of us

IPHIGENEIA

Not yet is this too late, so it be fair

PYLADES

This clearance grant me—if the ship be wrecked,

And in the sea-surge with the lading sink

The letter, and my life alone I save,

That then of this mine oath shall I be clear

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

760 ἄλλ' οἷσθ' ὃ δράσω ; πολλὰ γὰρ πολλῶν κυρεῖ·
τάνύντα κάγγεγραμμέν' ἐν δέλτου πτυχαῖς
λόγῳ φράσω σοι πάντ' ἀναγγεῖλαι φίλοις
ἐν ἀσφαλεῖ γάρ· ἦν μὲν ἐκσώσης γραφήν,
αὐτὴ φράσει σιγῶσα τὰγγεγραμμένα
ἦν δ' ἐν θαλάσῃ γράμματ' ἀφανισθῇ τάδε,
τὸ σῶμα σώσας τοὺς λόγους σώσεις ἐμοί

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

καλῶς ἔλεξας τῶν τε σῶν ἐμοῦ θ' ὕπερ
σήμαινε δ' ᾧ χρὴ τάσδ' ἐπιστολὰς φέρειν
πρὸς Ἄργος, ὃ τι τε χρὴ κλύουντά σου λέγειν

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

770 ἄγγελλ' Ὀρέστη, παιδὶ τὰγαμέμνονος·
ἡ 'ν Αὐλίδι σφαγεῖς' ἐπιστέλλει τάδε
ζῶσ' Ἰφιγένεια, τοῖς ἐκεῖ δ' οὐ ζῶσ' ἔτι

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ποῦ δ' ἔστ' ἐκείνη , καθθανοῦς' ἦκει πάλιν ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἥδ' ἦν ὁρᾶς σύ μὴ λόγοις ἐκπλησέ με.
κόμισαί μ' ἐς Ἄργος, ᾧ σύναιμε, πρὶν θανεῖν
ἐκ βαρβάρου γῆς καὶ μετὰστησον θεᾶς
σφαγίων, ἐφ' οἷσι ξενοφόνους τιμὰς ἔχω.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Πυλάδην, τί λέξω ; ποῦ ποτ' ὄνθ' ἠυρήμεθα ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἡ σοῖς ἀραῖα δώμασιν γενήσομαι,
'Ορέσθ', ἔν' αὐθις ὄνομα δις κλύων μάθης

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὦ θεοί.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

780 τί τοὺς θεοὺς ἀνακαλεῖς ἐν τοῖς ἐμοῖς ;

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

"For every chance have some device"—hear mine —
All that is written in the letter's folds 760
My tongue shall say, that thou mayst tell my friends
So is all safe . if thou lose not the script,
Itself shall voiceless tell its written tale
But if this writing in the sea be lost,
Then thy life saved shall save my words for me

PYLADES

Well hast thou said, both for thy need, and me
Now say to whom this letter I must bear
To Argos, and from thee what message speak

IPHIGENEIA

Say to Orestes, Agamemnon's son—
" *This Iphigeneia, slain in Aulis, sends,* 770
Who liveth, yet for those at home lives not—"

ORESTES

Where is she ? Hath she risen from the dead ?

IPHIGENEIA

She whom thou seest—confuse me not with speech .—
" *Bear me to Argos, brother, ere I die*
From this wild land, these sacrifices, save,
Wherein mine office is to slay the stranger , "—

ORESTES

What shall I say ?—Now dream we, Pylades ?

IPHIGENEIA

" *Else to thine house will I become a curse,*
Orestes "—so, twice heard, hold fast the name

ORESTES

Gods !

IPHIGENEIA

Why in *mine* affairs invoke the Gods ? 780

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐδέν· πέραινε δ' ἐξέβην γὰρ ἄλλοσε
τάχ' οὖν ἐρωτῶν σ' εἰς ἄπιστ' ἀφίξομαι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

λέγ' οὔνεκ' ἔλαφον ἀντιδοῦσά μου θεὰ
Ἄρτεμις ἔσωσέ μ', ἣν ἔθυσ' ἐμὸς πατήρ,
δοκῶν ἐς ἡμᾶς ὄξυ φάσγανον βαλεῖν,
εἰς τήνδε δ' ὄκισ' αἶαν αἶδ' ἐπιστολαί,
τάδ' ἐστὶ τὰν δέλτοισιν ἐγγεγραμμένα

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

ὦ ῥαδίους ὅρκοισι περιβαλοῦσά με,
790 κάλλιστα δ' ὁμόσας, οὐ πολὺν σχήσω χρόνον,
τὸν δ' ὅρκον ὃν κατώμοσ' ἐμπεδώσομεν
ἰδού, φέρω σοι δέλτον ἀποδίδωμί τε,
Ὅρέστα, τῆσδε σῆς κασιγνήτης πάρα

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δέχομαι παρεῖς δὲ γραμμάτων διαπτυχάς,
τὴν ἡδονὴν πρῶτ' οὐ λόγοις αἰρήσομαι
ὦ φιλτάτη μοι σύγγον', ἐκπεπληγμένος
ὅμως σ' ἀπίστω περιβαλὼν βραχίονι
εἰς τέρψιν εἶμι, πυθόμενος θαυμάσθ' ἐμοί

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ξεῖν', οὐ δικαίως τῆς θεοῦ τὴν πρόσπολον
χραίνεις ἀθίκτοις περιβαλὼν πέπλοις χέρα

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

800 ὦ συγκασιγνήτη τε καὶ ταῦτοῦ πατρὸς
Ἄγαμέμνονος γεγῶσα, μή μ' ἀποστρέφου,
ἔχουσ' ἀδελφόν, οὐ δοκοῦσ' ἔξειν ποτέ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐγὼ σ' ἀδελφὸν τὸν ἐμόν, οὐ παύσει λέγων,
τὸ δ' Ἄργος αὐτοῦ μεστὸν ἦ τε Ναυπλία

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES

'Tis nought say on my thoughts had wandered far
(*Aside*) One question may resolve this miracle

IPHIGENEIA

Say—" *Artemis in my place laid a hand,
And saved me,—thus my father sacrificed,
Deeming he plunged the keen blade into me,—
And made me dwell here* " This the letter is,
And in the tablets this is what is writ

PYLADES

O thou who hast bound me by an easy oath—
Hast faully sworn !—I will not tarry long
To ratify the oath that I have sworn
This tablet, lo, to thee I bear, and give,
Orestes, from thy sister, yonder maid

790

ORESTES

This I receive —I let its folds abide—
First will I seize a rapture not in words —
Dear sister mine, albeit wonder-struck,
With scarce-believing arm I fold thee round,
And taste delight, who hear things marvellous !

[*Embraces* IPHIGENEIA

CHORUS

Stranger, thou sinn'st, polluting Artemis' priestess,
Casting about her sacred robes thine arm !

ORESTES

O sister mine, of Agamemnon sprung,
One sire with me, turn not away from me,
Who hast thy brother, past expectancy !

800

IPHIGENEIA

I ?—thee ?—my brother ?—wilt not hold thy peace ?
In Argos and in Nauplia great is he.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἔστ' ἐκεῖ σός, ὦ τάλαινα, σύγγονος

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀλλ' ἡ Λάκαινα Τυνδαρίς σ' ἐγείνατο ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Πέλοπός γε παιδὶ παιδός, οὐ 'κπέφυκ' ἐγώ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί φῆς , ἔχεις τι τῶνδ' ἐμοὶ τεκμήριον ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔχω πατρῶων ἐκ δόμων τι πυνθάνου.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

810 οὐκοῦν λέγειν μὲν χρή σέ, μανθάνειν δ' ἐμέ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λέγοιμ' ἂν ἀκοῇ πρῶτον Ἡλέκτρας τάδε
'Ατρέως Θυέστου τ' οἶσθα γενομένην ἔριν ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἤκουσα, χρυσῆς ἀρνὸς οὐνεκ' ἦν πέρι.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ταῦτ' οὖν ὑφήνασ' οἶσθ' ἐν εὐπήνοις ὑφαῖς ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ φίλτατ', ἐγγὺς τῶν ἐμῶν κάμπτεις φρενῶν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

εἰκὼ τ' ἐν ἱστοῖς ἡλίου μετάστασιν ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὑφῆνα καὶ τόδ' εἶδος εὐμίτοις πλοκαῖς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

καὶ λούτρ' ἐς Αὔλιν μητρὸς ἀνεδέξω πάρα ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οἶδ'· οὐ γὰρ ὁ γάμος ἐσθλὸς ὢν μ' ἀφείλετο.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES

Not there, unhappy one, thy brother is

IPHIGENEIA

Did Tyndareus' Spartan daughter bear thee then ?

ORESTES

To Pelops' son's son, of whose loins I sprang

IPHIGENEIA

What say'st thou ?—hast thou proof hereof for me ?

ORESTES

I have Ask somewhat of our father's home

IPHIGENEIA

Now nay, 'tis thou must speak, 'tis I must learn 810

ORESTES

First will I name this—from Electra heard—
Know'st thou of Atreus' and Thyestes' feud ?

IPHIGENEIA

I heard, how of a golden lamb it came

ORESTES

This brodered in thy web rememberest thou ?

IPHIGENEIA

Dearest, thy chariot-wheels roll nigh my heart !

ORESTES

And pictured in thy loom, the sun turned back ?

IPHIGENEIA

This too I wrought with fine-spun broderery-threads

ORESTES

Bath-water at Aulis hadst thou from thy mother ?¹—

IPHIGENEIA

I know—that bridal's bliss stole not remembrance

¹ Ritual required the bride to bathe on her wedding morning in water from the sacred spring of her native town

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

820 τί γάρ, κόμας σὰς μητρὶ δούσα σῇ φέρειν ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μνημεῖά γ' ἀντὶ σώματος τοῦμοῦ τάφῳ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἂ δ' εἶδον αὐτός, τάδε φράσω τεκμήρια
Πέλοπος παλαιὰν ἐν δόμοις λόγχην πατρός,
ἣν χερσὶ πάλλων παρθένον Πισάτιδα
ἐκτήσαθ' Ἴπποδάμειαν, Οἰνόμαον κτανών,
ἐν παρθενῶσι τοῖσι σοῖς κεκρυμμένην

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ φίλτατ', οὐδὲν ἄλλο, φίλτατος γὰρ εἶ,
ἔχω σ', Ὀρέστα, τηλύγετον
χθονὸς ἀπὸ πατρίδος

830 Ἀργόθεν, ὦ φίλος

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κἀγὼ σε τὴν θανούσαν, ὥς δοξάζεται.
κατὰ δὲ δάκρυ' ἀδάκρυα, κατὰ δὲ γόος ἅμα χαρὰ
τὸ σὸν νοτίζει βλέφαρον, ὡσαύτως δ' ἐμόν

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τότ' ἔτι βρέφος ἔλιπον ἔλιπον ἀγκάλαις
σὲ νεαρὸν τροφῷ νεαρὸν ἐν δόμοις
ὦ κρεῖσσον ἢ λόγοισιν εὐτυχοῦσά μου

840 ψυχὰ τί φῶ, θαυμάτων πέρα καὶ λόγου
πρόσω τάδ' ἐπέβα

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τὸ λοιπὸν εὐτυχοῖμεν ἀλλήλων μέτα

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἄτοπον ἡδονὰν ἔλαβον, ὦ φίλαι
δέδοικα δ' ἐκ χερῶν με μὴ πρὸς αἰθέρα
ἀμπτάμενος φύγῃ

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ORESTES

Again—thine han unto thy mother sent ? 820

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, a grave-token in my body's stead

ORESTES

What myself saw, these will I name for proofs
In our sire's halls was Pelops' ancient spear,
Swayed in his hands when Pisa's maid he won,
Hippodameia, and slew Oenomaus
Hidden it was within thy maiden bower

IPHIGENEIA

Dearest !—nought else, for thou art passing dear !—

Orestes, best-beloved, I clasp thee now,
Far from thy fatherland, from Argos, here,
O love, art thou ! 830

ORESTES

And thee I clasp—the dead, as all men thought !
Tears—that are no tears,—ecstasy blent with moan,
Make happy mist in thine eyes as in mine

IPHIGENEIA

That day in the arms of thy nurse did I leave thee a
babe, did I leave thee, [wast thou !
A little one—ah, such a little one then in our palace
O, a fortune too blissful for words doth receive thee,
my soul, doth receive thee !

What can I say ?—for, transcending all marvels, of
speech they bereave me, 840
The things that have come on us now !

ORESTES

Hereafter side by side may we be blest !

IPHIGENEIA

O friends, I am thrilled with a strange delight -
Yet I fear lest out of mine arms to the height
Of the heaven he may wing his flight

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ὦ Κυκλωπίδες ἐστίαι, ὦ πατρίς,
Μυκῆνα φίλα,
χάριν ἔχω ζῶας, χάριν ἔχω τροφᾶς,
ὅτι μοι συνομαίμονα
τόνδε δόμοισιν ἐξεθρέψω φάος

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

850 γένει μὲν εὐτυχοῦμεν, εἰς δὲ συμφοράς,
ὦ σύγγον', ἡμῶν δυστυχῆς ἔφυ βίος

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐγὼ μέλεος οἶδ', ὅτε φάσγανον
δέρα θῆκέ μοι μελεόφρων πατήρ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οἴμοι. δοκῶ γὰρ οὐ παρών σ' ὄρᾶν ἐκεῖ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

860 ἀνυμέναιος, ὦ σύγγον', Ἀχιλλέως
εἰς κλισίαν λέκτρων
δόλι' ὅτ' ἀγόμεαν
παρὰ δὲ βωμόν ἦν δάκρυα καὶ γόοι
φεῦ φεῦ χερνίβων τῶν ἐκεῖ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ᾧμωξα κάγὼν τόλμαν ἦν ἔτλη πατήρ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

867 ἀπάτορ' ἀπάτορα πότμον ἔλαχον.
ἄλλα δ' ἐξ ἄλλων κυρεῖ
δαίμονος τύχα τινός.¹

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

866 εἰ σὸν γ' ἀδελφόν, ὦ τάλαιν', ἀπώλεσας

¹ Monk's arrangement adopted

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

O hearths Cyclopean, O fatherland
Mycenae the dear,
For the gift of his life thanks, thanks for thy fostering
hand,
For that erst thou didst rear
My brother, a light of defence in our halls to stand

ORESTES

Touching our birth blest are we, but our life, 850
My sister, in its fortunes was unblest

IPHIGENEIA

I know it, alas ! who remember the blade
To my throat by my wretched father laid—

ORESTES

Woe's me ! though far, I seem to see thee there !

IPHIGENEIA

When by guile I was thitherward drawn, the bride,
As they feigned, whom Hero Achilles should wed !
But the marriage-chant rang not the altar beside,
But tears streamed, voices of wailing cried , 860
Woe, woe for the lustral-drops there shed !

ORESTES

I wail, I too, the deed my father dared

IPHIGENEIA

An unfatherly father by doom was allotted to me ,
And ills out of ills rise ceaselessly
By a God's decree !

ORESTES

Ah, hadst thou slain thy brother, hapless one !

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

- 870 ὦ μελέα δεινᾶς τόλμας. δέιν' ἔτλαν
 δέιν' ἔτλαν, ὦ μοι σύγγονε παρὰ δ' ὀλίγον
 ἀπέφυγες ὄλεθρον ἀνόσιον ἐξ ἐμῶν
 δαιχθεῖς χερῶν.
 ἂ δ' ἐπ' αὐτοῖς τίς τελευτά;
 τίς τύχα μοι συγκυρήσει,
 τίνα σοι πόρον εὐρομένα
 πάλιν ἀπὸ πύλεως, ἀπὸ φόνου πέμψω
 πατρίδ' ἐς Ἀργεῖαν,
 880 πρὶν ἐπὶ ξίφος αἵματι σφῆ
 πελάσαι, τόδε σόν, ὦ μελέα ψυχά,
 χρέος ἀνευρίσκειν
 πότερον κατὰ χέρσον, οὐχὶ ναί,
 ἀλλὰ ποδῶν ῥιπῇ
 θανάτῳ πελάσεις ἀνὰ βάρβαρα φύλα
 καὶ δι' ὁδοὺς ἀνόδους στείχων, διὰ κυανέας μῆν
 890 στενοπόρου πέτρας μακρὰ κέλευθα να-
 ῖοισιν δρασμοῖς
 τάλαινα, τάλαινα
 τίς ἄρ' οὖν, τάλαν, ἧ θεὸς ἧ βροτὸς ἧ
 τί τῶν ἀδοκῆτων
 πόρον εὐπορον¹ ἐξανύσει,
 δυοῖν τοῖν μόνοιν Ἀτρεΐδαιν
 κακῶν ἔκλυσιν,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- 900 ἐν τοῖσι θαυμαστοῖσι καὶ μύθων πέρα
 τάδ' εἶδον αὐτὴ κοῦ κλύουσ' ἀπ' ἀγγελῶν.²

¹ Hermann for MSS ἄπορον ² Hermann for MSS ἀπαγγελῶ

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

Woe for my crime ! I took in hand a deed
 Of horror, brother ! Scant escape was thine 870
 From god-accursed destruction, even to bleed
 By mine hand, mine !

Yea, now what end to all this doth remain ?
 What shrouded fate shall yet encounter me ?
 By what device from this land home again
 Shall I speed thee

From slaughter, and to Argos bid depart, .
 Or ever with thy blood incarnadined 880
 The sword be ? 'Tis thy task, O wretched heart,
 The means to find

What, without ship, far over land wouldst fly
 With feet swift-winged with terror and despair,
 Through wild tribes, pathless ways, aye drawing nigh
 Death ambushed there ?

Yet, through the Dark-blue Rocks, the straight sea-
 portal,
 A long course must the bark that bears thee run 890
 O hapless, hapless I ! What God or mortal,
 O hapless one,

Or what strange help transcending expectation
 Shall to us twain, of Atreus' seed the last,
 Bring far deliverance, bring from ills salvation,—
 From ills overpast !

CHORUS

Marvel of marvels, passing fabled lore, 900
 Myself have seen, none telleth me the tale

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΠΤΛΑΔΗΣ

τὸ μὲν φίλους ἐλθόντας εἰς ὄψιν φίλων,
'Ορέστα, χειρῶν περιβολὰς εἰκὺς λαβεῖν·
λήξαντα δ' οἴκτων κἄπ' ἐκεῖν' ἐλθεῖν χρεών,
ὅπως τὸ κλεινὸν ὄνομα τῆς σωτηρίας
λαβόντες ἐκ γῆς βησόμεσθα βαρβάρου
σοφῶν γὰρ ἀνδρῶν ταῦτα, μὴ 'κβάντας τύχης,
καιρὸν λαβόντας, ἡδονὰς ἄλλας λαβεῖν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

910 καλῶς ἔλεξας· τῇ τύχῃ δ' οἶμαι μέλειν
τοῦδε ξὺν ἡμῖν ἣν δέ τις πρόθυμος ᾗ,
σθένειν τὸ θεῖον μᾶλλον εἰκότως ἔχει

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐ μὴ μ' ἐπίσχυς¹ οὐδ' ἀποστήσεις λόγου
πρῶτον πυθέσθαι τίνα ποτ' Ἠλέκτρα πότμον
εἴληχε βιότου· φίλα γάρ ἐστι² πάντ' ἐμοί.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τῷδε ξυνοικεῖ βίον ἔχουσ' εὐδαίμονα.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὗτος δὲ ποδαπὸς καὶ τίνος πέφυκε παῖς ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Στρόφιος ὁ Φωκεὺς τοῦδε κλήζεται πατήρ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὅδ' ἐστὶ γ' Ἀτρέως θυγατρός, ὁμογενὴς ἐμός ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀνεψιός γε, μόνος ἐμοὶ σαφῆς φίλος

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

920 οὐκ ἦν τόθ' οὗτος ὅτε πατήρ ἔκτεινέ με

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ ἦν· χρόνον γὰρ Στρόφιος ἦν ἄπαις τινά.

¹ Monk for οὐδὲν μ' ἐπίσχει γ' οὐδ' ἀποστήσει of MSS.

² Seidler for ἔσται of MSS

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

PYLADES

Orestes, well may fiends which meet the gaze
Of friends, enfold them in the clasp of love
Yet must we cease from moan, and look to this,
In what wise winning glorious safety's name
Forth from the land barbaric we may fare
For wise men take occasion by the hand,
And let not fortune slip for pleasure's lure

ORESTES

Well say'st thou yet will fortune work, I trow,
Heiein with us But toil of strenuous hands 910
Still doubles the God's power to render aid

IPHIGENEIA

Thou shalt not stay me, neither turn aside
From asking of Electra first—her lot
In life all touching her is dear to me

ORESTES

Wedded to this man (*pointing to PYLADES*) happy life
she hath

IPHIGENEIA

And he—what land is his?—his father, who?

ORESTES

Strophius the Phocian is his father's name

IPHIGENEIA

Ha! Atreus' daughter's son, of kin to me?

ORESTES

Thy cousin is he, and my one true friend

IPHIGENEIA

He was unborn when my sire sought my death 920

ORESTES

Unborn, for long time childless Strophius was

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

χαῖρ' ὦ πόσις μοι τῆς ἐμῆς ὁμοσπόρου.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κἄμός γε σωτήρ, οὐχὶ συγγενῆς μόνον

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τὰ δεινὰ δ' ἔργα πῶς ἔτλης μητρὸς πέρι ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σιγῶμεν αὐτὰ πατρὶ τιμωρῶν ἐμῷ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἦ δ' αἰτία τίς ἀγθ' ὅτου κτείνει πόσιν ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔα τὰ μητρός οὐδὲ σοὶ κλύειν καλόν

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σιγῶ· τὸ δ' Ἄργος πρὸς σέ νῦν ἀποβλέπει ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Μενέλαος ἄρχει· φυγάδες ἐσμὲν ἐκ πάτρας

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

930 οὗ που νοσοῦντας θεῖος ὕβρισεν δόμους ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οὐκ, ἀλλ' Ἑρινύων δειμὰ μ' ἐκβύλλει χθονός

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ταῦτ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἡκταῖς κἄνθ' ἡγγέλθης μανεῖς ;

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ᾤφθημεν οὐ νῦν πρῶτον ὄντες ἄθλιοι

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἔγνωκα, μητρός σ' εἵνεκ' ἡλάστρουν θεαί

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ὥσθ' αἵματηρὰ στόμ' ἐπεμβαλεῖν ἐμοί.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί γάρ ποτ' εἰς γῆν τήνδ' ἐπόρθμευσας πόδα ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Φοῖβον κελευσθεῖς θεσφάτοις ἀφικόμην.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

O husband of my sister, hail to thee !

ORESTES

Yea, and my saviour, not my kin alone

IPHIGENEIA

How could'st thou dare that dread deed on our mother ?

ORESTES

Speak we not of it !—to avenge my sire

IPHIGENEIA

And what the cause for which she slew her lord ?

ORESTES

Let be my mother 'twould pollute thine ears

IPHIGENEIA

I am silent Looketh Argos now to thee ?

ORESTES

Menelaus rules I am exiled from the land

IPHIGENEIA

Our uncle—*he* insult our stricken house !

ORESTES

Nay, but the Ennyes' terror drives me forth.

IPHIGENEIA

Thence told they of thy fiend on yon shore

ORESTES

Not now first was my misery made a show

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, for my mother's sake fiends haunted thee—

ORESTES

To thrust a bloody biddle in my mouth

IPHIGENEIA

Wherefore to this land didst thou steel thy foot ?

ORESTES

Bidden of Phoebus' oracle I came

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τί χρῆμα δράσων , ῥητὸν ἢ σιγώμενον ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

- 940 λέγοιμ' ἄν ἀρχαὶ δ' αἶδε μοι πολλῶν πόνων.
ἐπεὶ τὰ μητρός ταῦθ' ἂ σιγῶμεν κακὰ
εἰς χεῖρας ἦλθε, μεταδρομαῖς Ἑρινύων
ἡλαυνόμεσθα φυγάδες, ἔστ' ἐμὸν πόδα
εἰς τὰς Ἀθήνας δῆτ' ἔπεμψε Λοξίας,
δίκην παρασχεῖν ταῖς ἀωνύμοις θεαῖς.
ἔστιν γὰρ ὅσια ψῆφος, ἣν Ἄρει ποτὲ
Ζεὺς εἶσατ' ἐκ τοῦ δὴ χερῶν μιάσματος.
ἐλθὼν δ' ἐκεῖσε, πρῶτα μὲν μ' οὐδεὶς ξένων
ἐκῶν ἐδέξαθ', ὥς θεοῖς στυγούμενον
οἱ δ' ἔσχον αἰδῶ, ξένια μονοτράπεζά μοι
950 παρέσχον, οἴκων ὄντες ἐν ταύτῳ στέγει,
σιγῇ δ' ἐτεκτήναντ' ἀπόφθεγκτον μ', ὅπως
δαιτὸς γενοίμην πώματός τ' αὐτῶν δίχα,
εἰς δ' ἄγγος ἴδιον ἴσον ἅπασι βακχίου
μέτρημα πληρώσαντες εἶχον ἡδονὴν
καὶ γὰρ ἑλεέγξαι μὲν ξένους οὐκ ἡξίου,
ἡλγουν δὲ σιγῇ καδόκουσιν οὐκ εἰδέναι,
μέγα στενάζων, οὐνεκ' ἡ μητρὸς φονεύς
κλύω δ' Ἀθηναίοισι τὰ μὰ δυστυχῇ
τελετὴν γενέσθαι, καὶ τὸν νόμον μένειν,
960 χοῆρες ἄγγος Παλλάδος τιμᾶν λεῶν
ὥς δ' εἰς Ἄρειον ὄχθον ἦκον, ἐς δίκην
ἔστην, ἐγὼ μὲν θάτερον λαβὼν βάθρον,
τὸ δ' ἄλλο πρέσβειρ' ἤπερ ἦν Ἑρινύων
εἰπὼν δ' ἀκούσας θ' αἵματος μητρός πέρι,
Φοῖβός μ' ἔσωσε μαρτυρῶν ἴσας δέ μοι
ψήφους διερρύθμιζε Παλλὰς ὠλένη
νικῶν δ' ἀπήρα φόνια πειρατήρια

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

With what intent ? May this be told or no ?

ORESTES

Nay, I will tell all Thus began my woes
Soon as my mother's sin, that nameless sin, 940
Had been by mine hands punished, chasing fiends
Drove me to exile, until Loxias
Guided my feet to Athens at the last,
To make atonement to the Nameless Ones,
For there is a tribunal, erst ordained
Of Zeus, to cleanse the War-god's blood-stained
hands

Thither I came, but no bond-friend at first
Would welcome me, as one abhorred of heaven
Some pitied, yet my guest-fare set they out
On a several table, 'neath the selfsame roof, 950
Yet from all converse by their silence banned me,
So from their meat and drink to hold me apart,
And, filling for each man his private cup,
All equal, had their pleasure of the wine
I took not on me to arraign mine hosts,
But, as who marked it not, in silence grieved,
With bitter sighs the mother-slayer grieved
Now are my woes to Athens made, I hear,
A festival, and yet the custom lives
That Pallas' people keep the Feast of Cups 960

And when to Ares' mount I came to face
My trial, I upon this platform stood,
And the Erinyes' eldest upon that
Then, of my mother's blood arraigned, I spake,
And Phoebus' witness saved me Pallas told
The votes her arm swept half apart for me
So was I victor in the murder-trial

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

970 ὅσαι μὲν οὖν ἔζοντο πεισθεῖσαι δίκη,
 ψῆφον παρ' αὐτὴν ἱερὸν ὠρίσαντ' ἔχειν
 ὅσαι δ' Ἐρινύων οὐκ ἐπέισθησαν νόμῳ,
 δρόμοις ἀνιδρύτοισιν ἡλάστρουν μ' αἶε,
 ἕως ἐς ἀγνὸν ἦλθον αὖ Φοῖβον πέδον,
 καὶ πρόσθεν ἀδύτων ἐκταθείς, νῆστις βορᾶς,
 ἐπώμοσ' αὐτοῦ βίον ἀπορρήξειν θανών,
 εἰ μὴ με σώσει Φοῖβος, ὅς μ' ἀπώλεσεν.
 ἐντεῦθεν αὐδὴν τρίποδος ἐκ χρυσοῦ λακῶν
 Φοῖβός μ' ἔπεμψε δεῦρο, διοπετὲς λαβεῖν
 ἄγαλμ' Ἀθηνῶν τ' ἐγκαθιδρύσαι χθονί.
 980 ἀλλ' ἦνπερ ἡμῖν ὥρισεν σωτηρίαν,
 σύμπραξον ἦν γὰρ θεᾶς κατὰσχωμεν βρέτας,
 μανιῶν τε λήξω καὶ σὲ πολυκώπῳ σκάφει
 στείλας Μυκῆναις ἐγκαταστήσω πάλιν.
 ἀλλ', ὦ φιληθείς', ὦ κασίγνητον κᾶρα,
 σῶσον πατρῷον οἶκον, ἔκσωσον δ' ἐμέ
 ὥς τᾶμ' ὄλωλε πάντα καὶ τὰ Πελοπιδῶν,
 οὐράνιον εἰ μὴ ληψόμεσθα θεᾶς βρέτας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὴ τις ὀργὴ δαιμόνων ἐπέζεσε
 τὸ Ταντάλειον σπέρμα διὰ πόνων τ' ἄγει.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

990 τὸ μὲν πρόθυμον, πρὶν σε δεῦρ' ἐλθεῖν, ἔχω
 Ἄργει γενέσθαι καὶ σέ, σύγγον', εἰσιδεῖν
 θέλω δ' ἄπερ σύ, σέ τε μεταστῆσαι πόνων
 νοσοῦντά τ' οἶκον, οὐχὶ τῷ κτανόντι με
 θυμουμένη, πατρῷον ὀρθῶσαι πάλιν
 σφαγῆς τε γὰρ σῆς χεῖρ' ἀπαλλάξαιμεν ἄν
 σώσαιμί τ' οἴκους τὴν θεὸν δὲ πῶς λάθω,
 δέδοικα καὶ τύραννον, ἥνικ' ἄν κενὰς
 κρηπῖδας εὖρη λαῖνας ἀγάλαματος.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

They which consented to the judgment, chose
Nigh the tribunal for themselves a shrine
But of the Erinyes some consented not, 970
And hounded me with homeless chasings aye,
Until, to Phoebus' hallowed soil returned,
Fasting before his shine I cast me down,
And swore to snap my life-thread, dying there,
Except Apollo saved me, who destroyed
Then from the golden tripod Phoebus' voice
Pealed, hither sending me to take the image
Heaven-fall'n, and set it up in Attica
Now to this safety thus ordained of him
Help thou - for, so the image be but won, 980
My madness shall have end - thee will I speed
Back to Mycenae in a swift-oared ship
O well beloved one, O sister mine,
Save thou our father's house, deliver me
For Pelops' line and I are all undone
Except I win that image fall'n from heaven

CHORUS

Dread wrath of Gods hath buist upon the seed
Of Tantalus, and on through travail dives

IPHIGENEIA

Earnest my longing, ere thou camest, was
To stand in Argos, brother, and see thee 990
Thy will is mine, to set thee free from woes,
And to restore my father's stricken house,
Nursing no wrath against my murderer
So of thy slaughter shall mine hands be clean,
And I shall save our house - Yet how elude
The Goddess? And I fear the king, when he
Void of its statue finds that pedestal

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

1000 πῶς οὐ θανοῦμαι, τίς δ' ἔνεστί μοι λόγος;
 ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν ἔν τι τοῦθ' ὁμοῦ γενήσεται,
 ἄγαλμά τ' οἴσεις καὶ μ' ἐπ' εὐπρύμνου νεῶς
 ἄξεις, τὸ κινδύνευμα γίγνεται καλόν
 τούτου δὲ χωρισθεῖς· ἐγὼ μὲν ὄλλυμαι,
 σὺ δ' ἂν τὸ σαυτοῦ θέμενος εὔ νόστου τύχοις
 οὐ μὴν ~~π~~ φεύγω γ', οὐδέ μ' εἰ θανεῖν χρεῶν,
 σώσασά σ' οὐ γὰρ ἀλλ' ἀνὴρ μὲν ἐκ δόμων
 θανὼν ποθεινός, τὰ δὲ γυναικὸς ἀσθενῇ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1010 οὐκ ἂν γενοίμην σοῦ τε καὶ μητρὸς φονεύς·
 αἷλις τὸ κείνης αἷμα· κοινόφρων δὲ σοὶ
 καὶ ζῆν θέλοιμ' ἂν καὶ θανὼν λαβεῖν ἴσον
 ἄξω δέ σ', ἥνπερ καὐτὸς ἐνταυθοῖ περῶ,¹
 πρὸς οἶκον, ἢ σοῦ κατθανὼν μενῶ μέτα.
 γνώμης δ' ἄκουσον· εἰ πρόσαντες ἦν τόδε
 Ἀρτέμιδι, πῶς ἂν Λοξίας ἐθέσπισε
 κομίσαι μ' ἄγαλμα θεᾶς πόλισμα Παλλάδος
 καὶ σὸν πρόσωπον εἰσιδεῖν; ἅπαντα γὰρ
 συνθεῖς τὰδ' εἰς ἓν νόστον ἐλπίζω λαβεῖν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πῶς οὖν γένοιτ' ἂν ὥστε μήθ' ἡμᾶς θανεῖν
 λαβεῖν θ' ἂ βουλόμεσθα, τῇδε γὰρ νοσεῖ
 νόστος πρὸς οἴκους ἥδε βούλευσις² πάρα

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1020 ἄρ' ἂν τύραννον διολέσαι δυναίμεθ' ἂν,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

δεινὸν τόδ' εἶπας, ξενοφονεῖν ἐπήλυδας

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἀλλ' εἰ σὲ σώσει καμέ, κινδυνευτέον.

¹ Hermann for MSS πέσω

² Markland for MSS ἡ δὲ βούλησις

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

How shall I not die ? What should be my plea ?
 But if both ends in one may be achieved—
 It, with the statue, on thy fau-prowed ship 1000
 Thou bear me hence, the peril well is braved
 If I attain not liberty, I die,
 Yet still mayst thou speed well, and win safe
 home

O then I flinch not, though my doom be death,
 So I save thee ! A man that from a house
 Dies, leaves a void . a woman matters not

ORESTES

My mother's slayer and thine I will not be !
 Suffice her blood With heart at one with thine
 Fain would I live, and dying share thy death
 Thee will I lead, if thither I may win, 1010
 Homeward, or dying here abide with thee
 Hear mine opinion—if this thing displease
 Artemis, how had Loxias bidden me
 To bear her statue unto Pallas' burg—
 Yea, see thy face ? So, setting side by side
 All these, I hope to win safe home-return

IPHIGENEIA

How may we both escape death, and withal
 Bear off that prize ? Imperilled most herein
 Our home-return is —this must we debate

ORESTES

Haply might we prevail to slay the king ? 1020

IPHIGENEIA

Foul deed were this, that strangers slay their host

ORESTES

Yet must we venture—for thy life and mine

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐκ ἂν δυναίμην, τὸ δὲ πρόθυμον ἦνεσα

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δ', εἴ με ναῶ τῷδε κρύψειας λάθρα ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὥς δὴ σκότον λαβόντες ἐκσωθεῖμεν ἄν ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κλεπτῶν γὰρ ἡ νύξ, τῆς δ' ἰληθείας τὸ φῶς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἴς' ἔνδον ἱεροῦ φύλακες, οὓς οὐ λήσομεν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

οἴμοι, διεφθάρμεσθα πῶς σωθεῖμεν ἄν ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἔχειν δοκῶ μοι καινὸν ἐξεύρημά τι

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1030

ποῖόν τι , δόξης μετάδος, ὥς καὶ γὰρ μάθω.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ταῖς σαῖς ἀνίαις χρήσομαι σοφίσμασιν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

δειναὶ γὰρ αἱ γυναῖκες εὐρίσκειν τέχνας.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

φονέα σε φήσω μητρὸς ἐξ Ἀργούς μολεῖν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

χρῆσαι κακοῖσι τοῖς ἐμοῖς, εἰ κερδανεῖς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὥς οὐ θέμις σε λέξομεν θύειν θεᾷ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τίν' αἰτίαν ἔχουσ' ; ὑποπτεύω τι γάρ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐ καθαρὸν ὄντα, τὸ δ' ὄσιον δώσω φόνῳ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τί δῆτα μᾶλλον θεᾶς ἄγαλμ' ἰλίσκεται ;

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

I could not Yet thine eager heart I praise

ORESTES

How if thou privily hide me in yon fane ?

IPHIGENEIA

By favour of the darkness to escape ?

ORESTES

Yea, night is leagued with theft · the light for truth

IPHIGENEIA

Within the fane be guards · no baffling them

ORESTES

Alas ! we are undone How can we 'scape ?

IPHIGENEIA

Methinks I have a yet untied device

ORESTES

Ha, what ? Impart thy thought, that I may know 1030

IPHIGENEIA

Thy misery will I turn to cunning use

ORESTES

Women be shrewd to seek inventions out !

IPHIGENEIA

A matricide from Argos will I name thee,—

ORESTES

Use my misfortunes, if it serve thine end

IPHIGENEIA

Unmeet for sacrifice to Artemis,—

ORESTES

Pleading what cause ?—for somewhat I surmise

IPHIGENEIA

As one unclean The pure alone I slay

ORESTES

Yet how the more hereby is the image won ?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πόντου σε πηγαῖς ἀγνίσαι βουλήσομαι,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1040 ἔτ' ἐν δόμοισι βρέτας, ἐφ' ᾧ πεπλεύκαμεν

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

κάκεινο νίψαι, σοῦ θιγόντος ὥς, ἐρῶ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ποῖ δῆτα ; πόντου νοτερὸν εἶπας ἔκβολον ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐ ναῦς χαλινοῖς λινοδέτοις ὀρμεῖ σέθεν

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σὺ δ' ἢ τις ἄλλος ἐν χεροῖν οἴσει βρέτας ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐγώ· θιγεῖν γὰρ ὅσιόν ἐστ' ἐμοὶ μόνῃ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Πυλάδης δ' ὅδ' ἡμῖν ποῦ τετάσσεται φόνου ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ταῦτ' ἐν χεροῖν σοὶ λέσσεται μίασμ' ἔχων

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

λάβρα δ' ἄνακτος ἢ εἰδότος δράσεις τάδε ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πείσασα μύθοις· οὐ γὰρ ἂν λάθοιμί γε.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1050 καὶ μὴν νεῶς γε πίτυλος εὐήρης πάρα

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σοὶ δὲ μέλειν χρή τ' ἄλλ' ὅπως ἔξει καλῶς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἐνὸς μόνου δεῖ, τάσδε συγκρῦναι τάδε.

ἄλλ' ἀντίαζε καὶ λόγους πειστηρίους

εὕρισκ'· ἔχει τοι δύναμιν εἰς οἶκτον γυνή.

τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἴσως ἂν πάντα συμβαίη καλῶς.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

I'll say that I would cleanse thee in sea-springs,—

ORESTES

Still bides the statue there, for which we sailed 1040

IPHIGENEIA

That this too must I wash, as touched of thee

ORESTES

Where?—in yon creek where rains the blown sea-spray?

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, where thy ship hides moored with hempen curb

ORESTES

Will thine hands, or another's, bear the image?

IPHIGENEIA

Mine Sinlessly none toucheth it save me

ORESTES

And in this blood-guilt what is Pylades' part?

IPHIGENEIA

Stained even as thine his hands are, will I say

ORESTES

Hid from the king shall be thy deed, or known?

IPHIGENEIA

I must persuade whom I could not elude

ORESTES

Ready in any wise the oared ship is 1050

IPHIGENEIA

'Tis thine to see that all beside go well

ORESTES

One thing we lack, that yon maids hide all this.
Beseech them thou, and find persuasive words;
A woman's tongue hath pity-stirring might.—
Then may all else perchance have happy end

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὦ φίλταται γυναῖκες, εἰς ὑμᾶς βλέπω,
 καὶ τᾶμ' ἐν ὑμῖν ἐστὶν ἡ καλῶς ἔχειν
 ἡ μὴδὲν εἶναι καὶ στερηθῆναι πάτρας
 φίλου τ' ἀδελφοῦ φιλτάτης τε συγγόνου.
 1060 καὶ πρῶτα μὲν μοι τοῦ λόγου τάδ' ἀρχέτω
 γυναῖκές ἐσμεν, φιλόφρον ἀλλήλαις γένος,
 σῶζειν τε κοινὰ πράγματ' ἀσφαλέσταται
 σιγήσαθ' ἡμῖν καὶ συνεκπονήσατε
 φυγᾶς καλόν τοι γλῶσσ' ὅτῳ πιστῇ παρῇ
 ὁράτε δ' ὡς τρεῖς μία τύχη τοὺς φιλτάτους
 ἡ γῆς πατρώας νόστος ἡ θανεῖν ἔχει
 σωθεῖσα δ', ὡς ἂν καὶ σὺ κοινωνῆς τύχης,
 σῶσω σ' ἐς Ἑλλάδ' ἀλλὰ πρὸς σε δεξιᾶς,
 1070 σὲ καὶ σ' ἱκνούμαι, σὲ δὲ φίλης παρηίδος
 γονάτων τε καὶ τῶν ἐν δόμοισι φιλτάτων¹
 τί φατέ, τίς ὑμῶν φησιν, ἡ τίς οὐ θέλει,
 φθέγγασθε, ταῦτα; μὴ γὰρ αἰνουσῶν λόγους
 ὀλωλα κῆγὼ καὶ κασίγνητος τάλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θάρσει, φίλη δέσποινα, καὶ σῶζου μόνον
 ὡς ἔκ γ' ἐμοῦ σοι πάντα σιγηθήσεται,
 ἴστω μέγας Ζεὺς, ὦν ἐπισκῆπτεις πέρι

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ὄναισθε μύθων καὶ γένοισθ' εὐδαίμονες
 σὸν ἔργον ἤδη καὶ σὸν εἰσβαίνειν δόμους·
 1080 ὡς αὐτίχ' ἤξει τῆσδε κοίρανος χθονός,
 θυσίαν ἐλέγξων, εἰ κατείργασται, ξένων
 ὦ πότνι, ἥπερ μ' Αὐλίδος κατὰ πτυχὰς
 δεινῆς ἔσωσας ἐκ πατροκτόνου χερός,

¹ 1071, μητρὸς πατρός τε καὶ τέκνων ὅτῳ κυρεῖ, is rejected by Dindorf and others, as inconsistent with l 130.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

Damsels beloved, I raise mine eyes to you
Mine all is in your hands—for happiness,
O! ruin, and for loss of fatherland,
Of a dear brother, and a sister loved
Of mine appeal be this the starting-point— 1060
Women are we, each other's staunchest friends,
In keeping common counsel wholly loyal
Keep silence, help us to achieve our flight
A loyal tongue is its possessor's crown
Ye see three friends upon one hazard cast,
Or to win back to fatherland or die
If I escape,—that thou mayst share my fortune,—
Thee will I bring home Oh, by thy right hand
Thee I implore—and thee!—by thy sweet face
Thee,—by thy knees—by all thou lov'st at home! 1070
What say ye? Who consents? Who sayeth nay—
Oh speak!—to this? for if ye hearken not,
I and mine hapless brother are undone

CHORUS

Fear not, dear lady do but save thyself
I will keep silence touching all the things
Whereof thou chargest me great Zeus be witness

IPHIGENEIA

Heaven bless you for the word! Happy be ye!
(*To OR and PYL*) 'Tis thy part now, and thine, to pass
within,
For this land's king shall in short space be here 1080
To ask if yet this sacrifice be done
O Goddess-queen, who erst by Aulis' clefts
Didst save me from my sire's dread murderous hand,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

σῶσόν με καὶ νῦν τούσδε τ' ἢ τὸ Λοξίου
οὐκέτι βροτοῖσι διὰ σ' ἐτήτυμον στόμα.
ἀλλ' εὐμενῆς ἔκβηθι βαρβάρου χθονὸς
εἰς τὰς Ἀθήνας· καὶ γὰρ ἐνθάδ' οὐ πρόπει
ναίειν, παρὼν σοι πόλιν ἔχειν εὐδαίμονα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1090 ὄρνις, ἃ παρὰ πετρίνας στρ. α'
πόντου δειράδας, ἄλκυνών,
ἔλεγον οἰκτρὸν αἰεῖδεις,
εὐξύνετον ξυνετοῖσι βοάν,
ὅτι πόσιν κελαδεῖς αἰεὶ μολπαῖς,
ἐγὼ σοι παραβάλλομαι
θρήνους, ἄπτερος ὄρνις,
ποθοῦς¹ Ἑλλάνων ἀγόρους,
ποθοῦς¹ Ἀρτεμιν ὀλβίαν,¹
ἃ παρὰ Κύνθιον ὄχθον οἰκεῖ
1100 φοινικά θ' ἀβροκόμαν
δάφναν τ' εὐερνέα καὶ
γλαυκᾶς θαλλὸν ἱρὸν ἐλαίας,
Λατοῦς ὠδῖνι φίλας,²
λίμναν θ' εἰλίσσουσαν ὕδωρ
κύκλιον, ἔνθα κύκνος μελω-
δὸς Μούσας θεραπεύει

ὦ πολλαὶ δακρύων λιβάδες, ἰντ. α'
αἱ παρηίδας εἰς ἐμὰς
ἔπεσον, ἀνίκα πύργων
ὀλλυμένων ἐπὶ ναυσὶν ἔβαν
1110 πολεμίων ἐρετμοῖσι καὶ λόγχαῖς.

¹ Nauck for λοχέων of MSS "Travail queen Artemis

² Portus and Markland for ὠδῖνα φίλαν of MSS

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Save me now too with these , else Loxias' words
 Through thee shall be no more believed of men.
 But graciously come forth this barbarous land
 To Athens It beseems thee not to dwell
 Here, when so blest a city may be thine

[IPHIGENEIA, ORESTES, and PYLADES *enter the temple*

CHORUS

(Str 1)

Thou bird, who by scaurs o'er the sea-breakers leaning
 Ever chantest thy song, 1090
 O Halcyon, thy burden of sorrow, whose meaning
 To the wise doth belong,
 Who discern that for aye on thy mate thou art crying,
 I lift up a dirge to thy dirges replying—
 Ah, thy pinions I have not—for Hellas sighing,
 For the blithe city-throng ,
 For that happier Artemis sighing, who dwelleth
 By the Cynthian Hill,
 By the feathery palm, by the shoot that swelleth
 When the bay-buds fill, 1100
 By the pale-green sacred olive that aided
 Leto, whose travail the dear boughs shaded,
 By the lake with the circling ripples braided,
 Where from throats of the swans to the Muses
 upwelleth
 Song-service still

(Ant 1)

O tears on my cheeks that as fountains plashing
 Were rained that day, [crashing,
 When I sailed, from our towers that in ruin were
 In the galleys, the prey [me,
 Of the oars of the foe, of the spears that had caught 1110

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ζαχρύσαι δὲ δι' ἐμπολᾶς
 νόστον βάρβαρον ἦλθον,
 ἔνθα τᾶς ἐλαφοκτόνου
 θεᾶς ἀμφίπολον κόραν
 παῖδ' Ἀγαμεμνονίαν λατρεύω
 βωμούς θ' Ἑλληνοθύτας,¹
 ζηλοῦσ' ἄταν διὰ παν-
 τὸς δυσδαίμον' ἐν γὰρ ἀνάγκαις
 οὐ κάμνει σύντροφος ὦν
 μεταβάλλει δυσδαιμονία
 τὸ δὲ μετ' εὐτυχίας κακοῦ-
 σθαι θνατοῖς βαρὺς αἰών

1120

καὶ σὲ μέν, πότνι', Ἀργεία
 πεντηκόντορος αἴκον ἄξει
 συρίζων δ' ὁ κηροδέτας
 κάλαμος οὐρείου Πανὸς
 κώπαις ἐπιθωῦξει,

στρ. β'

ὁ Φοῖβός θ' ὁ μάντις ἔχων
 κέλαδον ἐπτατόνου λύρας
 αἰείδων ἄξει λιπαρὰν
 εὖ σ' Ἀθηναίων ἐπὶ γᾶν.

1130

ἐμὲ δ' αὐτοῦ προλιποῦ-
 σα βήσει ῥοθίοις πλάταις
 ἄερί δ' ἰστὶ ἐπὶ προτόνοις κατὰ
 πρῶραν ὑπὲρ στόλον ἐκπετάσουσι πόδες
 ναὸς ὠκυπόμπου

¹ Enger, Kochly, and Wecklein. for τοὺς μελοθύτους of MSS

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

And for gold in the balances weighed men bought me,
 And unto a barbarous home they brought me,
 To the handmaid-array
 Of Atreides' daughter, who sacrificeth
 To the Huntress-queen
 On the altars whence reek of the slain Greeks riseth !
 Ah, the man that hath seen
 Bliss never, full gladly his lot would I borrow !
 For he faints not 'neath ills, who was cradled in sorrow,
 On his night of affliction may dawn bright morrow 1120
 But whom ruin, in happiness ambushed, surpriseth,
 Ah, their stroke smiteth keen !

(*Str* 2)

And the fifty oars shall dip of the Argive gallant ship
 That shall waft thee to the homeland shore ,
 And the waxed pipe shall ring of the mountain
 Shepherd-king
 To enkindle them that tug the strenuous oar ,
 And the Seer shall wing their fleetness, even Phoebus,
 by the sweetness
 Of the seven-stringed lyre in his hand ,
 And his chanting voice shall lead you as in triumph-
 march, and speed you 1130
 Unto Athens, to the sunny-gleaming land
 And I shall be left here lone, but thou
 Shalt be racing with plash of the pine,
 While the broad sail swells o'er the plunging
 prow
 Outcurving the forestay-line,
 While the halliards shiver, the mainsheets
 quiver,
 As the cutwater leaps thro' the bine

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

- λαμπρὸν ἵππόδρομον βαίην, ἀντ β'
 ἔνθ' εὐάλιον ἔρχεται πύρ·
 1140 οἰκείων δ' ὑπὲρ θαλάμων
 πτέρυγας ἐν νώτοις ἁμοῖς
 λήξαιμι θοάζουσα
 χοροῖς δὲ σταίην, ὅθι καὶ
 πάρεδρος ¹ εὐδοκίμων γάμων,
 παρὰ πόδ' εἰλίσσουσα φίλας
 πρὸς ἡλίκων θιάσους,
 ἐς ἀμίλλας χαρίτων,
 χλιδᾶς ἀβροπλούτοιο
 1150 εἰς ἔριν ὀρνυμένα, πολυποίκιλα
 φάρεα καὶ πλοκάμους περιβαλλομένα γέ-
 νυν συνεσκίαζον

ΘΟΑΣ

ποῦ 'σθ' ἡ πυλωρὸς τῶνδε δωμάτων γυνή
 Ἑλληνίς, ἥδη τῶν ξένων κατήρξατο,
 ἀδύτοις τ' ἐν ἀγνοῖς σῶμα δάπτονται πυρί ,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἦδ' ἐστίν, ἦ σοι πάντ', ἄναξ, ἐρεῖ σαφῶς

ΘΟΑΣ

ἔα·
 τί τόδε μεταίρεις ἐξ ἀκινήτων βάθρων,
 Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖ, θεᾶς ἄγαλμ' ἐν ὠλέναις ,

¹ Badham . for παρθένος of MSS

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

(*Ant* 2)

And it's O that I could soar up the splendour-litten
floor

Where the sun drives the chariot-steeds of light,
And it's O that I were come o'er the chambers of
my home, 1140

And were folding the swift pinions of my flight,
And that, where at royal wedding the bridemaids'
feet are treading

Through the measure, I were gliding in the dance,
Through its maze of circles sweeping with mine
olden playmates, keeping

Truest time with waving arms and feet that glance !

And it's O for the loving rivalry,

For the sweet forms costly-arrayed,

For the raiment of cunningest broiery,

For the challenge of maid to maid,

For the veil light-tossing, the loose curl
crossing 1150

My cheek with its flicker of shade !

Enter THOAS *with attendants*

THOAS

Where is this temple's warder, Hellas' daughter ?

Hath she begun yon strangers' sacrifice ?

Are they ablaze with fire in the holy shrine ?

CHORUS

Here is she, king, to tell thee clearly all

Enter IPHIGENEIA *bearing the image of Artemis in her
arms.*

THOAS

Why bear'st thou in thine arms, Agamemnon's child,
From its inviolate base the Goddess' statue ?

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἄναξ, ἔχ' αὐτοῦ πόδα σὸν ἐν παραστάσιν.

ΘΟΑΣ

1160

τί δ' ἔστιν, Ἰφιγένεια, καινὸν ἐν δόμοις ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀπέπτυσ'· Ὀσία γὰρ δίδωμ' ἔπος τόδε

ΘΟΑΣ

τί φροιμιάζει νεοχμὸν, ἐξαύδα σαφῶς

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐ καθαρὰ μοι τὰ θύματ' ἠγρεύσασθ', ἄναξ.

ΘΟΑΣ

τί τοῦκδιδάξαν τοῦτό σ', ἥ δόξαν λέγεις;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

βρέτας τὸ τῆς θεοῦ πάλιν ἔδρας ἀπεστράφη.

ΘΟΑΣ

αὐτόματον, ἥ νιν σεισμὸς ἔστρεψε χθονός,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

αὐτόματον ὄψιν δ' ὁμμάτων ξυνήρμωσεν.

ΘΟΑΣ

ἥ δ' αἰτία τίς, ἥ τὸ τῶν ξένων μύσος;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἦδ', οὐδὲν ἄλλο· δεινὰ γὰρ δεδράκατον.

ΘΟΑΣ

1170

ἀλλ' ἥ τιν' ἔκανον βαρβάρων ἀκτῆς ἔπι,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οἰκείον ἦλθον τὸν φόνον κεκτημένοι.

ΘΟΑΣ

τίν'; εἰς ἔρον γὰρ τοῦ μαθεῖν πεπτώκαμεν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μητέρα κατειργάσαντο κοινωνῶ ξίφει.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

IPHIGENEIA

King, stay thy foot there in the portico !

THOAS

What profanation in the fane hath chanced ? 1160

IPHIGENEIA

Avaunt that evil word, in Sanctity's name !

THOAS

What strange tale dost thou preface ? Plainly tell

IPHIGENEIA

Unclean I found thy captured victims, king

THOAS

What proof hast thou ?—or speak'st thou but thy
thought ?

IPHIGENEIA

Back from its place the Goddess' statue turned

THOAS

Self-moved ?—or did an earthquake wiench it round ?

IPHIGENEIA

Self-moved Yea, also did it close its eyes

THOAS

The cause ?—pollution by the strangers brought ?

IPHIGENEIA

This, and nought else, for foul deeds have they done

THOAS

Ha ! slaughter of my people on the shore ? 1170

IPHIGENEIA

Nay, stained with guilt of murdered kin they came

THOAS

What kin ? I am filled with longing this to learn

IPHIGENEIA

Their mother with confederate swords they slew

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

Ἄπολλον, οὐδ' ἐν βαρβάροις ἔτλη τις ἄν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πάσης διωγμοῖς ἠλάθησαν Ἑλλάδος.

ΘΟΑΣ

ἦ τῶνδ' ἑκατι δῆτ' ἄγαλμ' ἔξω φέρεις,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σεμνόν γ' ὑπ' αἰθέρ', ὥς μεταστήσω φόνου

ΘΟΑΣ

μίασμα δ' ἔγνωσ τοῖν ξένοιν ποίῳ τρόπῳ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἤλεγχον, ὥς θεᾶς βρέτας ἀπεστράφη πάλιν

ΘΟΑΣ

1180 σοφὴν σ' ἔθρεψεν Ἑλλάς, ὥς ἦσθου καλῶς.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ νῦν καθείσαν δέλεαρ ἡδύ μοι φρενῶν

ΘΟΑΣ

τῶν Ἀργόθεν τι φίλτρον ἀγγέλλοντέ σοι,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τὸν μόνον Ὀρέστην ἐμὸν ἀδελφὸν εὐτυχεῖν.

ΘΟΑΣ

ὥς δὴ σφε σώσαιοις ἡδοναῖς ἀγγελμάτων

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ πατέρα γε ζῆν καὶ καλῶς πράσσειν ἐμὸν

ΘΟΑΣ

σὺ δ' εἰς τὸ τῆς θεοῦ γ' ἐξένευσας εἰκότως

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

παῖσάν γε μισοῦς Ἑλλάδ', ἥ μ' ἀπώλεσεν.

ΘΟΑΣ

τί δῆτα δρώμεν, φράζε, τοῖν ξένοιν πέρι,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τὸν νόμον ἀνάγκη τὸν προκείμενον σέβειν.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS

Apollo ! Of barbarians none had dared it !

IPHIGENEIA

Out of all Hellas hunted were they driven

THOAS

And for their cause bear'st thou the image forth ?

IPHIGENEIA

'Neath holy sky, to banish that blood-taint

THOAS

The strangers' guilt—how knewest thou thereof ?

IPHIGENEIA

I questioned them, when back the Goddess turned

THOAS

Wise child of Hellas, well didst thou discern 1180

IPHIGENEIA

Even now they cast a bait to entice mine heart.

THOAS

Tidings from Argos—made they this their lure ?

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, of mine only brother Orestes' weal !

THOAS

That thou might'st spare them for then welcome news ?

IPHIGENEIA

My father liveth and is well, say they

THOAS

Thou to the Goddess' part in thee didst cleave ?

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, for I hate all Greece, which gave me death

THOAS

What shall we do then with the strangers, say ?

IPHIGENEIA

We must needs reverence the ordinance

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΪΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

1190

οὔκουν ἐν ἔργῳ χέρνιβες ξίφος τε σὺν,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀγνοῖς καθαρμοῖς πρῶτά νιν νύφαι θέλω

ΘΟΑΣ

πηγαῖσιν ὑδάτων ἢ θαλασσίᾳ δρόσῳ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

θάλασσα κλύζει πάντα τᾶνθρώπων κακί.

ΘΟΑΣ

ὀσιώτερον γοῦν τῇ θεῷ πέσοιεν ἄν

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ τὰμά γ' οὔτω μᾶλλον ἂν καλῶς ἔχοι.

ΘΟΑΣ

οὔκουν πρὸς αὐτὸν ναὸν ἐκπίπτει κλύδων ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐρημίας δεῖ· καὶ γὰρ ἄλλα δράσομεν.

ΘΟΑΣ

ἄγ' ἔνθα χρήξεις οὐ φιλῶ τᾶρρηθ' ὀρᾶν

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἀγνιστέον μοι καὶ τὸ τῆς θεοῦ βρέτας.

ΘΟΑΣ

1200

εἵπερ γε κηλὶς ἔβαλέ νιν μητρακτόνος.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἂν νιν ἡράμην βάρων ἄπο.

ΘΟΑΣ

δίκαιος ἡύσέβεια καὶ προμηθία.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

οἶσθά νυν ἄ μοι γενέσθω ,

ΘΟΑΣ

σὸν τὸ σημαίνειν τόδε.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

δεσμὰ τοῖς ξένοισι πρόσθες.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS
Why do not lustial drops and knife their part ? 1190

IPHIGENEIA
With holy cleansings would I wash them first

THOAS
In fountain-waters, or in sea-spiay showers ?

IPHIGENEIA
The sea doth wash away all ills of men.

THOAS
Thus holier should the Goddess' victims be

IPHIGENEIA
And better so should' all my purpose speed

THOAS
Full on the fane doth not the sea-surge break ?

IPHIGENEIA
There needeth solitude more is to do

THOAS
Where thou wilt Into mystic rites I pry not

IPHIGENEIA
The image must I purify withal

THOAS
Yea, if the matricides have tainted it 1200

IPHIGENEIA
Else from its pedestal had I moved it not

THOAS
Righteous thy piety and forethought are

IPHIGENEIA
Know'st thou now what still I lack ?

THOAS
'Tis thine to tell what yet must be

IPHIGENEIA
Bind with chains the strangers

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

ποῖ δέ σ' ἐκφύγοιεν ἄν ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πιστὸν Ἑλλάς οἶδεν οὐδέν.

ΘΟΑΣ

ἴτ' ἐπὶ δεσμά, πρόσπολοι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καῖκκομιζόντων δὲ δεῦρο τοὺς ξένους,

ΘΟΑΣ

ἔσται τάδε.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

κρᾶτα κρύψαντες πέπλοισιν

ΘΟΑΣ

ἡλίου πρόσθεν φλογός.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σῶν τέ μοι σύμπεμπ' ὀπαδῶν.

ΘΟΑΣ

οἷδ' ὀμαρτήσουσί σοι.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ πόλει πέμψον τιν' ὅστις σημανεῖ

ΘΟΑΣ

ποίας τύχας ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1210 ἐν δόμοις μέμνειν ἅπαντας

ΘΟΑΣ

μὴ συναντῶσιν φόνῳ ,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μυσαρὰ γὰρ τὰ τοιάδ' ἐστὶ

ΘΟΑΣ

στεῖχε καὶ σήμαινε σύ.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

καὶ φίλων γε δεῖ μάλιστα.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS

Whither from thy warding could they flee ?

IPHIGENEIA

Faithless utterly is Hellas

THOAS

Henchmen mine, to bind them go

IPHIGENEIA

Let them now bring forth the strangers hitherward,—

THOAS

It shall be so

IPHIGENEIA

Veiling first their heads with mantles

THOAS

Lest the sun pollution see

IPHIGENEIA

Send thou also of thy servants with me

THOAS

These shall go with thee

IPHIGENEIA

And throughout the city send thou one to warn—

THOAS

'Gainst what mischance ?

IPHIGENEIA

That within all folk abide,—

1210

THOAS

Lest any eye meet murder's glance

IPHIGENEIA

For the look shall bring pollution

THOAS (*to attendant*)

Go thou, warn the folk of this

IPHIGENEIA

Yea, and chiefly of my friends—

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

τοῦτ' ἔλεξας εἰς ἐμέ

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

μηδέν' εἰς ὄψιν πελάζειν.

ΘΟΑΣ

εὖ γε κηδεύεις πόλιν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἰκότως.

ΘΟΑΣ

ὥς εἰκότως σε πᾶσα θαυμάζει πόλις

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

σὺ δὲ μένων αὐτοῦ πρὸ ναῶν τῇ θεῷ

ΘΟΑΣ

τί χρήμα δρῶ ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἄγνισον πυρσφ̃ μέλαθρον.

ΘΟΑΣ

καθαρὸν ὥς μύλης πάλιν.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἡνίκ' ἂν δ' ἔξω περῶσιν οἱ ξένοι,

ΘΟΑΣ

τί χρή με δρᾶν ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

πέπλον ὀμμάτων προθέσθαι

ΘΟΑΣ

μὴ παλαμναῖον λάβω ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἦν δ' ἄγαν δοκῶ χρονίζειν,

ΘΟΑΣ

τοῦδ' ὄρος τίς ἐστί μοι ;

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

1220 θαυμάσης μηδέν.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS

Hieby thou meanest me, I wis

IPHIGENEIA

None must to the sight draw near.

THOAS

Our city hath thine heedful care

IPHIGENEIA

Rightly.

THOAS

Rightly through the city art thou revered
everywhere

IPHIGENEIA

Thou abide before Her shrine .

THOAS

What service shall I do her there ?

IPHIGENEIA

Cleanse her house with flame

THOAS

That it be pure for thy return thereto

IPHIGENEIA

And when forth the temple come the strangers—

THOAS

What behoves to do ?

IPHIGENEIA

Draw thy mantle o'er thine eyes

THOAS

Lest I be tainted of their sin ?

IPHIGENEIA

If o'erlong I seem to tarry,—

THOAS

What the limit set herein ?

IPHIGENEIA

Marvel not.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

τὰ τῆς θεοῦ πράσσ' ἐπὶ σχολῆς καλῶς

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

εἰ γὰρ ὡς θέλω καθαρμὸς ὅδε πέσοι.

ΘΟΑΣ

συνεύχομαι

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

τούσδ' ἄρ' ἐκβαίνοντας ἤδη δωμάτων ὀρῶ ξένους
καὶ θεῆς κόσμον νεογνούς τ' ἄρνας, ὡς φόνῳ
φόνον

μυσαρὸν ἐκνίψω, σέλας τε λαμπάδων τά τ' ἄλλ'
ὅσα

προυθέμην ἐγὼ ξένοισι καὶ θεῇ καθάρσια.

ἐκποδῶν δ' αὐδῶ πολίταις τοῦδ' ἔχειν μιάσματος,

εἴ τις ἢ ναῶν πυλωρὸς χεῖρας ἀγνεύει θεοῖς,

ἢ γάμον στείχει συνάψων ἢ τόκοις βαρύνεται,

φεύγεται, ἐξίστασθε, μή τῳ προσπέσῃ μύσος
τόδε.

1230 ὦ Διὸς Λητοῦς τ' ἄνασσα παρθέν', ἣν νίψω
φόνον

τῶνδε καὶ θύσωμεν οὐ χρεῖ, καθαρὸν οἰκήσεις
δόμον,

εὐτυχεῖς δ' ἡμεῖς ἐσόμεθα. τᾶλλα δ' οὐ λέγουσ',
ὅμως

τοῖς τὰ πλείον' εἰδόσιν θεοῖς σοί τε σημαίνω, θεά.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

εὐπαις ὁ Λατοῦς γόνος,

στρ.

ὅν ποτε Δηλιάσιν

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS

In thine own season render thou the dues divine

IPHIGENEIA

Fair befall this purifying as I would ¹

THOAS

Thy prayer is mine.

IPHIGENEIA

Lo, and even now I see the strangers pacing forth
the fane [—that by blood-stain
With the adorning of the Goddess, with the lambs,
Blood-stain I may cleanse,—with flash of torches, and
with what beside, [purified
As I bade, the strangers and the Goddess shall be
Now I warn the city-folk to shrink from this pollution
far — [warders are,
Ye that, with pure hands for heaven's service, temple-
Whoso purposeth espousals, whoso laboureth with
child, [be defiled
Flee ye, hence away, that none with this pollution
Queen, O child of Zeus and Leto, so the guilt from 1230
these I lave, [thou have,
So I sacrifice where meet is, stainless temple shalt
Blest withal shall we be—more I say not, yet to
Gods who know [plainly show
All, and, Goddess, unto thee, mine heart's desire I
[THOAS enters temple Exeunt IPHIGENEIA,
ORESTES, PYLADES, and attendants

CHORUS¹

A glorious babe in the days of old (Str)
Leto in Delos bare,

¹ Apollo's oracle was now proved right, and Iphigeneia's dream wrong, so this ode celebrates the institution of that oracle, and the abolition of the ancient dream-oracles

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

καρποφόροις γυάλοις
 [ἔτικτε] χρυσοκόμαν
 ἐν κιθάρα σοφόν, ᾗ¹ τ' ἐπὶ τόξων
 εὐστοχία γάννυται, φέρε δ' ἱνιν
 ἀπὸ δειράδος εἰναλίας,
 λοχεΐα κλεινὰ λιποῦσ'
 ἀστάκτων ματέρ' εἰς ὑδάτων,
 τὰν βακχεύουσαν Διονύσῳ
 Παρνάσιον κορυφάν,
 ὅθι ποικιλόνωτος οἰνωπὸς δράκων
 σκιερᾷ κατάχαλκος εὐφύλλῳ δάφνῃ,
 γᾶς πελώριον τέρας, ἄμφεπε
 μαντεῖον χθόνιον.

ἔτι μιν ἔτι βρέφος, ἔτι φίλας
 ἐπὶ ματέρος ἀγκάλαισι θρόσκων,
 ἔκανες, ὦ Φοῖβε, μαν-
 τείων δ' ἐπέβας ζαθέων,
 τρίποδί τ' ἐν χρυσέῳ
 θάσσεις, ἐν ἀψευδεῖ θρόνῳ
 μαντείας βροτοῖς
 θεσφάτων νέμων
 ἀδύτων ὑπο, Κασταλίας ῥεέθρων
 γείτων, μέσον γᾶς ἔχων μέλαθρον

Θέμιν δ' ἐπεὶ γᾶς ἰὼν
 παῖδ' ἀπενάσσατο Λα-
 τῶος ἀπὸ ζαθέων
 χρηστηρίων, νύχια

ἀντ

¹ Weil for MSS ᾗ, a passing and irrelevant mention of Artemis

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Mid its valleys of fruitage manifold,
 The babe of the golden hair,—
 Lord of the harp sweet-ringing, king of the bow
 sure-winging [lock by the swell
 The shaft that he loveth well,—and she fled from the
 Of the sea encompassed, bringing 1240
 From the place where her travail befell
 Her babe to the height whence rolled the gushing
 rills untold,
 Where the Wine-god's revels stormy-souled
 O'er the crests of Parnassus fare,
 Where, gleaming with coils iridescent, half-hiding
 The glint of his mail 'neath the dense-shadowed bay,
 Was the earth-spawned monster, the dragon, gliding
 Round the chasm wherein earth's oracle lay
 But thou, who wast yet but a babe, yet leaping
 Babe-like in thy mother's loving embrace, 1250
 Thou, Phoebus, didst slay him, didst take for thine
 The oracle's lordship, the right divine,
 And still on the tripod of gold art keeping
 Thy session, dispensing to us, to the race
 Of men, revelation of heaven's design,
 From thy throne of truth, from the secret shrine,
 By the streams through Castaly's cleft up-sweeping,
 Where the Heart of the World is thy dwelling-
 place

But the Child of Earth did his coming make (*Ant*)
 Of her birthright dispossessed, 1260
 For the oracle-sceptre of Themis he brake
 Wherefore the Earth from her breast,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

Χθὼν ἐτεκνώσατο φάσματ' ὀνείρων,
 οἳ πολέσιν μερόπων τά τε πρῶτα
 τά τ' ἔπειθ' ὅσ' ἔμελλε τυχεῖν
 ὕπνου κατὰ δνοφερὰς
 εὐνὰς ἔφραζον· Γαῖα δὲ τὰν
 μαντείων ἀφείλετο τιμὰν
 Φοῖβον φθόνῳ θυγατρὸς
 1270 ταχύπους δ' ἐς Ὀλυμπον ὄρμαθεις ἄναξ
 χέρα παιδνὸν ἔλιξεν ἐκ Ζήνους θρόνων
 Πυθίων δόμων χθονίαν ἀφε-
 λεῖν θεῆς μῆνιν νυχίους τ' ὀνείρους
 γέλασε δ', ὅτι τέκος ἄφαρ ἔβα
 πολύχρυσα θέλων λατρεύματα σχεῖν
 ἐπὶ δ' ἔσεισεν κόμαν,
 παῦσεν νυχίους ἐνοπὰς
 ἀπὸ δ' ἀλαθοσύναν
 νυκτωπὸν ἐξεῖλεν βροτῶν,
 1280 καὶ τιμὰς πάλιν
 θῆκε Λοξία,
 πολυάνορι δ' ἐν ξενόεντι θρόνῳ
 θάρσῃ βροτοῖς θεσφάτων αἰοιδαῖς

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὦ ναοφύλακες βώμοί τ' ἐπιστάται,
 Θόας ἄναξ γῆς τῆσδε ποῦ κυρεῖ βεβώς;
 καλεῖτ' ἀναπτύξαντες εὐγόμφους πύλας
 ἔξω μελάθρων τῶνδε κοίρανον χθονός

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστιν, εἰ χρὴ μὴ κελευσθεῖσαν λέγειν,

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

To make of his pride a decision, sent forth dream-
vision on vision,

Whereby to the sons of men the things that had been
ere then,

And the things for the Gods' decision

Yet 'waiting beyond our ken,

Through the darkness of slumber she spake, and from
Phoebus—in fierce heart-ache

Of jealous wrath for her daughter's sake—

His honour so did she wrest

Swift hasted our King to Olympus' palace, 1270

And with child-arms clinging to Zeus' throne prayed
That the night-visions born of the Earth-mother's
malice

Might be banished the fane in the Pythian glade
Smiled Zeus, that his son, for the costly oblations

Of his worshippers jealous, so swiftly had come

And he shook his locks for the great oath-plight,

And he made an end of the voices of night,

For he took from mortals the dream-visitations,

Truth's shadows upfloating from Earth's dark
womb,

And he sealed by an everlasting right 1280

Loxias' honours, that all men might

Trust wholly his word, when the thronging nations

Bowed at the throne where he sang fate's doom

Enter MESSENGER

MESSENGER

O temple-warders, altar-ministers,

Whither hath Thoas gone, this country's king?

Fling wide the closely-bolted doors, and call

Forth of these halls the ruler of the land

CHORUS

What is it?—if unbidden I may speak.

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1290 βεβᾶσι φροῦδοι δίπτυχοι νεανίαι
Ἄγαμεμνονείας παιδὸς ἐκ βουλευμάτων
φεύγοντες ἐκ γῆς τῆσδε καὶ σεμνὸν βρέτας
λαβόντες ἐν κόλποισιν Ἑλλάδος νεώς

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄπιστον εἶπας μῦθον ὃν δ' ἰδεῖν θέλεις
ἄνακτα χώρας, φροῦδος ἐκ ναοῦ συθείς.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ποῖ, δεῖ γὰρ αὐτὸν εἰδέναι τὰ δρώμενα

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἴσμεν ἀλλὰ στείχε καὶ δίωκέ νιν
ὅπου κυρήσας τούσδ' ἀπαγγελεῖς λόγους.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ὁρᾷτ', ἄπιστον ὥς γυναικεῖον γένος·
μέτεστι χυμῶν τῶν πεπραγμένων μέρος

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1300 μαίνει, τί δ' ἡμῖν τῶν ξένων δρασμοῦ μέτα,
οὐκ εἰ κρατούντων πρὸς πύλας ὅσον τάχος;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὔ, πρίν γ' ἂν εἴπη τοῦπος ἑρμηνεὺς τόδε,
εἴτ' ἔνδον εἴτ' οὐκ ἔνδον ἀρχηγὸς χθονός
ὦή, χαλᾶτε κληῖθρα, τοῖς ἔνδον λέγω,
καὶ δεσπότη σημήναθ' οὔνεκ' ἐν πύλαις
πάρειμι, καινῶν φόρτον ἀγγέλων κακῶν

ΘΟΑΣ

τίς ἀμφὶ δῶμα θεᾶς τόδ' ἴστησιν βοήν,
πύλας ἀράξας καὶ ψόφον πέμψας ἔσω,

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1310 ψευδῶς λέγουσαί μ' αἶδ' ¹ ἀπήλαυνον δόμων,
ὥς ἐκτὸς εἴης σὺ δὲ κατ' οἶκον ἦσθ' ἄρα.

¹ Pierson for MSS. ψευδῶς ἔλεγον αἶδε, καὶ μ'.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

MESSENGER

Gone are the two youths, vanished clean from sight,
Gone, by the plots of Agamemnon's child 1290
Fleeing from this land, taking with them hence
The holy statue in a Greek ship's hold.

CHORUS

Thy tale is past belief!—but the land's king,
Whom thou wouldst see, hath hurried forth the fane

MESSENGER

Whither?—for what is done he needs must know

CHORUS

We know not go thou, hasten after him,
And, where thou findest him, make thy report

MESSENGER

Lo now, how treacherous is womankind!
Ye also are partakers in this deed.

CHORUS

Art mad? What is to us the strangers' flight? 1300
Away with all speed to thy master's gates

MESSENGER

Nay, not till I be certified of this,
Whether the land's lord be within or no
What ho!—within there!—shoot the door-bolts back,
And to your master tell that at the gates
Am I, who bear a burden of ill-news
Enter THOAS from the temple

THOAS

Who makes this outcry at the Goddess' fane,
Smiting the doors, and hurling noise within?

MESSENGER

Falsely these said—would so have driven me hence—
That thou wast forth, while yet wast thou within 1310

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΘΟΑΣ

τί προσδοκῶσαι κέρδος ἢ θηρώμεναι;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

αὐθις τὰ τῶνδε σημανῶ τὰ δ' ἐν ποσὶ
παρόντ' ἄκουσον. ἡ νεᾶνις, ἡ ὑθάδε
βωμοῖς παρίστατ', Ἰφιγένει', ἔξω χθονὸς
σὺν τοῖς ξένοισιν οἴχεται, σεμνὸν θεᾶς
ἄγαλμ' ἔχουσα· δόλια δ' ἦν καθάρματα.

ΘΟΑΣ

πῶς φής; τί πνεῦμα συμφορᾶς κεκτημένη;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

σώζουσ' Ὀρέστην· τοῦτο γὰρ σὺ θαυμάσει.

ΘΟΑΣ

τὸν ποῖον, ἄρ' ὃν Τυνδαρις τίκτει κόρη;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1320 ὃν τοῖσδε βωμοῖς θεὰ καθωσιώσατο.

ΘΟΑΣ

ὦ θαῦμα, πῶς σε μείζον ὀνομάσας τύχω;

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

μὴ ὕταῦθα τρέψῃς σὴν φρέν', ἀλλ' ἄκουέ μου
σαφῶς δ' ἀθρήσας καὶ κλύων ἐκφρόντισον
διωγμὸν ὅστις τοὺς ξένους θηράσεται.

ΘΟΑΣ

λέγ'· εὖ γὰρ εἶπας· οὐ γὰρ ἀγχείπλουν πόρον
φεύγουσιν, ὥστε διαφυγεῖν τοῦμὸν δόρυ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1330 ἐπεὶ πρὸς ἀκτὰς ἤλθομεν θαλασσίας,
οὐ ναῦς Ὀρέστου κρύφιος ἦν ὥρμισμένη,
ἡμᾶς μέν, οὓς σὺ δεσμὰ συμπέμπεις ξένων
ἔχοντας, ἐξένευσ' ἀποστήναι πρόσω
Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖς, ὥς ἀπόρρητον φλόγα

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

THOAS

What profit sought they?—hunted for what gain?

MESSENGER

Their deeds hereafter will I tell Hear thou
The trouble at the doors The maid that here
Served at the altars, Iphigeneia, is fled
With yonder strangers, and the holy image
Hath taken Nought but guile that cleansing was

THOAS

How say'st? What wind of fortune hath she found?

MESSENGER

To save Orestes Marvel thou at this!

THOAS

Orestes?—him whom Tyndaus' daughter bare?

MESSENGER

Him whom the Goddess hallowed for her altars 1320

THOAS

O marvel! What name stronger fitteth thee?

MESSENGER

Take thou not thought for that, but list to me:
Mark clearly all, and as thou hear'st devise
By what pursuit to hunt the strangers down.

THOAS

Say on thou speakest well By no near course
They needs must flee, that they should 'scape my spear

MESSENGER

Soon as unto the sea-beach we had come,
Where hidden was Orestes' galley moored,
Us, whom with those bound strangers thou didst send,
Agamemnon's child waved back, to stand aloof, 1330
As one at point to light the inviolate fire,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

- θύουσα καὶ καθαρμὸν δν μετώχετο.
 αὐτὴ δ' ὀπισθε δέσμ' ἔχουσα τοῖν ξένοιον
 ἔστειχε χερσί. καὶ τὰδ' ἦν ὑποπτα μέν,
 ἤρεσκε μέντοι σοῖσι προσπόλοις, ἀναξ
 χρόνῳ δ', ἵν' ἡμῖν δρᾶν τι δὴ δοκοῖ πλέον,
 ἀνωλόλυξε καὶ κατῆδε βάρβαρα
 μέλη μαγεύουσ', ὡς φόνον νίζουσα δὴ
 ἐπεὶ δὲ δαρὸν ἦμεν ἡμενοι χρόνον,
 1340 ἐσῆλθεν ἡμᾶς μὴ λυθέντες οἱ ξένοι
 κτάνοιεν αὐτὴν δραπεταί τ' οἰχοίατο.
 φόβῳ δ' ἂ μὴ χρῆν εἰσορᾶν καθήμεθα
 σιγῇ τέλος δὲ πᾶσιν ἦν αὐτὸς λόγος,
 στείχειν ἵν' ἦσαν, καίπερ οὐκ ἐωμένοις.
 κἂνταῦθ' ὀρώμεν Ἑλλάδος νεὼς σκάφος
 ταρσῶ κατῆρες, πίτυλον ἐπτερωμένον,
 ναύτας τε πεντήκοντ' ἐπὶ σκαλμῶν πλάτας
 ἔχοντας, ἐκ δεσμῶν δὲ τοὺς νεανίας
 ἐλευθέρους πρύμνηθεν ἐστῶτας νεὼς.
 1350 κοντοῖς δὲ πρῶραν εἶχον, οἱ δ' ἐπωτίδων
 ἄγκυραν ἐξανῆπτον, οἱ δέ, κλίμακας
 σπεύδοντες, ἦγον διὰ χερῶν πρυμνήσια,
 πόντῳ δὲ δόντες τοῖν ξένοιον καθίεσαν.
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἀφειδήσαντες, ὡς ἐσείδομεν
 δόλια τεχνήματ', εἰχόμεσθα τῆς ξένης
 πρυμνησίων τε, καὶ δι' εὐθυνητηρίας
 οἶακας ἐξηροῦμεν εὐπρύμνου νεὼς
 λόγοι δ' ἐχώρουν τίνι νόμῳ πορθμεύετε
 κλέπτοντες ἐκ γῆς ξόανα καὶ θυηπόλους ;
 1360 τίνος τίς ὦν σὺ τήνδ' ἀπεμπολᾷς χθονός ,
 ὁ δ' εἶπ' Ὀρέστης τῆσδ' ὄμαιμος, ὡς μάθης,
 Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖς, τήνδ' ἐμὴν κομίζομαι
 λαβὼν ἀδελφὴν, ἣν ἀπώλεσ' ἐκ δόμων.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

And do the cleansing for the which she came.
 Hei self took in hei hands the strangers' bonds,
 And paced behind Somewhat mine heart misgave,
 Yet were thy servants satisfied, O King
 Time passed she chanted loud some alien hymn
 Of wizardry,—with semblance of weird rites
 To cozen us,—as one that cleansed blood-guilt

But when we had been long time sitting thus,
 It came into our minds that, breaking loose, 1340
 The strangers might have slain hei, and have fled
 Yet, dreading to behold forfended things,
 Silent we sat, till all agreed at last
 To go to where they were, albeit forbid
 And there we see a Hellene galley's hull
 With ranks of oar-blades fringed, sea-plashing wings,
 And fifty seamen at the tholes thereof
 Grasping their oars, and, from their bonds set free,
 Beside the galley's stern the young men stood
 The prow with poles some steadied, some hung up 1350
 The anchor at the catheads, some in haste
 Ran through their hands the hawsers, and there-
 with

Dropped ladders for the strangers to the sea

But we spared not, as soon as we beheld
 Their cunning wiles we grasped the stranger-maid,
 The hawser-bands, and strove to wrench the helms
 Out through the stern-ports of the stately ship,
 And rang our shouts —“ By what right do ye steal
 Images from our land and priestesses ?
 Who and whose son art thou, to kidnap her ? ” 1360
 But he, “ Orestes I, her brother, son
 Of Agamemnon, know thou She I bear
 Hence is my sister whom I lost from home ”

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

- ἀλλ' οὐδὲν ἦσσαν εἰχόμεσθα τῆς ξένης
 καὶ πρὸς σ' ἔπεισθαι διεβιαζόμεσθ' αἶν,
 ὅθεν τὰ δεινὰ πλήγματ' ἦν γενειάδων.
 κεῖνοι τε γὰρ σίδηρον οὐκ εἶχον χεροῖν
 ἡμεῖς τε· πυγμαὶ δ' ἦσαν ἐγκροτούμεναι,
 καὶ κῶλ' ἀπ' ἀμφοῖν τοῖν νεανίαῖν ἅμα
 1370 εἰς πλευρὰ καὶ πρὸς ἦπαρ ἠκοντίζετο,
 ὥς τῷ ξυνάπτειν καὶ συναποκαμῆν μέλη.
 δεινοῖς δὲ σημάντροισιν ἐσφραγισμένοι
 ἐφεύγομεν πρὸς κρημνόν, οἳ μὲν ἐν κάρᾳ
 κάθαιμ' ἔχοντες τραύμαθ', οἳ δ' ἐν ὄμμασιν
 ὄχθοις δ' ἐπισταθέντες εὐλαβεστέρως
 ἐμαρνάμεσθα καὶ πέτρους ἐβάλλομεν.
 ἀλλ' εἴργον ἡμᾶς τοξόται πρύμνης ἐπι
 σταθέντες ἰοῖς, ὥστ' ἀναστεῖλαι πρόσω.
 1380 κὰν τῷδε, δεινὸς γὰρ κλύδων ὥκειλε ναῦν
 πρὸς γῆν, φόβος δ' ἦν παρθένω τέγξαι πόδα,
 λαβὼν Ὀρέστης ὦμον εἰς ἀριστερόν,
 βὰς εἰς θάλασσαν κὰπὶ κλίμακος θορών,
 ἔθηκ' ἀδελφὴν ἐντὸς εὐσέλμου νεώς,
 τό τ' οὐρανοῦ πέσημα, τῆς Διὸς κόρης
 ἄγαλμα. ναὸς δ' ἐκ μέσης ἐφθέγξατο
 βοή τις· ὦ γῆς Ἑλλάδος ναῦται νεώς,
 λάβεσθε κώπης ῥόθιά τ' ἐκλευκαίνετε
 ἔχομεν γὰρ ὦνπερ εἵνεκ' ἄξενον πόρον
 1390 Συμπληγάδων ἔσωθεν εἰσεπλεύσαμεν.
 οἳ δὲ στεναγμὸν ἠδὺν ἐκβρυχώμενοι
 ἔπαισαν ἄλμην. ναῦς δ', ἕως μὲν ἐντὸς ἦν
 λιμένος, ἐχώρει· στόμια διαπερῶσα δὲ
 λάβρω κλύδωνι συμπεσοῦς' ἠπείγετο
 δεινὸς γὰρ ἐλθὼν ἄνεμος ἐξαίφνης σκάφος,¹

¹ Wecklein for MSS νεώς

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Yet no less clung we to the stranger-maid,
And would have forced to follow us to thee,
Whence came these fearful buffets on my cheeks
For in their hands steel weapons had they none,
Nor we, but there were clenched fists hailing blows,
And those young champions twain dashed spurning
feet,

As javelins swift, on waist and rib of us, 1370
That scarce we grappled, ere our limbs waxed faint,
And marked with ghastly scars of strife we fled
Unto the cliffs, some bearing gory weals
Upon their heads, and others on their eyes
Yet, rallying on the heights, more warily
We fought, and fell to hurling stones on them
But archers, planted on her stern, with shafts
Back beat us, that we needs must draw aloof

Meanwhile a great surge shoreward swung the ship,
And, for the maiden feared to wade the surf, 1380
On his left shoulder Orestes lifted her,
Strode through the sea, upon the ladder leapt,
And in the good ship set his sister down,
With that heaven-fallen image of Zeus' child
Then from the galley's midst rang loud and clear
A shout—"Ye seamen of this Hellene ship,
Grip oars, and churn the swirling breakers white,
For we have won the prize for which we sailed
The cheerless sea within the Clashing Rocks"
Then, with glad gasp loud-bursting from each breast, 1390
Smote they the brine The ship made way, while yet
Within the bay, but, as she cleared its mouth,
By fierce surge met, she laboured heavily,
For suddenly swooped a wild gust on the ship,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

- ὦθει παλιμπρυμνηδόν ¹ οἱ δ' ἐκαρτέρουν
 πρὸς κῦμα λακτίζοντες· εἰς δὲ γῆν πάλιν
 κλύδων παλίρρους ἤγε ναῦν. σταθεῖσα δὲ
 Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖς ἠὔξατ' ὦ Λητοῦς κόρη,
 σῶσόν με τὴν σὴν ἱερίαν πρὸς Ἑλλάδα
 1400 ἐκ βαρβάρου γῆς καὶ κλοπαῖς σύγγνωθ' ἐμαῖς.
 φιλεῖς δὲ καὶ σὺ σὸν κασίγνητον, θεὰ
 φιλεῖν δὲ καμὲ τοὺς ὀμαίμονας δόκει.
 ναῦται δ' ἐπηυφήμησαν εὐχαῖσιν κόρης
 παιᾶνα, γυμνάς εὐχερῶς ἐπωμίδας
 κώπη προσαρμόσαντες ἐκ κελεύσματος.
 μᾶλλον δὲ μᾶλλον πρὸς πέτρας ἤει σκάφος·
 χῶ μὲν τις εἰς θάλασσαν ὠρμήθη ποσὶν,
 ἄλλος δὲ πλεκτὰς ἐξανήπτει ἀγκύλας
 1410 καὶ γὰρ μὲν εὐθὺς πρὸς σέ δεῦρ' ἀπεστάλην,
 σοὶ τὰς ἐκείθεν σημαυῶν, ἄναξ, τύχας.
 ἀλλ' ἔρπε, δεσμὰ καὶ βρόχους λαβὼν χεροῖν·
 εἰ μὴ γὰρ οἶδμα νήνεμον γενήσεται,
 οὐκ ἔστιν ἐλπίς τοῖς ξένοις σωτηρίας.
 πόντου δ' ἀνάκτωρ Ἴλιόν τ' ἐπισκοπεῖ,
 σεμνὸς Ποσειδῶν, Πελοπίδαις δ' ἐναντίος.
 καὶ νῦν παρέξει τὸν Ἀγαμέμνονος γόνον
 σοὶ καὶ πολίταις, ὥς ἔοικεν, ἐν χεροῖν
 λαβεῖν, ἀδελφὴν θ', ἣ φόνον τὸν Αὐλίδι
 ἀμνημόνευτον θεᾷ προδοῦσ' ἀλίσκεται.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- 1420 ὦ τλήμον Ἰφιγένεια, συγγόνου μέτα
 θανεῖ πάλιν μολοῦσα δεσποτῶν χέρας.

ΘΟΑΣ

ὦ πάντες ἄστοι τῇσδε βαρβάρου χθονός,
 οὐκ εἶα πῶλοις ἐμβαλόντες ἡνίας

¹ Hermann for MSS πάλιν πρυμνήσι'

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Stein-foremost thrusting hei With might and main
 Fought they the waves, but towards the land again
 The back-sweep drove the ship. then stood and prayed
 Agamemnon's daughter, "Leto's Child, O Maid,
 Save me, thy priestess ! Bring me unto Greece
 From alien land , forgive my theft of thee ! 1400
 Thy brother, Goddess, dost thou also love
 O then believe that I too love my kin !"
 The mariners' pæan to the maiden's prayer
 Answered, the while with shoulders bare they
 strained

The oar-blade deftly to the timing-cry
 Nearer the rocks—yet nearer—came the bark
 Then of us some rushed wading through the sea,
 And some held nooses ready for the cast
 And straightway hitherward I sped to thee,
 To tell to thee, O King, what there befell 1410
 On then ! Take with thee chain and cord in hand
 For, if the sea-swell sink not into calm,
 Hope of deliverance have the strangers none
 The sea's Lord, dread Poseidon, graciously
 Looketh on Ilium, wroth with Pelops' line,
 And now shall give up Agamemnon's son
 To thine hands and thy people's, as is meet,
 With hei who, traitress to the Goddess proved,
 That sacrifice in Aulis hath forgot

CHORUS

Woe is thee, Iphigeneia ! With thy brother 1420
 Caught in the tyrant's grasp shalt thou be slain !

THOAS

What ho ! ye citizens of this my land,
 Up, bridle ye your steeds !—along the shore

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

παράκτιοι δραμείσθε, κακβολὰς νεῶς
 Ἑλληνίδος δέξεσθε, σὺν δὲ τῇ θεῷ
 σπεύδοντες ἄνδρας δυσσεβεῖς θηράσετε·
 οἱ δ' ὠκυπόμπους ἔλξετ' εἰς πόντον πλάτας,
 ὥς ἐκ θαλάσσης ἕκ τε γῆς ἱππεύμασι
 λαβόντες αὐτοὺς ἢ κατὰ στύφλου πέτρας
 1430 ῥίψωμεν, ἢ σκόλοψι πῆξωμεν δέμας.
 ὑμᾶς δὲ τὰς τῶνδ' ἱστορας βουλευμάτων
 γυναικάς αὖθις, ἡνίκ' ἂν σχολὴν λάβω,
 ποινασόμεσθα· νῦν δὲ τὴν προκειμένην
 σπουδὴν ἔχοντες οὐ μενούμεν ἥσυχοι.

ΑΘΗΝΑ

ποῖ ποῖ διωγμὸν τόνδε πορθμεύεις, ἄναξ
 Θόας; ἄκουσον τῆσδ' Ἀθηναίας λόγους.
 παῦσαι διώκων ῥεύμα τ' ἐξορμῶν στρατοῦ·
 πεπρωμένος γὰρ θεσφάτοισι Λοξίου
 δεῦρ' ἦλθ' Ὀρέστης, τὸν τ' Ἑρινύων χόλον
 1440 φεύγων ἀδελφῆς τ' Ἄργος εἰσπέμψων δέμας
 ἄγαλμά θ' ἱερὸν εἰς ἐμὴν ἄξων χθόνα,
 τῶν νῦν παρόντων πημάτων ἀναψυχάς.
 πρὸς μὲν σ' ὅδ' ἡμῖν μῦθος ὃν δ' ἀποκτενεῖν
 δοκεῖς Ὀρέστην ποντίῳ λαβὼν σάλῳ,
 ἤδη Ποσειδῶν χάριν ἐμὴν ἀκύμονα
 πόντον τίθῃσι νῶτα πορθμεύων πλάτῃ.
 μαθὼν δ', Ὀρέστα, τὰς ἐμὰς ἐπιστολάς,
 κλύεις γὰρ αὐδὴν καίπερ οὐ παρὼν θεᾶς,
 χῶρει λαβὼν ἄγαλμα σύγγονόν τε σὴν
 1450 ὅταν δ' Ἀθήνας τὰς θεοδμήτους μόλῃς,
 χῶρός τις ἔστιν Ἀτθίδος πρὸς ἐσχάτοις
 ὄροισι, γείτων δειράδος Καρυστίας,
 ἱερός, Ἀλὰς νιν οὐμὸς ὀνομάζει λεῶς
 ἐνταῦθα τεύξας ναὸν ἱδρυσαι βρέτας,

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Gallop ! The stranding of the Hellene ship
 Await ye there, and, with the Goddess' help,
 Make speed to hunt yon impious cartiffs down
 And ye, go hale my swift keels to the wave,
 That, both by sea and coursing steeds on land,
 These we may take, and down the rugged crag
 May hurl them, or on stakes impale alive 1430
 You women, who were privy to this plot,
 Hereafter, when my leisure serveth me,
 Will I yet punish Having now in hand
 The instant need, I will not idly wait
ATHENA appears in mid-air above the stage

ATHENA

Whither, now whither, speedest thou this chase,
 King Thoas ? Hear my words—Athena's words.
 Cease from pursuit, from pouring forth thine
 host,
 For, foreordained by Loxias' oracles,
 Orestes came, to escape the Erinyes' wrath,
 And lead his sister unto Argos home, 1440
 And bear the sacred image to my land,
 So to win respite from his present woes
 This is my word to thee Orestes, whom
 Thou think'st to take in mid-sea surge, and slay—
 Even now for my sake doth Poseidon lull
 To calm the breakers, speeding on his bark
 And thou, Orestes, to mine hests give heed—
 For, though afar, thou hear'st the voice divine —
 Taking the image and thy sister, go ;
 And when thou com'st to Athens' god-built towers,
 A place there is upon the utmost bounds 1450
 Of Attica, hard by Karystus' ridge,
 A holy place, named Halae of my folk.
 Build there a shrine, and set that image up,

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

- ἐπώνυμον γῆς Ταυρικῆς πόνων τε σῶν,
 οὗς ἐξεμόχθεις περιπολῶν καθ' Ἑλλάδα
 οἷστροις Ἑρινύων. Ἄρτεμιν δέ νιν βροτοὶ
 τὸ λοιπὸν ὑμνήσουσι Ταυραπόλον θεάν.
 νόμον τε θῆς τόνδ'· ὅταν ἐορτάζῃ λεώς,
 1460 τῆς σῆς σφαγῆς ἄποιν' ἐπισχέτω ξίφος
 δέρῃ πρὸς ἀνδρὸς αἷμά τ' ἐξανιέτω,
 ὀσίας ἑκατι, θεά θ' ὅπως τιμὰς ἔχῃ.
 σέ δ' ἀμφὶ σεμνάς, Ἰφιγένεια, κλίμακας
 Βραυρωνίας δεῖ τῇδε κληδουχεῖν θεᾶ·
 οὐ καὶ τεθάψει κατθανοῦσα, καὶ πέπλων
 ἄγαλμά σοι θήσουσιν εὐπήνους ὑφάς,
 ἃς ἂν γυναῖκες ἐν τόκοις ψυχορραγεῖς
 λείπωσ' ἐν οἴκοις. τάσδε δ' ἐκπέμπειν χθονὸς
 Ἑλληνίδας γυναῖκας ἐξεφίεμαι
 γνώμης δικαίας εἵνεκ' ἐξέσωσα δέ
 1470 καὶ πρὶν σ' Ἀρείοις ἐν πάγοις ψήφους ἴσας
 κρίνασ', Ὀρέστα· καὶ νόμισμ' ἔσται τόδε,
 νικᾶν ἰσήμεναι ὅστις ἂν ψήφους λάβῃ.
 ἀλλ' ἐκκομίζου σὴν κασιγνήτην χθονός,
 Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖ· καὶ σὺ μὴ θυμοῦ, Θόας.

ΘΟΑΣ

- ἄνασσ' Ἀθάνα, τοῖσι τῶν θεῶν λόγοις
 ὅστις κλύων ἄπιστος, οὐκ ὀρθῶς φρονεῖ
 ἐγὼ δ' Ὀρέστη τ', εἰ φέρων βρέτας θεᾶς
 βέβηκ', ἀδελφῇ τ' οὐχὶ θυμούμαι· τί γὰρ
 πρὸς τοὺς σθένοντας θεοὺς ἀμιλλᾶσθαι καλόν;
 1480 ἵτωσαν εἰς σὴν σὺν θεᾶς ἀγάλματι
 γαῖαν, καθιδρύσαιντό τ' εὐτυχῶς βρέτας.
 πέμψω δέ καὶ τάσδ' Ἑλλάδ' εἰς εὐδαίμονα
 γυναῖκας, ὥσπερ σὸν κέλευσμ' ἐφίεται.
 παύσω δέ λόγχην ἣν ἐπαίρομαι ξένους
 νεῶν τ' ἐρετμά, σοὶ τὰδ' ὥς δοκεῖ, θεά.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

Named from the Taurian land and from thy toils,
The travail of thy wandering through Greece
Erinyes-goaded Men through days to come
Shall chant her—Artemis the Taurian Queen
This law ordain when folk keep festival,
In quittance for thy slaughter one must hold
To a man's throat the sword, and spill the blood 1460
For hallowing and the Goddess' honour's sake

Thou, Iphigeneia, by the holy stairs
Of Brauron must this Goddess' warden be
There shalt thou die, and be entombed, and webs,
Of all fair vesture shall they offer thee
Which wives who perish in their travail-tide
Leave in their homes

 I charge thee, King, to send
Homeward these maids of Hellas from thy land
For their true hearts' sake I delivered thee
Erstwhile, Orestes, balancing the votes 1470
On Ares' mount, and this shall be a law—
The equal tale of votes acquits the accused
Now from this land thy sister bear o'ersea,
Agamemnon's son · Thoas, be wroth no more.

THOAS

Athena, Queen, who hears the words of Gods,
And disobeyeth them, is sense-bereft
Lo, I against Orestes and his sister
Chafe not, that he hath borne the image hence
What boots it to defy the mighty Gods?
Let them with Artemis' statue to thy land 1480
Depart, and with fair fortune set it up
I unto happy Greece will send withal
These maids, according as thine hest enjoins;
Will stay the spear against the strangers raised,
And the ships, Goddess, since it is thy will

ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ Η ΕΝ ΤΑΥΡΟΙΣ

ΑΘΗΝΑ

αἰνῶ· τὸ γὰρ χρεὼν σοῦ τε καὶ θεῶν κρατεῖ
ἔτ', ὦ πνοαί, ναυσθλοῦσθε τὸν Ἀγαμέμνωνος
παῖδ' εἰς Ἀθήνας· συμπορεύσομαι δ' ἐγώ,
σώζουσ' ἀδελφῆς τῆς ἐμῆς σεμνὸν βρέτας

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1490 ἔτ' ἐπ' εὐτυχίᾳ τῆς σφζομένης
μοίρας εὐδαίμονες ὄντες
ἄλλ', ὦ σεμνὴ παρά τ' ἀθανάτοις
καὶ παρὰ θνητοῖς, Παλλὰς Ἀθήνα,
δράσομεν οὕτως ὥς σὺ κελεύεις
μάλᾳ γὰρ τερπνὴν κἀνέλπιστον
φήμην ἀκοαῖσι δέδεγμαι.

ὦ μέγα σεμνὴ Νίκη, τὸν ἐμὸν
βίοντον κατέχοις
καὶ μὴ λήγοις στεφανοῦσα.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURICA

ATHENA

'Tis well for thee, for Gods, is Fate too strong
Forth, breezes ! Waft ye Agamemnon's son
To Athens even I will voyage with him,
Keeping my sister's holy image safe

CHORUS

Speed with fair fortune, in bliss speed on 1490
For the doom reversed, for the life re-won
Pallas Athena, Queen adored
Of mortals on earth, of Immortals in heaven,
We will do according to this thy word ·
For above all height to which hope hath soared
Is the glad, glad sound to our ears that is given

Hail, reverèd Victory
Rest upon my life , and me
Crown, and crown eternally

[*Exeunt* OMNES

ANDROMACHE

ARGUMENT

WHEN *Troy was taken by the Greeks, Andromache, wife of that Hector whom Achilles slew ere himself was slain by the arrow which Apollo guided, was given in the dividing of the spoils to Neoptolemus, Achilles' son. So he took her oversea to the land of Thessaly, and loved her, and entreated her kindly, and she bare him a son in her captivity. But after ten years¹ Neoptolemus took to wife a princess of Sparta, Hermione, daughter of Menelaus and Helen. But to these was no child born, and the soul of Hermione grew bitter with jealousy against Andromache. Now Neoptolemus, in his indignation for his father's death, had upbraided Apollo therewith wherefore he now journeyed to Delphi, vainly hoping by prayer and sacrifice to assuage the wrath of the God. But so soon as he was gone, Hermione sought to avenge herself on Andromache, and Menelaus came thither also, and these twain went about to slay the captive and her child. Wherefore Andromache hid her son, and took sanctuary at the altar of the Goddess Thetis, expecting till Peleus, her lord's grandsire, should come to save her. And herein are set forth her sore peril and deliverance also it is told how Neoptolemus found death at Delphi, and how he that contrived his death took his wife*

¹ See *Odyssey* iv 3-9

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ΘΕΤΙΣ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ANDROMACHE

HANDMAID, *a Trojan captive*

HERMIONE, *daughter of Menelaus, wife of Neoptolemus*

MENELAUS, *king of Sparta, brother of Agamemnon*

MOLOSSUS, *son of Neoptolemus and Andromache*

PELEUS, *father of Achilles*

NURSE *of Hermione*

ORESTES, *son of Agamemnon*

MESSENGER

THETIS, *a Sea-goddess, wife of Peleus*

CHORUS *of maidens of Phthia in Thessaly*

Attendants of Menelaus, Peleus, and Orestes

SCENE At the temple of Thetis, beside the palace of
 Neoptolemus, in Phthia of Thessaly

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

- Ἀσιάτιδος γῆς σχῆμα, Θηβαία πόλις,
ὄθεν ποθ' ἔδνων σὺν πολυχρύσῳ χλιδῇ
Πριάμου τύραννον ἐστίαν ἀφικόμην
δάμαρ δοθεῖσα παιδοποιὸς Ἑκτορι,
ζηλωτὸς ἔν γε τῷ πρὶν Ἀνδρομάχῃ χρόνῳ,
νῦν δ' εἴ τις ἄλλη δυστυχεστάτῃ γυνή
[ἐμοῦ πέφυκεν ἢ γενήσεται ποτε]
ἥτις πόσιν μὲν Ἑκτορ' ἐξ Ἀχιλλέως
θανόντ' ἐσεῖδον, παῖδά θ' ὃν τίκτω πόσει
10 ῥιφθέντα πύργων Ἀστυάνακτ' ἀπ' ὀρθίων,
ἐπεὶ τὸ Τροίας εἶλον Ἕλληνες πέδον
αὐτὴ δὲ δούλῃ τῶν ἐλευθερωτάτων
οἴκων νομισθεῖσ' Ἑλλάδ' εἰσαφικόμην
τῷ νησιώτῃ Νεοπτολέμῳ δορὸς γέρας
δοθεῖσα λείας Τρωικῆς ἐξαίρετον.
Φθίας δὲ τῆσδε καὶ πόλεως Φαρσαλίας
σύγχορτα ναίω πεδί', ἔν' ἡ θαλασσία
Πηλεῖ ξυνώκει χωρὶς ἀνθρώπων Θεῆτις
φεύγουσ' ὄμιλον Θεσσαλὸς δέ νιν λεῶς
20 Θετίδειον αὐδ' ἀθεᾶς χάριν νυμφευμάτων
ἐνθ' οἶκον ἔσχε τόνδε παῖς Ἀχιλλέως,
Πηλέα δ' ἀνάσσειν γῆς ἐκ Φαρσαλίας,
ζῶντος γέροντος σκῆπτρον οὐ θέλων λαβεῖν

ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE *sitting on the steps of the altar of Thetis*

ANDROMACHE

BEAUTY of Asian land, O town of Thebes,
Whence, decked with gold of costly bride-array,
To Priam's royal hearth long since I came
Espoused to Hector for his true-wed wife,—
I, envied in time past, Andromache,
But now above all others most unblest
Of women that have been or shall be ever;
Who saw mine husband Hector by Achilles
Slain, saw my Astyanax, the child I bare
Unto my lord, down from a high tower hurled, 10
That day the Hellenes won the plain of Troy
Myself a slave, accounted erst the child
Of a free house, none freer, came to Hellas,
Spear-guerdon chosen out for the island-prince,
Neoptolemus, from Troy's spoil given to him
Here on the marches 'twixt Pharsalia's town
And Phthia's plains I dwell, where that Sea-
queen,
Thetis, with Peleus lived aloof from men,
Shunning the throng wherefore Thessalians call it,
By reason of her bridal, "Thetis' Close" 20
Here made Achilles' son his dwelling-place,
And leaveth Peleus still Pharsalia's king,
Loth, while the ancient lives, to take his sceptre

κὶνὼν δόμοις τοῖσδ' ἄρσεν' ἐντίκτω κόρον,
 πλαθεῖς Ἄχιλλέως παιδί, δεσπότη δ' ἐμῷ.
 καὶ πρὶν μὲν ἐν κακοῖσι κειμένην ὅμως
 ἐλπὶς μ' ἄει προσῆγε σωθέντος τέκνου
 ἀλκὴν τιν' εὔρεῖν κἀπικούρησιν κακῶν
 30 ἐπεὶ δὲ τὴν Λάκαιναν Ἑρμιόνην γαμεῖ
 τοῦμὸν παρώσας δεσπότης δοῦλον λέχος,
 κακοῖς πρὸς αὐτῆς σχετλίοις ἐλαύνομαι
 λέγει γὰρ ὥς νιν φαρμάκοις κεκρυμμένους
 τίθημ' ἄπαιδα καὶ πόσει μισουμένην,
 αὕτη δὲ ναίειν οἶκον ἀντ' αὐτῆς θέλω
 τόνδ', ἐκβαλοῦσα λέκτρα τὰ κείνης βία·
 ἀγὼ τὸ πρῶτον οὐχ ἐκούσ' ἐδεξάμην,
 νῦν δ' ἐκλέλοιπα Ζεὺς τάδ' εἰδείη μέγας
 ὥς οὐχ ἐκούσα τῷδ' ἐκοινώθην λέχει.
 ἀλλ' οὐ σφε πείθω, βούλεται δέ με κτανεῖν,
 40 πατήρ τε θυγατρὶ Μενέλεως συνδρά τάδε
 καὶ νῦν κατ' οἴκους ἔστ', ἀπὸ Σπάρτης μολῶν
 ἐπ' αὐτὸ τοῦτο δειματομένη δ' ἐγὼ
 δόμων πάροιικον Θέτιδος εἰς ἀνάκτορον
 θάσσω τόδ' ἐλθοῦσ', ἥν με κωλύση θανεῖν
 Πηλεὺς τε γάρ νιν ἔκγονοί τε Πηλέως
 σέβουσιν, ἐρμῆνευμα Νηρηῆδος γάμων.
 ὃς δ' ἔστι παῖς μοι μόνος, ὑπεκπέμπω λάθρα
 ἄλλους ἐς οἴκους, μὴ θάνῃ φοβουμένη
 ὃ γὰρ φυτεύσας αὐτὸν οὗτ' ἐμοὶ πάρα
 50 προσωφελῆσαι, παιδί τ' οὐδέν ἔστ', ἀπὼν
 Δελφῶν κατ' αἶαν, ἐνθα Λοξία δίκην
 δίδωσι μανίας, ἥ ποτ' ἐς Πυθῶ μολῶν
 ἤτησε Φοῖβον πατρὸς οὐ κτείνει δίκην,
 εἴ πως τὰ πρόσθε σφάλματ' ἐξαιτούμενος
 θεὸν παράσχοιτ' εἰς τὸ λοιπὸν εὐμενῇ.

ANDROMACHE

And I have boine a manchild in these halls
Unto Achilles' son, my body's loird,
And, sunk albeit in misery heretofore,
Was aye lured on by hope, in my son's life
To find some help, some shield from all mine ills
But since my loird hath wed Hermione
The Spartan, thrusting my thiall's couch aside, 30
With cruel wrongs she persecuteth me,
Saying that I by secret charms make her
A barren stock, and hated of her loird,
Would in her stead be lady of this house,
Casting hei out, the lawful wife, by force

Ah me ! with little joy I won that place,
And now have yielded up great Zeus be witness
That not of mine own will I shared this couch
Yet will she not believe, but seeks to slay me,
And hei sire Menelaus helpeth hei 40
He hath come from Sparta, now is he within
For this same end, and I in fear have fled
To Thetis' shume anigh unto this house,
And crouch here, so to be redeemed from death
For Peleus and his seed revere this place,
Th'is witness to the bridal of Neireus' child
But him, mine only son, by stealth I send
To another's home, in dread lest he be slain

For now his father is not nigh to aid,
Nor helps his son, being gone unto the land 50
Of Delphi, to atone to Loxias
For that mad hour when he to Pytho went
And for his slain sire claimed redress of Phoebus,
If haply prayer for those transgressions past
Might win the God's giace for the days to be

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

δέσποινα', ἐγὼ τοι τοῦνομ' οὐ φεύγω τόδε
καλεῖν σ', ἐπεῖπερ καὶ κατ' οἶκον ἡξίουν
τὸν σόν, τὸ Τροίας ἡνίκ' ὤκουμεν πέδον,
εὖνους δὲ καὶ σοὶ ζῶντί τ' ἢ τῷ σῶ πόσει·
καὶ νῦν φέρουσά σοι νέους ἤκω λόγους,
φύβω μὲν, εἴ τις δεσποτῶν αἰσθήσεται,
οἴκτῳ δὲ τῷ σῷ δεινὰ γὰρ βουλεύεται
Μενέλαος εἰς σὲ παῖς θ', ἃ σοι φυλακτεία

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ φιλτάτη σύνδουλε, σύνδουλος γὰρ εἰ
τῇ πρόσθ' ἀνάσση τῇδε, νῦν δὲ δυστυχεῖ,
τί δρῶσι, ποίας μηχανὰς πλέκουσιν αὐ,
κτεῖναι θέλοντες τὴν παναθλίαν ἐμέ;

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

τὸν παῖδά σου μέλλουσιν, ὦ δύστηνε σύ,
κτείνειν ὃν ἔξω δωμάτων ὑπεξέθου.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἴμοι· πέπυσται τὸν ἐμὸν ἔκθετον γόνον,
πόθεν ποτ'; ὦ δύστηνος, ὡς ἀπωλόμην

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

οὐκ οἶδ', ἐκείνων δ' ἡσθόμην ἐγὼ τάδε·
φροῦδος δ' ἐπ' αὐτὸν Μενέλεως δόμων ἄπο

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἀπωλόμην ἄρ'· ὦ τέκνον, κτενοῦσί σε
δισσοὶ λαβόντες γῦπες ὁ δὲ κεκλημένος
πατὴρ ἔτ' ἐν Δελφοῖσι τυγχάνει μένων

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΝΑ

δοκῶ γὰρ οὐκ ἂν ᾧδέ σ' ἂν πράσσειν κακῶς
κείνου παρόντος· νῦν δ' ἔρημος εἰ φίλων

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οὐδ' ἀμφὶ Πηλέως ἦλθεν, ὡς ἥξοι, φάτις,

ANDROMACHE

Enter HANDMAID

HANDMAID

Queen,—for I shun not by this name to call
Thee, which I knew thy right in that old home,
Thine home what time in Troyland we abode,—
I love thee, as I loved thy living lord,
And now with evil tidings come to thee, 60
In dread lest any of our masters hear,
And ruth for thee, for fearful plots are laid
Of Menelaus and his child bewaie !

ANDROMACHE

Dear fellow-thrall,—for fellow-thrall thou art
To her that once was queen, is now unblest,—
What do they ?—what new web of guile weave they
Who fain would slay the utter-wretched, me ?

HANDMAID

Thy son, O hapless, are they set to slay
Whom forth the halls thou tookest privily

ANDROMACHE

Woe !—hath she leant the hiding of my child ? 70
How ?—O unhappy, how am I undone !

HANDMAID

I know not but themselves I heard say this
Yea, seeking him Menelaus hath gone forth

ANDROMACHE

Undone !—undone !—O child, these vultures twain
Will clutch thee and will slay ! He that is named
Thy father, yet in Delphi lingereth

HANDMAID

I ween thou shouldst not fare so evilly
If he were here but friendless art thou now

ANDROMACHE

Of Peleus' coming is there not a word ?

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

80 γέρων ἐκείνος ὥστε σ' ὠφελεῖν παρών

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

καὶ μὴν ἔπεμψ' ἐπ' αὐτὸν οὐχ ἅπαξ μόνον

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

μῶν οὖν δοκεῖς σου φροντίσαι τιν' ἀγγέλων,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πόθεν; θέλεις οὖν ἄγγελος σύ μοι μολεῖν;

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

τί δῆτα φήσω χρόνιος οὖσ' ἐκ δωμαίων,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πολλὰς ἂν εὖροις μηχανάς· γυνὴ γὰρ εἶ

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

κίνδυνος Ἑρμιόνη γὰρ οὐ σμικρὸν φύλαξ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὄρας, ἀπαυδᾷς ἐν κακοῖς φίλοισι σοῖς

ΘΕΡΑΠΙΑΙΝΑ

οὐ δῆτα μηδὲν τοῦτ' ὄνειδίσῃς ἐμοί
ἀλλ' εἴμ', ἐπεὶ τοι κοῦ περίβλεπτος βίος
90 δούλης γυναικός, ἣν τι καὶ πάθω κακόν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

χώρει νῦν· ἡμεῖς δ', οἷσπερ ἐγκείμεσθ' ἀεὶ
θρήνοισι καὶ γόοισι καὶ δακρύμασι,
πρὸς αἰθέρ' ἐκτενούμεν ἐμπέφυκε γὰρ
γυναιξὶ τέρψις τῶν παρεστώτων κακῶν
ἀνὰ στόμ' ἀεὶ καὶ διὰ γλώσσης ἔχειν
πάρεστι δ' οὐχ ἐν ἀλλὰ πολλά μοι στένειν,
πόλιν πατρώαν τὸν θανόντα θ' Ἑκτορα
στερρόν τε τὸν ἐμὸν δαίμον' ᾧ συνεζύγην
δούλειον ἡμαρ εἰσπεσοῦσ' ἀναξίως
100 χρῆ δ' οὐποτ' εἰπεῖν οὐδέν' ὄλβιον βροτῶν,

ANDROMACHE

HANDMAID

Too old is he to help thee, were he here. 80

ANDROMACHE

Yet did I send for him not once nor twice.

HANDMAID

Dost think the palace-messengers heed thee ?

ANDROMACHE

How should they ?—Wilt thou be my messenger ?

HANDMAID

But how excuse long absence from the halls ?

ANDROMACHE

Thou shalt find many pleas—a woman thou.

HANDMAID

'Twere peril keen watch keeps Hermione

ANDROMACHE

Lo there !—thy friends in woe dost thou renounce

HANDMAID

No—no ! Cast thou no such reproach on me !

Lo, I will go What matter is the life
Of a bondwoman, though I light on death ? 90

ANDROMACHE

Go then and I to heaven will lengthen out
My lamentations and my moans and tears,
Wherein I am ever whelmed [Exit HANDMAID.

'Tis in the heart

Of woman* with a mournful pleasure aye
To bear on lip and tongue her present ills,
Not one have I, but many an one to moan—
The city of my fathers, Hector slain,
The ruthless lot whereunto I am yoked,
Who fell on thialdom's day unmerited
Never mayst thou call any mortal blest,

100

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πρὶν ἂν θανόντος τὴν τελευταίαν ἴδῃς
ὅπως περάσας ἡμέραν ἤξει κάτω

Ἴλιφ αἰπεινᾷ Πάρις οὐ γάμον ἀλλὰ τιν' ἄταν
ἡγάγετ' εὐναίαν εἰς θαλάμους Ἑλέναν
ἄς ἔνεκ', ὦ Τροία, δορὶ καὶ πυρὶ δηιάλωτον
εἶλέ σ' ὁ χιλιόναυς Ἑλλάδος ὠκύς Ἄρης
καὶ τὸν ἐμὸν μελέας πόσιν Ἑκτορα, τὸν περὶ
τείχῃ
εἴλκυσε διφρεύων παῖς ἀλίας Θέτιδος·
αὐτὰ δ' ἐκ θαλάμων ἀγόμεαν ἐπὶ θῖνα θαλ-
άσσας,

110 δουλοσύναν στυγερὰν ἀμφιβαλοῦσα κάρᾳ
πολλὰ δὲ δάκρυά μοι κατέβα χροός, ἀνίκ' ἔλειπον
ἄστῃ τε καὶ θαλάμους καὶ πόσιν ἐν κονίαις.
ὦμοι ἐγὼ μελέα, τί μ' ἐχρῆν ἔτι φέγγος ὀρᾶσθαι
Ἑρμιόνας δούλαν, ἄς ὑπο τειρομένα
πρὸς τόδ' ἄγαλμα θεᾶς ἰκέτις περὶ χεῖρε βαλοῦσα
τάκομαι ὥς πετρίνα πιδακόεσσα λιβᾶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

στρ α'

ὦ γύναι, ἂ Θέτιδος δάπεδον καὶ ἀνάκτορα θύσσεις
δαρὸν οὐδὲ λείπεις,
Φθιάς ὅμως ἔμολον ποτὶ σὰν Ἀσιήτιδα γένναν,
120 εἴ τί σοι δυναίμαν
ἄκος τῶν δυσλύτων πόνων τεμεῖν,
οἳ σὲ καὶ Ἑρμιόναν ἔριδι στυγερά συνέκλησαν,
τλάμον' † ἀμφὶ λέκτρων

ANDROMACHE

Or ever thou hast seen his dying day,
 Seen how he passed therethrough and came on death
 No bride was the Helen with whom unto steep-built
 Ilium hasted [espousal he passed
 Paris,—nay, bringing a Curse to his bowers of
 O Troy, for her sake, by the thousand galleys of
 Hellas wasted, [battle-spirit thou wast,
 With fire and with sword destroyed by her fierce
 Thou and Hector my lord, whom the scion of Thetis
 the Sea-king's daughter— [of Ilium dead,
 O for mine anguish!—dragged round the ramparts
 And myself from my bowers was haled to the strand
 of the exile-water, [head
 Casting the sore-loathed veil of captivity over mine 110
 Ah but my tears were down-streaming in flood when
 the galley swift-racing [my lord in the tomb
 Bore me afar from my town, from my bowers, from
 Woe for mine anguish!—what boots it on light any
 more to be gazing, [and hunted of whom
 Who am yonder Hermione's thrall?—ever harried
 Suppliant I cling to the Goddess's feet that mine
 hands are embracing, [rock-riven gloom
 Wasting in tears as a spring welling forth from the
Enter CHORUS of Phthian Maidens

CHORUS

(Str 1)

Lady, who, suppliant crouched on the pavement of
 Thetis' shrine,
 Clingest long to thy sanctuary, [line,
 I daughter of Phthia, yet come unto thee of an Asian
 If I haply may find for thee 120
 Some healing or help for the tangle of desperate
 trouble [Hermione twine,
 Whose meshes of bitterest feud around thee and
 For that, O thou afflicted one,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

διδύμων ἐπίκοινων εὐούσαν

† ἀμφὶ παῖδ' Ἀχιλλέως

ἀντ. α'

γνώθι τύχαν, λόγισαι τὸ παρὸν κακὸν εἰς ὅπερ
ἦκεις.

δεσπότης ἀμιλλᾷ

Ἰλιάς οὔσα κόρα Λακεδαίμονος ἐγγενέταισιν;

λεῖπε δεξίμηλον

130 δόμον τᾶς ποντίας θεοῦ τί σοι

καιρὸς ἀτυζομένην δέμας αἰκέλιον καταλείβειν

δεσπυτῶν ἀνάγκαις,

τὸ κρατοῦν δέ σ' ἔπεισι τί μόχθον

οὐδὲν οὔσα μοχθεῖς,

στρ β'

ἀλλ' ἔθι λεῖπε θεᾶς Νηρηίδος ἀγλαὸν ἔδραν,

γνώθι δ' οὔσ' ἐπὶ ξένας

δμῶις ἐπ' ἀλλοτρίας

πόλεος, ἔνθ' οὐ φίλων τιν' εἰσορᾷς

σῶν, ὧ δυστυχεστάτα,

140 παντάλαινα νύμφα.

ἀντ. β'

οἰκτροτάτα γὰρ ἔμοιγ' ἔμολες, γύναι Ἰλιάς, οἴκους

δεσποτῶν ἐμῶν φόβῳ δ'

ἡσυχίαν ἄγομεν,

τὸ δὲ σὸν οἶκτῳ φέρουσα τυγχάνω,

μὴ παῖς τᾶς Διὸς κόρας

σοί μ' εὖ φρονούσαν ἔδῃ

ANDROMACHE

Ye twain are unequally yoked in the bride-bands
double

That compass Achilles' son

(Ant 1)

Look on thy lot, take account of the ills wherewith
thou art come

Thy lady's rival art thou,—

An Ilían to rival a child of a lordly Láconian home !

Forsake thou the temple now

Wherein sheep to the Sea-queen are burned What 130

boots it with wailing [sion's doom

And tears to consume thy beauty, aghast at oppres-

Upon thee by thy loids' hands brought?

The might of the strong overbeareth thee all

unavailing

Is thy struggling—lo, thou art naught

(Str 2)

Nay, leave thou the holy place of the Lady of Nereus'
lace

Discern how thou needs must abide

In a land of strangers, an alien city

Where thou seest no friend, neither any to pity,

O thou who art whelmed in calamity's tide,

Unhappiest bride!

140

(Ant 2)

I pitied thee, llian dame, when thy feet unto these
halls came,

But I feared, for my lords be stern,

That I held my peace but thy lot ill-fated

In silence aye I compassated, [discern

Lest the child of the daughter of Zeus¹ should

O'er thy woes how I yearn

¹ Hermione daughter of Helen

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

- κόσμον μὲν ἀμφὶ κρατὶ χρυσέας χλιδῆς
 στολμόν τε χρωτὸς τὸνδε ποικίλων πέπλων,
 οὐ τῶν Ἀχιλλέως οὐδὲ Πηλέως ἄπο
 150 δόμων ἀπαρχὰς δεῦρ' ἔχουσ' ἀφικόμην,
 ἀλλ' ἐκ Λακαίνης Σπαρτιάτιδος χθονὸς
 Μενέλαος ἡμῖν ταῦτα δωρεῖται πατὴρ
 πολλοῖς σὺν ἔδνοις, ὥστ' ἐλευθεροστομεῖν.
 ὑμᾶς μὲν οὖν τοῖσδ' ἀνταμείβομαι λόγοις
 σὺ δ' οὔσα δούλη καὶ δορίκτητος γυνή
 δόμους κατασχεῖν ἐκβαλοῦς' ἡμᾶς θέλεις
 τούσδε, στυγοῦμαι δ' ἀνδρὶ φαρμάκοισι σοῖς,
 νηδὺς δ' ἀκύμων διὰ σέ μοι διόλλυται·
 δεινὴ γὰρ ἡπειρώτις εἰς τὰ τοιάδε
 160 ψυχὴν γυναικῶν· ὦν ἐπισχέσω σ' ἐγώ,
 κούδέν σ' ὀνήσει δῶμα Νηρηΐδος τόδε,
 οὐ βωμὸς οὐδὲ ναός, ἀλλὰ κατθανεῖ
 ἣν δ' οὖν βροτῶν τίς σ' ἡ θεῶν σῶσαι θέλῃ,
 δεῖ σ' ἀντὶ τῶν πρὶν ὀλβίων φρονημάτων
 πτῆξαι ταπεινὴν προσπεσεῖν τ' ἐμὸν γόνυ,
 σαίρειν τε δῶμα τοῦμὸν ἐκ χρυσηλάτων
 τευχέων χερσὶ σπείρουσαν Ἀχελῷου δρόσον,
 γινῶναί θ' ἔν' εἰ γῆς. οὐ γάρ ἐσθ' Ἐκτωρ τάδε,
 οὐ Πρίαμος οὐδὲ χρυσός, ἀλλ' Ἑλλὰς πόλις
 170 εἰς τοῦτο δ' ἤκεις ἀμαθίας, δύστηνε σύ,
 ἣ παιδὶ πατρός, ὃς σὸν ὤλεσεν πόσιν,
 τολμᾶς ξυνεύδειν καὶ τέκν' αὐθέντου πάρα
 τίκτειν τοιοῦτον πᾶν τὸ βάρβαρον γένος·
 πατὴρ τε θυγατρὶ παῖς τε μητρὶ μίγνυται
 κόρη τ' ἀδελφῷ, διὰ φόνου δ' οἱ φίλτατοι
 χωροῦσι, καὶ τῶνδ' οὐδὲν ἐξείργει νόμος
 ἢ μὴ παρ' ἡμᾶς εἴσφερ' οὐδὲ γὰρ καλὸν

ANDROMACHE

Enter HERMIONE

HERMIONE

With bravery of gold about mine head,
And on my form this pomp of broided robes,
Hither I come —no gifts be these I wear
Or from Achilles' or from Peleus' house, 150
But from the Land Laconian Sparta-crowned
My father Menelaus with rich dower
Gave these, that so my tongue should not be curbed
This is mine answer, maidens, unto you
But thou, a woman-thrall, won by the spear,
Wouldst cast me out, and have this home thine
own,
And through thy spells I am hated by my lord,
My womb is barren, ruined all of thee,
For cunning is the soul of Asia's daughters
For such deeds Yet therefrom will I stay thee, 160
And this the Nereid's fane shall help thee nought,
Altar nor temple,—thou shalt die, shalt die!
Yea, though one stoop to save thee, man or God,
Yet must thou for thy haughty spirit of old
Crouch low abased, and grovel at my knee,
And sweep mine house, and sprinkle water dews
There from the golden ewers with thine hand,
And where thou art, know Hector is not here,
Nor Priam, nor his gold a Greek town this
Yet to such folly hast thou come, thou wretch, 170
That with this son of him who slew thy lord
Thou dar'st to lie, and to the slayer bear
Sons! Suchlike is the whole barbaric race.—
Father with daughter, son with mother weds,
Sister with brother kin the nearest wade
Through blood. their laws forbid no whit thereof
Bring not such things midst us! We count it shame

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

180 δυοῖν γυναικοῖν ἄνδρ' ἔν' ἡνίας ἔχειν,
ἀλλ' εἰς μίαν βλέποντες εὐναίαν Κύπριν
στέργουσιν, ὅστις μὴ κακῶς οἰκεῖν θέλει

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐπίφθονόν τι χρήμα θηλείας φρενὸς
καὶ ξυγγάμοισι δυσμενὲς μάλιστ' αἰεί.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

190 φεῦ φεῦ
κακόν γε θνητοῖς τὸ νέον ἔν τε τῷ νέῳ
τὸ μὴ δίκαιον ὅστις ἀνθρώπων ἔχει
ἐγὼ δὲ ταρβῶ μὴ τὸ δουλεύειν μέ σοι
λόγων ἀπόσῃ πόλλ' ἔχουσαν ἔνδικα,
ἣν δ' αὖ κρατήσω, μὴ 'πὶ τῷδ' ὄφλω βλάβην·
οἱ γὰρ πνέοντες μεγάλα τοὺς κρείσσους λόγους
200 πικρῶς φέρουσι τῶν ἐλασσόνων ὑπο·
ὅμως δ' ἔμαυτὴν οὐ προδοῦσ' ἀλώσομαι
εἴπ', ὦ νεᾶνι, τῷ σ' ἐχεγγύω λόγῳ
πεισθεῖς ἀπωθῶ γνησίων νυμφευμάτων;
ὥς ἡ Λάκαινα τῶν Φρυγῶν μείων πόλις,
τύχη θ' ὑπερθεῖ, καὶ μ' ἐλευθέραν ὀρᾷς,
ἣ τῷ νέῳ τε καὶ σφριγῶντι σώματι
πόλεως τε μεγέθει καὶ φίλοις ἐπηρμένῃ
οἶκον κατασχεῖν τὸν σὸν ἀντὶ σοῦ θέλω;
200 πότερον ἴν' αὐτὴ παίδας ἀντὶ σοῦ τέκω
δούλους ἔμαυτῇ τ' ἀθλίαν ἐφολκίδα,
ἣ τοὺς ἐμούς τις παίδας ἐξανέξεται
Φθίας τυράννους ὄντας, ἣν σὺ μὴ τέκης;
φιλοῦσι γάρ μ' Ἑλληνες Ἐκτορός τ' ἄπο,
αὐτὴ τ' ἀμαυρὰ κοῦ τύραννος ἢ Φρυγῶν,
οὐκ ἐξ ἐμῶν σε φαρμάκων στυγεῖ πόσις,
ἀλλ' εἰ ξυνεῖναι μὴ 'πιτηδεῖα κυρεῖς
φίλτρον δὲ καὶ τόδ'· οὐ τὸ κάλλος, ὦ γύναι,

ANDROMACHE

That o'er two wives one man hold wedlock's reins,
But to one lawful love men turn then eyes,
Content—all such as look for peace in the home 180

CHORUS

In woman's heart is jealousy inborn,
'Tis bitterest unto wedlock-ivals aye

ANDROMACHE

Out upon thee!
A curse is youth to mortals, when with youth
A man hath not implanted righteousness!
I fear me lest with thee my thralldom bar
Defence, though many a righteous plea I have,
And even my victory turn unto mine hurt
They that are arrogant brook not to be
In argument o'er-mastered by the lowly 190
Yet will I not abandon mine own cause

Say, thou rash girl, in what assurance strong
Should I thrust thee from lawful wedlock-rights?
Is Sparta meaner than the Phrygians' burg?
Soareth my fortune?—dost thou see me free?
Or by my young and rounded loveliness,
My city's greatness, and my noble friends
Exalted, would I wrest from thee thine home?
Sooth, to bear sons myself instead of thee—
Slave-sons, a wretched drag upon my life! 200
Nay, though thou bear no children, who will
brook

That sons of mine be lords of Phthia-land?
O yea, the Greeks love me—for Hector's sake!—
Myself obscure, nor ever a Phrygian queen!
Not of my philtres thy lord hateth thee,
But that thy nature is no mate for his
This is the love charm—woman, 'tis not beauty

- 210 ἄλλ' ἄρεται τέρπουσι τοὺς ξυνευνέτας.
 σὺ δ' ἦν τι κνισθῆς, ἡ Λάκαινα μὲν πόλις
 μέγ' ἐστί, τὴν δὲ Σκύρον οὐδαμοῦ τίθης,
 πλουτεῖς δ' ἐν οὐ πλουτοῦσι, Μενέλεως δέ σοι
 μείζων Ἀχιλλέως. ταῦτά τοί σ' ἔχθει πόσις.
 χρή γὰρ γυναῖκα, καὶν κακῷ πόσει δοθῇ,
 στέργειν, ἄμιλλάν τ' οὐκ ἔχειν φρονήματος
 εἰ δ' ἄμφι Θρήκην χιόνι τὴν κατάρρυτον
 τύραννον ἔσχες ἄνδρ', ἵν' ἐν μέρει λέχος
 δίδωσι πολλαῖς εἰς ἀνὴρ κοινούμενος,
 ἔκτεινας ἂν τάσδ'; εἴτ' ἀπληστίαν λέχους
 220 πάσαις γυναιξὶ προστιθεῖσ' ἂν ἠυρέθης
 αἰσχρὸν γε· καίτοι χεῖρον' ἀρσένων νόσον
 ταύτην νοσοῦμεν, ἀλλὰ προὔστημεν καλῶς.
 ὦ φίλταθ' Ἑκτορ, ἀλλ' ἐγὼ τὴν σὴν χάριν
 σοὶ καὶ ξυνήρων, εἴ τί σε σφάλλοι Κύπρις,
 καὶ μαστὸν ἤδη πολλάκις νόθοισι σοῖς
 ἐπέσχον, ἵνα σοι μηδὲν ἐνδοίην πικρόν.
 καὶ ταῦτα δρώσα τᾶρετῇ προσηγόμην
 πόσιν σὺ δ' οὐδὲ ῥανίδ' ὑπαιθρίας δρόσου
 τῷ σῷ προσίζειν ἀνδρὶ δειμαίνουσ' ἐᾶς.
 μὴ τὴν τεκοῦσαν τῇ φιλανδρίᾳ, γύναι,
 230 ζῆται παρελθεῖν· τῶν κακῶν γὰρ μητέρων
 φεύγειν τρόπους χρή τέκν', ὅσοις ἔνεστι νοῦς

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δέσποιν', ὅσον σοι ῥαδίως προσίσταται,
 τοσόνδε πείθου τῇδε συμβῆναι λόγοις

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τί σεμνομυθεῖς κεῖς ἀγῶν' ἔρχει λόγων,
 ὥς δὴ σὺ σῶφρων, τὰ μὰ δ' οὐχὶ σῶφρονα;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οὔκουν ἐφ' οἷς γε νῦν καθέστηκας λόγοις

ANDROMACHE

That witcheth bridegrooms, nay, but nobleness
 Let aught vex thee—O then a mighty thing
 Is thy Laconian city, Scyros naught ! 210
 Thy wealth thou flauntest, settest above Achilles
 Menelaus therefore thy loid hateth thee
 A wife, though low-born be her loid, must yet
 Content her, without wrangling arrogance
 But if in Thrace with snow-floods oveistreamed
 Thou hadst for lord a prince, where one man shares
 The wedlock-right in turn with many wives,
 Wouldst thou have slain these ? Ay, and so be found
 Branding all women with the slui of lust,
 Which were our shame ! True, more than men's,
 our hearts 220

Sicken for love, yet honour curbs desire
 Ah, dear, dear Hector, I would take to my heart
 Even thy leman, if Love tripped thy feet
 Yea, often to thy bastards would I hold
 My breast, that I might give thee none offence
 So doing, I drew with cords of wifely love
 My lord—but thou for jealous fear forbiddest
 Even gloaming's dew to drop upon thy lord !
 Seek not to o'erpass in cravings of desire
 Thy mother, lady Daughters in whom dwells 230
 Discretion, ought to flee vile mothers' paths

CHORUS

Mistress, so far as lightly thou mayst do,
 Deign to make truce with her from wordy strife

HERMIONE

And speak'st thou loftily, and wranglest thou,
 As thou wert continent, I of continence void ?

ANDROMACHE

Void ? Yea, if thou be judged by this thy claim

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ὁ νοῦς ὁ σός μοι μὴ ξυνοικίῃ, γύναι

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

νέα πέφυκας καὶ λέγεις αἰσχυρῶν πέρι

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

σὺ δ' οὐ λέγεις γε, δρᾶς δέ μ' εἰς ὅσον δύνῃ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

240 οὐκ αὖ σιωπῇ Κύπριδος ἀλγήσεις πέρι,

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τί δ', οὐ γυναιξὶ ταῦτα πρῶτα πανταχοῦ,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

καλῶς γε χρωμέναισιν· εἰ δὲ μή, οὐ καλὰ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

οὐ βαρβάρων νόμοισιν οἰκοῦμεν πόλιν

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

κάκει τά γ' αἰσχυρὰ κἀνθάδ' αἰσχύνην ἔχει

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

σοφὴ σοφὴ σύ· κατθανεῖν δ' ὅμως σε δεῖ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὀρᾶς ἄγαλμα Θέτιδος εἷς σ' ἀποβλέπον·

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

μισοῦν γε πατρίδα σὴν Ἀχιλλέως φόνω.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Ἑλένη νιν ὤλεσ', οὐκ ἐγώ, μήτηρ δὲ σή.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἦ καὶ πρόσω γὰρ τῶν ἐμῶν ψαύσεις κακῶν,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

250 ἰδὼν σιωπῶ κἀπιλάζυμαι στόμα

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἐκείνο λέξον, οὐπερ εἶνεκ' ἐστάλην

ANDROMACHE

HERMIONE

Never in my breast thy *discretion* dwell !

ANDROMACHE

A young wife thou for such immodest words

HERMIONE

Words ? Thine are deeds, to the uttermost of thy
power

ANDROMACHE

Cannot thy hungry jealousy hold its peace ? 240

HERMIONE

Why ? Stands not this night first with women ever ?

ANDROMACHE

In honour's limits 'Tis dishonour else

HERMIONE

We live not under laws barbaric here

ANDROMACHE

There, even as here, shame waits on shameful things

HERMIONE

Keen-witted ! keen !—yet shalt thou surely die

ANDROMACHE

Seest thou the eye of Thetis turned on thee ?

HERMIONE

In hate of thy land for Achilles' blood

ANDROMACHE

Helen slew him, not I, thy mother—thine !

HERMIONE

And wilt thou dare yet deeper prick mine hurt ?

ANDROMACHE

Lo, I am silent and I curb my mouth 250

HERMIONE

Confess thy sorceries ! This I came to hear

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

λέγω σ' ἐγὼ νοῦν οὐκ ἔχειν ὅσον σε δεῖ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

λείψεις τόδ' ἄγνόν τέμενος ἐναλίας θεοῦ ,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

εἰ μὴ θανοῦμαί γ'· εἰ δὲ μή, οὐ λείψω ποτέ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ὥς τοῦτ' ἄραρε, κοῦ μενῶ πόσιν μολεῖν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἄλλ' οὐδ' ἐγὼ μὴν πρόσθεν ἐκδώσω μέ σοι.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

πῦρ σοι προσοίσω κοῦ τὸ σὸν προσκέψομαι,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

σὺ δ' οὖν κάταιθε θεοὶ γὰρ εἴσονται τάδε.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

καὶ χρωτὶ δεινῶν τραυμάτων ἀλγηδόνας.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

260 σφάζ', αἱμάτου θεᾶς βωμόν, ἥ μέτεισί σε

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ὦ βάρβαρον σὺν θρέμμα καὶ σκληρὸν θράσος,

ἐγκαρτερεῖς δὴ θάνατον , ἄλλ' ἐγὼ σ' ἔδρας

ἐκ τῆσδ' ἐκοῦσαν ἐξαναστήσω τάχα·

τοιόνδ' ἔχω σου δέλεαρ ἀλλὰ γὰρ λόγους

κρύψω, τὸ δ' ἔργον αὐτὸ σημανεῖ τάχα.

κάθησ' ἐδραία καὶ γὰρ εἰ πέριξ σ' ἔχει

τηκτὸς μόλυβδος, ἐξαναστήσω σ' ἐγὼ

πρὶν ὧ πέποιθας παῖδ' Ἀχιλλέως μολεῖν

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πέποιθα. δεινὸν δ' ἐρπετῶν μὲν ἀγρίων

270 ἄκη βροτοῖσι θεῶν καταστήσασαί τινα

ἃ δ' ἔστ' ἐχίδνης καὶ πυρὸς περαιτέρω,

οὐδεὶς γυναικὸς φάρμακ' ἐξηύρηκέ πω

κακῆς· τοσοῦτόν ἐσμεν ἀνθρώποις κακόν.

ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE

I say thou hast less wit than thou dost need

HERMIONE

Wilt leave this hallowed close of the Sea-goddess ?

ANDROMACHE

If I shall not die else I leave it never

HERMIONE

'Tis fixed I wait not till my lord return

ANDROMACHE

Yet will I yield me not ere then to thee

HERMIONE

Fire will I bring thy plea will I not heed,—

ANDROMACHE

Kindle upon me !—this the Gods shall mark

HERMIONE

And to thy flesh bring anguish of dread wounds

ANDROMACHE

Hack, crimson her altar she shall visit for it 260

HERMIONE

Barbarian chattel ! Stubborn impudence !
Dost thou brave death ! Soon will I make thee rise
From this thy session, yea, of thine own will !
Such lure have I for thee —yet will I hide
The word the deed itself shall soon declare
Ay, sit thou fast !—though clamps of molten lead
Encompassed thee, yet will I make thee rise,
Ere come Achilles' son, in whom thou trustest [*Exit*

ANDROMACHE

I do trust Strange that God hath given to men
Salves for the venom of all creeping pests, 270
But none hath ever yet devised a balm
For venomous woman, worse than fire or viper
So dire a mischief unto men are we

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- ἡ μεγάλων ἀχέων ἄρ' ὑπῆρξεν, ὅτ' στρ α
 Ἰδαίαν ἐς νύπαν
 ἦλθ' ὁ Μαίας τε καὶ Διὸς τόκος,
 τρίπωλον ἄρμα δαιμόνων
 ἄγων τὸ καλλιζυγές,
 ἔριδι στυγερά κεκορυθμένον εὐμορφίας
 280 σταθμούς ἐπὶ βούτα
 βοτῆρά τ' ἀμφὶ μονότροπον νσανίαν
 ἔρημόν θ' ἐστιοῦχον αὐλάν
 ταὶ δ' ἐπεὶ ὑλόκομον νάπος ἤλυθον, ἀντ α
 οὐρειᾶν πιδάκων
 νίψαν αἰγλᾶντα σώματα ῥοαῖς
 ἔβαν δὲ Πριαμίδαν ὑπερ-
 βολαῖς λόγων δυσφρόνων
 παραβαλλόμεναι δολίοις δ' ἔλε Κύπρις λόγοις,¹
 290 τερπνοῖς μὲν ἀκοῦσαι,
 πικρὰν δὲ σύγχυσιν βίου Φρυγῶν πόλει
 ταλαίνα περγάμοις τε Τροίας
 εἶθε δ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλὰν ἔβαλεν κακὸν στρ β
 ἅ τεκοῦσά νιν Πάριν,
 πρὶν Ἰδαῖον κατοικίσαι λέπας,
 ὅτε νιν παρὰ θεσπεσίῳ δάφνῃ
 βόασε Κασάνδρα κτανεῖν,
 μεγάλην Πριάμου πόλεως λώβαν
 τίν' οὐκ ἐπῆλθε, ποῖον οὐκ ἐλίσσετο
 300 δαμογερόντων βρέφος φονεύειν ,
 οὗτ' ἂν ἐπ' Ἰλιάσι ζυγὸν ἤλυθε ἀντ β
 δούλιον, σύ τ' ἄν, γύναι,

¹ Murray for MSS Κύπρις εἶλε λόγοις δολίοις

ANDROMACHE

CHORUS

Herald of woes, to the glen deep-hiding (Str 1)
 In Ida came Zeus's and Maia's son,
 As who reineth a triumph of white steeds, guiding
 The Goddesses three, did the God pace on
 With frontlet of beauty, with trappings of doom,
 For the strife to the steadings of herds did they come, 280
 To the stripling shepherd in solitude biding,
 And the hearth of the lodge in the forest lone

(Ant 1)

They have passed 'neath the leaves of the glen from
 the plashing [rise
 Of the mountain-spring radiant in rose-flush they
 To the King's Son they wended, while to and fro
 flashing [eyes
 The gibes of their lips matched the scorn of their 290
 But 'twas Kyprius by promise of guile overcame—
 Ah sweet to the ear, but for deathless shame
 And confusion to Phrygia, when Troy's towers
 crashing
 Ruinward toppled, her bitter prize !

(Str 2)

Oh had she dealt him, that mother which bore him,
 A death-blow cleaving his head in twain,
 When shrieked Kassandria her prophecy o'er him,—
 Ere his eye on Ida o'erlooked Troy's plain,—
 By the sacred bay shrieked "Slay without pity
 The curse and the ruin of Priam's city!"
 Unto prince, unto elder, she came, to implore him
 To slay it, the infant foredoomed their bane

Then had he never been made an occasion (Ant 2) 300
 Of thralldom to Ilium's daughters O queen,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τυράννων ἔσχες ἂν δόμων ἔδρας·
παρέλυσε δ' ἂν Ἑλλάδος ἀλγεινούς
μόχθους, οὓς ἀμφὶ Τροίαν
δεκέτεις ἀλάληντο νέοι λόγχαις
λέχη τ' ἔρημ' ἂν οὐποτ' ἐξελείπετο,
καὶ τεκέων ὀρφανοὶ γέροντες

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

310 ἤκω λαβὼν σὸν παῖδ', ὃν εἰς ἄλλους δόμους
λάθρα θυγατρὸς τῆς ἐμῆς ὑπεξέθου.
σέ μὲν γὰρ ἡὔχεις θεᾶς βρέτας σώσειν τόδε,
τοῦτον δὲ τοὺς κρύψαντας· ἀλλ' ἐφηυρέθης
ἦσσον φρονούσα τοῦδε Μενέλεω, γύναι.
κεῖ μὴ τόδ' ἐκλιποῦς' ἐρημώσεις πέδον,
ὅδ' ἀντὶ τοῦ σοῦ σώματος σφαγήσεται
ταῦτ' οὖν λογίζου, πότερα κατθανεῖν θέλεις
ἢ τόνδ' ὀλέσθαι σῆς ἀμαρτίας ὑπερ,
ἣν εἰς ἔμ' εἷς τε παῖδ' ἐμὴν ἀμαρτάνεις

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

320 ὦ δόξα δόξα, μυρίοισι δὴ βροτῶν
οὐδὲν γεγῶσι βίοτον ὦγκωσας μέγαν.
εὐκλεια δ' οἷς μὲν ἔστ' ἀληθείας ὑπο,
εὐδαιμονίζω τοὺς δ' ὑπὸ ψευδῶν, ἔχειν
οὐκ ἀξιόσω, πλὴν τύχῃ φρονεῖν δοκεῖν.
σὺ δὴ στρατηγῶν λογάσιν Ἑλλήνων ποτὲ
Τροίαν ἀφείλον Πρίαμον, ὧδε φαῦλος ὢν ;
ὅστις θυγατρὸς ἀντίπαιδος ἐκ λόγων
τοσόνδ' ἐπνευσας καὶ γυναικὶ δυστυχεῖ
δούλῃ κατέστης εἰς ἀγῶν' οὐκ ἀξιῶ
330 οὐτ' οὖν σὲ Τροίας οὔτε σοῦ Τροίαν ἔτι
ἔξωθέν εἰσιν οἱ δοκοῦντες εὖ φρονεῖν
λαμπροί, τὰ δ' ἔνδον πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις ἴσοι,
πλὴν εἴ τι πλούτῳ· τοῦτο δ' ἰσχύει μέγα.

ANDROMACHE

Now wert thou throned in a palace thy nation

No ten years' agony then had seen,
With the war-cries of Hellas aye rolling their thunder
Round Troy, with spear-lightnings aye flashing there-
under,

Nor the couch of the bride were a desolation,

Nor bereft of their sons had the grey sires been

Enter MENELAUS, with attendants, bringing MOLOSSUS

MENELAUS

I have caught thy son, whom thou didst hide, unmarked
Of her, my daughter, in a neighbour house 310
So thee this Goddess' image was to save,
Him, they that hid him '—but thou hast been found,
Woman, less keen of wit than Menelaus
Now if thou leave not and avoid this floor,
He shall be slaughtered, he, in thy life's stead
Weigh this then, whether thou consent to die,
Or that for thy transgression he be slain,
Even thy sin against me and my child

ANDROMACHE

Ah reputation '—many a man ere this
Of none account hast thou set up on high 320
Such as have fair fame based upon true worth
Happy I count but to these living lies
I grant no claim to wisdom save chance show
Thou, captaining the chosen men of Greece,
Didst thou, weak dastard, wrest from Priam Troy,
Who at thy daughter's bidding, she a child,
Dost breathe such fury, enterest the lists
With a woman, a poor captive? I count Troy
Shamed by thy touch, thee by her fall unraised '
Goodly in outward show be they which seem 330
Wise, but within they are as other men,
Save in wealth haply, this is their great strength

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Μενέλαε, φέρε δὴ διαπεράνωμεν λόγους
 τέθνηκα τῇ σῇ θυγατρὶ καὶ μ' ἀπώλεσε
 μαιφόνον μὲν οὐκέτ' ἂν φύγοι μύσος,
 ἐν τοῖς δὲ πολλοῖς καὶ σὺ τόνδ' ἀγωνιεῖ
 φόνον· τὸ συνδρῶν γάρ σ' ἀναγκάσει χρέος
 ἣν δ' οὖν ἐγὼ μὲν μὴ θανεῖν ὑπεκδράμω,
 τὸν παῖδά μου κτενεῖτε, κᾶτα πῶς πατὴρ
 340 τέκνου θανόντος ῥαδίως ἀνέξεται,
 οὐχ ὧδ' ἄνανδρον αὐτὸν ἢ Τροία καλεῖ
 ἀλλ' εἰσιν οἱ χρὴ Πηλέως γὰρ ἄξια
 πατρός τ' Ἀχιλλέως ἔργα δρῶν φανήσεται,
 ὥσει δὲ σὴν παῖδ' ἐκ δόμων σὺ δ' ἐκδιδούς
 ἄλλῃ τί λέξεις, πότερον ὥς κακὸν πόσιν
 φεύγει τὸ ταύτης σῶφρον; ἀλλὰ ψεύσεται.

γαμεῖ δὲ τίς νιν; ἢ σφ' ἄνανδρον ἐν δόμοις
 χήραν καθέξεις πολὺν, ὦ τλήμων ἄνερ,
 350 κακῶν τοσούτων οὐχ ὁρᾷς ἐπιρροάς,
 πόσας ἂν εὐνάς θυγατέρ' ἡδικομένην
 βούλοι' ἂν εὐρεῖν ἢ παθεῖν ἀγὼ λέγω,
 οὐ χρὴ πλὶ μικροῖς μεγάλα πορσύνειν κακὰ
 οὐδ', εἰ γυναικὲς ἐσμεν ἀτηρὸν κακόν,
 ἄνδρας γυναιξὶν ἐξομοιοῦσθαι φύσιν
 ἡμεῖς γὰρ εἰ σὴν παῖδα φαρμακεύομεν
 καὶ νηδὺν ἐξαμβλοῦμεν, ὥς αὐτὴ λέγει,
 ἐκόντες οὐκ ἄκοντες, οὐδὲ βῶμοι
 360 πίτνουντες, αὐτοὶ τὴν δίκην ὑφέξομεν
 ἐν σοῖσι γαμβροῖς, οἷσιν οὐκ ἐλάσσονα
 βλάβην ὀφείλω προστιθεῖσ' ἀπαιδίαν
 ἡμεῖς μὲν οὖν τοιοῖδε τῆς δὲ σῆς φρενὸς
 ἐν σου δέδοικα· διὰ γυναικείαν ἔριν
 καὶ τὴν τάλαιναν ὤλεσας Φρυγῶν πόλιν.

ANDROMACHE

Menelaus, come now, reason we together —
 Grant that thy child have sláin me, grant me dead
 Ne'er shall she flee my blood's pollution-curse,
 And in men's eyes shalt thou too share this guilt
 Thy part in this her deed shall weigh thee down
 But if I 'scape your hands, that I die not,
 Then will ye slay my son ? And the child's death—
 Think ye his sire shall hold it a little thing ? 340
 So void of manhood Troy proclaims him not
 Nay, he shall follow duty's call, be proved,
 By deeds, of Peleus worthy and Achilles,
 Shall thrust thy child forth Thou, what plea wilt
 find
 For a new spouse ? This lie—"the saintly soul
 Of this pure thing shrank from her wicked lord" ?

Who shall wed such ? Wilt keep her in thine halls
 Spouseless, a grey-haired widow ? O thou wretch,
 Seest not the floods of evil bursting o'er thee ?
 How many a wedlock-wrong wouldst thou be fain 350
 Thy child knew rather than the ills I name !
 We ought not for slight cause count grievous
 harm,
 Nor, if we women be a baleful curse,
 Ought men to make then nature woman-like
 For, if I practise on thy child by philtres,
 And seal her womb, according to her tale,
 Willingly, nothing loth, nor low at altars
 Crouching, myself will face the penalty
 At her lord's hands, to whom I am guilty of wrong
 No less, in blasting him with childlessness 360
 Hereon I stand—but one thing in thy nature
 I fear—'twas in a woman's quarrel too
 Thou didst destroy the Phrygians' hapless town

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄγαν ἔλεξας ὥς γυνὴ πρὸς ἄρσενας,
καὶ σου τὸ σῶφρον ἐξετόξευσεν φρενός

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

370 γύναι, τάδ' ἐστὶ σμικρὰ καὶ μοναρχίας
οὐκ ἄξι', ὥς φῆς, τῆς ἐμῆς οὐδ' Ἑλλάδος
εὖ δ' ἴσθ', ὅτου τις τυγχάνει χρεῖαν ἔχων,
τοῦτ' ἔσθ' ἐκάστῳ μεῖζον ἢ Τροίαν ἐλεῖν
κἀγὼ θυγατρί, μεγάλα γὰρ κρίνω τάδε,
λέχους στέρεσθαι, σύμμαχος καθίσταμαι
τὰ μὲν γὰρ ἄλλα δεύτερ' ἂν πάσχη γυνή
ἄνδρὸς δ' ἁμαρτάνουσ' ἁμαρτάνει βίου
δούλων δ' ἐκείνου τῶν ἐμῶν ἄρχειν χρεῶν
καὶ τῶν ἐκείνου τοὺς ἐμοὺς ἡμᾶς τε πρὸς
φίλων γὰρ οὐδὲν ἴδιον οὔτινες φίλοι
ὀρθῶς πεφύκασ', ἀλλὰ κοινὰ χρήματα
μένων δὲ τοὺς ἀπόντας, εἰ μὴ θήσομαι
380 τᾶμ' ὥς ἄριστα, φαῦλός εἰμι κοῦ σοφός.
ἀλλ' ἐξανίστω τῶνδ' ἀνακτόρων θεᾶς·
ὥς, ἣν θάνης σύ, παῖς ὅδ' ἐκφεύγει μόρον,
σοῦ δ' οὐ θελούσης κατθανεῖν, τόνδε κτενῶ.
δυοῖν δ' ἀνάγκη θατέρῳ λιπεῖν βίον

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἷμοι, πικρὰν κλήρωσιν αἵρεσίν τέ μοι
βίου καθίστης, καὶ λαχοῦσά γ' ἀθλία
καὶ μὴ λαχοῦσα δυστυχῆς καθίσταμαι
ὦ μεγάλα πράσων αἰτίας μικρᾶς πέρι,
πιθοῦ· τί καίνεις μ'; ἀντὶ τοῦ, ποῖαν πόλιν
προὔδωκα, τίνα σῶν ἔκτανον παίδων ἐγώ,
390 ποῖον δ' ἔπρησα δῶμ'; ἐκοιμήθην βίᾳ
σὺν δεσπόταισι· κᾶτ' ἐμ', οὐ κεῖνον κτενεῖς
τὸν αἴτιον τῶνδ', ἀλλὰ τὴν ἀρχὴν ἀφείς

ANDROMACHE

CHORUS

Thou hast said too much, as woman against man
Yea, and thy soul's discretion hath shot wide

MENELAUS

Woman, these are but trifles, all unworthy
Of my state royal,—thou say'st it,—and of Greece
Yet know, when one hath set his heart on aught,
More than to take a Troy is this to him
I stand my daughter's champion, for I count 370
No trifle robbery of marriage-right
Nought else a wife may suffer matcheth this
Losing her husband, she doth lose her life
Over my thralls her lord hath claim to rule,
And over his like right have I and mine
For nought that friends have, if true friends
they be,
Is private, held in common is all wealth
Waiting the absent, if I order not
Mine own things well, weak am I, and not wise
But I will make thee leave the Goddess' shrine 380
For, if thou die, this boy escapeth doom;
But, if thou wilt not die, him will I slay
One of you twain must needs bid life farewell.

ANDROMACHE

Woe! Dire lot-drawing, bitter choice of life,
Thou giv'st me! If I draw, I am wretched made,
And if I draw not, all unblest I am
O thou for paltry cause that dost great wrong,
Hearken why slay me?—for what crime?—what
town
Have I betrayed?—have slain what child of thine?—
Have fired what home? Beside my lord I couched 390
Perforce—and lo, thou wilt slay me, not him,
The culprit, but thou passest by the cause,

πρὸς τὴν τελευτὴν ὑστέραν εὗσαν φέρει ;
οἴμοι κακῶν τῶνδ', ὦ τάλαιν' ἐμὴ πατρίς,
ὥς δεινὰ πάσχω τί δέ με καὶ τεκεῖν ἐχρῆν
ἄχθος τ' ἐπ' ἄχθει τῷδε προσθέσθαι διπλοῦν,
[ἀτὰρ τί ταῦτα δύρομαι, τὰ δ' ἐν ποσὶν
οὐκ ἐξικμάζω καὶ λογίζομαι κακά,]¹

400

ἥτις σφαγὰς μὲν Ἑκτορος τροχηλάτους
κατεῖδον οἰκτρῶς τ' Ἴλιον πυρούμενον,
αὐτὴ δὲ δούλη ναῦς ἐπ' Ἀργείων ἔβην
κόμης ἐπισπασθεῖσ' ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφικόμην
Φθίαν, φονεῦσιν Ἑκτορος νυμφεύομαι
τί δῆτ' ἐμοὶ ζῆν ἡδύ, πρὸς τί χρὴ βλέπειν,
πρὸς τὰς παρούσας ἢ παρελθούσας τύχας,
εἰς παῖς ὃδ' ἦν μοι λοιπὸς ὀφθαλμὸς βίου
τοῦτον κτανεῖν μέλλουσιν οἷς δοκεῖ τάδε.
οὐ δῆτα τοῦμοῦ γ' εἵνεκ' ἀθλίου βίου
ἐν τῷδε μὲν γὰρ ἐλπίς, εἰ σωθήσεται·
410 ἐμοὶ δ' ὄνειδος μὴ θανεῖν ὑπὲρ τέκνου
ἰδοῦ προλείπω βωμὸν ἥδε χειρίᾳ
σφάζειν, φονεύειν, δεῖν, ἀπαρτῆσαι δέρην
ὦ τέκνον, ἢ τεκοῦσά σ', ὥς σὺ μὴ θάνῃς,
στείχω πρὸς Ἀιδην· ἦν δ' ὑπεκδράμῃς μόρον,
μέμνησο μητρός, οἷα τλᾶσ' ἀπωλόμην,
καὶ πατρὶ τῷ σῷ διὰ φιλημάτων ἰὼν
δάκρυά τε λείβων καὶ περιπτύσσων χέρας
λέγ' οἷ ἔπραξα πᾶσι δ' ἀνθρώποις ἄρ' ἦν
ψυχὴ τέκν'. ὅστις δ' αὐτ' ἀπειρος ὦν ψέγει,
420 ἥσσου μὲν ἀλγεῖ, δυστυχῶν δ' εὐδαιμονεῖ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ῥέκτειρ' ἀκούσας· οἰκτρὰ γὰρ τὰ δυστυχῇ

¹ These two lines seem out of place. Various transpositions in the whole passage 397-410 have been proposed

ANDROMACHE

And to the after-issue humblest
 Woe for these ills ! O hapless fatherland,
 What wrongs I bear ! Why must I be a mother,
 And add a double burden to my load ?
 [Why wail the past, and o'er the present woes
 Shed not a tear, nor take account thereof ?]
 Hector by those wheels traile'd to death I saw,
 Saw Ilium piteously enwrapped in flame 400

I passed aboard the Aigive ships, a slave
 Haled by mine hair, and when to Phthia-land
 I came, to Hector's murderers was I wed
 What joy hath life for me ?—what thing to look to ?
 Unto my present fortune, or the past ?
 This one child had I left, light of my life
 Him will these slay who count this righteousness
 No, never !—if my wretched life can save !
 For him, for him, hope lives, if he be saved,
 And mine were shame to die not for my child 410

Lo, I forsake the altar—yours I am
 To hack, bind, murder, strangle with the cord ! [*Rises*
 O child, thy mother, that thou mayst not die,
 Passeth to Hades If thou 'scape the doom,
 Think on thy mother—how I suffered—died !
 And to thy sire with kisses and with tears
 Streaming, and little arms about his neck,
 Tell how I fared ! To all mankind, I wot,
 Children are life Who scoffs at joys unproved,
 Though less his grief, a void is in his bliss 420

CHORUS

Pitying I hear for pitiful is woe

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

βροτοῖς ἅπασιν, καὶ θυραῖος ὦν κυρῇ
εἰς ξύμβασιν δὲ χρῆν σε παῖδα σὴν ἄγειν,
Μενέλαε, καὶ τήνδ', ὡς ἀπαλλαχθῇ πόνων

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

λάβεσθέ μοι τῆσδ', ἀμφελίξαντες χέρας,
δμῶες· λόγους γὰρ οὐ φίλους ἀκούσεται.
ἔγωγ', ἵν' ἀγνὸν βωμὸν ἐκλίποις θεᾶς,
προϋτεινα παιδὸς θάνατον, ᾧ σ' ὑπήγαγον
εἰς χεῖρας ἐλθεῖν τὰς ἐμὰς ἐπὶ σφαγῇν.
καὶ τὰμφὶ σοῦ μὲν ᾧδ' ἔχοντ' ἐπίστασο·
τὰ δ' ἀμφὶ παιδὸς τοῦδε παῖς ἐμὴ κρινεῖ,
ἣν τε κτανεῖν νιν ἣν τε μὴ κτανεῖν θέλῃ
ἀλλ' ἔρπ' ἐς οἴκους τούσδ', ἵν' εἰς ἐλευθέρους
δούλῃ γεγῶσα μήποθ' ὑβρίζειν μάθῃς

430

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἷμοι· δόλῳ μ' ὑπήλθες, ἡπατήμεθα

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

κήρυσσ' ἅπασιν οὐ γὰρ ἐξαρνούμεθα.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἦ ταυτ' ἐν ὑμῖν τοῖς παρ' Εὐρώτῃ σοφά;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

καὶ τοῖς γε Τροίᾳ, τοὺς παθόντας ἀντιδρᾶν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

τὰ θεῖα δ' οὐ θεῖ' οὐδ' ἔχειν ἡγεῖ δίκην,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὅταν τάδ' ἦ τοτ' οἴσομεν σὲ δὲ κτενῶ

440

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἦ καὶ νεοσσὸν τόνδ', ὑπὸ πτερῶν σπάσας;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐ δῆτα· θυγατρὶ δ', ἣν θέλῃ, δώσω κτανεῖν

ANDROMACHE

To all men, alien though the afflicted be
Thou shouldest, Menelaus, reconcile
Her and thy child, that she may rest from pain

[ANDROMACHE *leaves the altar*

MENELAUS

Seize me this woman !—round her coil your arms,
My thralls ! No words of friendship shall she hear
I, that thou mightest leave the holy altar, [thee
Held forth the lure of thy child's death, and drew
To slip into mine hands for slaughtering
And, for thy fate, know thou that this is so 430
But, for thy son, my child shall be his judge,
Whether her pleasure be to slay or spare
Hence to the house, that thou, slave as thou art,
Mayst learn no more to rail against the free

ANDROMACHE

Woe's me ! By guile thou hast stoln on me !—
betrayed !

MENELAUS

Publish it to the world ! Not I deny it

ANDROMACHE

Count ye this wisdom, dwellers by Eurotas ?

MENELAUS

Ay, Trojans too—that wronged ones should revenge

ANDROMACHE

Is there no God, think'st thou, nor reckoning-day ?

MENELAUS

I'll meet it when it comes Thee will I kill. 440

ANDROMACHE

And this my birdie, torn from 'neath my wings ?

MENELAUS

O nay—I yield him to my daughter's mercy

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οἷμοι· τί δῆτά σ' οὐ καταστένω, τέκνον;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκουν θρασεῖά γ' αὐτὸν ἐλπίς ἀμμένει

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποισιν ἔχθιστοι βροτῶν
Σπάρτης ἔνοικοι, δόλια βουλευτήρια,
ψευδῶν ἄνακτες, μηχανορράφοι κακῶν,
ἐλκτὰ κοῦδὲν ὑγιές, ἀλλὰ πᾶν πέριξ
φρονοῦντες, ἀδίκως εὐτυχεῖτ' ἂν Ἑλλάδα
450 τί δ' οὐκ ἐν ὑμῖν ἐστίν, οὐ πλείστοι φόνοι;
οὐκ αἰσχροκερδεῖς; οὐ λέγοντες ἄλλα μὲν
γλώσση, φρονοῦντες δ' ἄλλ' ἐφευρίσκεσθ' αἰεί,
ὄλοισθ' ἐμοὶ δὲ θάνατος οὐχ οὕτω βαρὺς
ὥς σοὶ δέδοκται· κείνα γάρ μ' ἀπώλεσεν,
ὅθ' ἡ τάλαινα πόλις ἀναλώθη Φρυγῶν
πόσις θ' ὁ κλεινός, ὅς σε πολλάκις δορὶ
ναύτην ἔθηκεν ἀντὶ χερσαίου κακόν
νῦν δ' εἰς γυναῖκα γοργὸς ὀπλίτης φανεῖς
κτείνεις μ', ἀπόκτειν'· ὥς ἀθώπευτόν γέ σε
460 γλώσσης ἀφήσω τῆς ἐμῆς καὶ παῖδα σὴν
ἐπεὶ σὺ μὲν πέφυκας ἐν Σπάρτῃ μέγας,
ἡμεῖς δὲ Τροία γ' εἰ δ' ἐγὼ πρᾶσσω κακῶς,
μηδὲν τόδ' αὔχει καὶ σὺ γὰρ πρᾶξειας ἄν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐδέποτε δίδυμα στρ α'

λέκτρ' ἐπαινέσω βροτῶν
οὐδ' ἀμφιμάτορας κόρους,
ἔριδας οἴκων δυσμενεῖς τε λύπας
μῖαν μοι στεργέτω πόσις γάμοις
470 ἀκοινώνητον ἀνδρὸς εὐνάν.

ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE

Well may I wail at once thy death, my child !

MENELAUS

Good sooth, but sorry hope remains for him

ANDROMACHE

O ye in all folk's eyes most loathed of men,
Dwellers in Sparta, senates of treachery,
Princes of lies, weavers of webs of guile,
Thoughts crooked, wholesome never, devious all,—
A crime is your supremacy in Greece ! [murders ?
What vileness lives not with you ?—swarming 450
Covetousness ? Convicted liars, saying [that,
This with the tongue, while still your hearts mean
Now ruin seize ye ! Yet to me is death
Not grievous as thou think'st That was my death
When Phrygia's hapless city was destroyed,
And my renowned lord, whose spear full oft
Made thee a seaman, dastard, from a landsman ¹
Thou meet'st a woman, soul-appalling hero, [fawn
Now,—and wouldst slay ! Slay on ! My tongue shall
In flattery never on thy child or thee 460
What if thou be in Sparta some great one ?
Even so in Troy was I Am I brought low ?
Boast not herein—thine hour shall haply come

[Exit, led by MENELAUS

CHORUS

Never rival brides blessed marriage-estate, (Str 1)
Neither sons not born of one mother
They were strife to the home, they were anguish of
hate
For the couch of the husband suffice one mate
Be it shared of none other 470

¹ Drove thee to seek refuge in the ships See *Iliad*, bk xv

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

οὐδὲ γὰρ ἐν πόλεσι ἀντ α'
 δίπτυχοι τυραννίδες
 μῖαs ἀμείνονες φέρειν,
 ἄχθος ἐπ' ἄχθει καὶ στάσις πολίταις
 τεκόντοιν θ' ὕμνον ἐργάταιν δυοῖν
 ἔριν Μοῦσαι φιλοῦσι κραίνειν

480 πνοαὶ δ' ὅταν φέρωσι ναυτίλους θοαί, στρ β'
 κατὰ πηδαλίων δίδυμαι πραπίδων γνώμαι
 σοφῶν τε πλήθος ἀθρόον ἀσθενέστερον
 φαυλοτέρας φρενὸς αὐτοκρατοῦς
 ἑνός, ἃ δύνασις ἀνά τε μέλαθρα κατὰ τε πόλιας,
 ὁπόταν εὐρεῖν θέλωσι καιρόν

ἔδειξεν ἡ Λάκαινα τοῦ στρατηλάτα ἀντ β'
 Μενέλα διὰ γὰρ πυρὸς ἦλθ' ἐτέρῳ λέχει,
 κτείνει δὲ τὴν τάλαιναν Ἰλιάδα κόραν
 490 παῖδά τε δύσφρονος ἔριδος ὕπερ
 ἄθεος ἄνομος ἄχαρις ὁ φόνος ἔτι σε, πότνια,
 μετατροπὰ τῶνδ' ἔπεισιν ἔργων

καὶ μὴν ἐσορῶ
 τόδε σύγκρατον ζευγος πρὸ δόμων,
 ψήφῳ θανάτου κατακεκριμένον
 δύστηνε γύναι, τλήμον δὲ σὺ παῖ,
 μητρὸς λεχέων ὃς ὑπερβνήσκεις
 οὐδὲν μετέχων
 500 οὐδ' αἷτιος ὦν βασιλεῦσιν.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἄδ' ἐγὼ χέρας αἵματη- στρ.
 ρὰς βρόχοισι κεκλημένα
 πέμπομαι κατὰ γαίης.

ANDROMACHE

Never land but hath borne a twofold yoke (*Ant* 1)
Of kings with wearier straining
There is buiden on burden, and feud mid her
folk
And 'twixt rival lyies ever discord broke
By the Muses' ordaining

(*Str* 2)
When the blasts hui! onward the staggering sail,
Shall the galley by helmsmen twain be guided? 480
Wise counsellors many far less shall avail
Than the simple one's purpose and power undivided
Even this in the home, in the city, is power
Unto such as have wit to discern the hour

The child of the chieftain of Sparta's array (*Ant* 2)
Hath proved it As fire is her jealousy burning
Troy's hapless daughter she lusteth to slay,
And her son, in her hatred's vengeance-yearning 490
Godless and lawless and heartless it is!—
Queen, thou shalt yet be requited for this

*Enter MENELAUS and SERVANTS leading ANDROMACHE and
CHILD*

Lo, these I behold, twain yoked as one
In love, in sorrow, afront of the hall.
For the vote is cast and the doom forth gone
O woeful mother, O hapless son,
Who must die, since her master hath humbled his
thrall,
Though naught death-worthy hast thou, child, done, 500
That in condemnation of kings thou shouldst fall!

ANDROMACHE

Lo, blood my wrists red-staining (*Str*)
From cruel bonds hard-straining,
Lo, feet the grave's brink gaining!

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

μᾶτερ μᾶτερ, ἐγὼ δὲ σᾶ
πτέρυγι συγκαταβαίνω.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

θῦμα δάιον, ὦ χθονὸς
Φθίας κράντορες.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

ὦ πάτερ,
μόλε φίλοις ἐπίκουρος.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

510 κείσει δῆ, τέκνον, ὦ φίλος,
μαστοῖς ματέρος ἀμφι σᾶς
νεκρὸς ὑπὸ χθονὶ σὺν νεκρῷ

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

ὦμοι μοι, τί πάθω τάλας
δῆτ' ἐγὼ σύ τε, μᾶτερ ,

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

520 ἴθ' ὑποχθόνιοι· καὶ γὰρ ἀπ' ἐχθρῶν
ἤκετε πύργων δύο δ' ἐκ δισσαῖν
θνήσκειτ' ἀνάγκαιν· σὲ μὲν ἡμετέρα
ψῆφος ἀναιρεῖ, παῖδα δ' ἐμῇ παῖς
τόνδ' Ἑρμῶν· καὶ γὰρ ἀνοία
μεγάλη λείπειν ἐχθροὺς ἐχθρῶν,
ἐξὸν κτείνειν
καὶ φόβον οἴκων ἀφελέσθαι

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ πόσις πόσις, εἴθε σὰν
χεῖρα καὶ δόρυ σύμμαχον
κτησαίμαν, Πριάμου παῖ

αὐτ

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

δύστανος, τί δ' ἐγὼ μόρου
παράτροπον μέλος εὕρω ;

ANDROMACHE

MOLOSSUS

O mother, 'neath thy wing
I crouch where death-shades gather

ANDROMACHE

Death !—Phthians, name it rather
Butchery !

MOLOSSUS

O my father,
Help to thy loved ones bring !

ANDROMACHE

There, darling, shalt thou rest
Pillowed upon my breast,
Where corpse to corpse shall cling

MOLOSSUS

Ah me, the torture looming
O'er me, o'er thee !—the coming,
Mother, of what dread thing ?

MENELAUS

Down, down to the grave !—from our foemen's towers
Ye came and for several cause unto slaughter
Ye twain be constrainèd The sentence is ours
That condemneth thee, woman this boy my
daughter

Hermione dooms Utter folly it were
For our foemen's avenging their offspring to spare,
When into our hands they be given to slay,
That fear from our house may be banished for aye

ANDROMACHE

Oh for that hand I cry on !
Ah husband, to rely on
Thy spear, O Priam's scion !

(*Ant*)

MOLOSSUS

Ah woe is me ! What spell
Find I for doom's undoing ?

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

λίσσου, γούνασι δεσπότην
χρίμπτων, ὦ τέκνον.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

530

ὦ φίλος,
φίλος, ἄνες θάνατόν μοι.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

λείβομαι δάκρυσιν κόρας,
στάζω λισσάδος ὡς πέτρας
λιβὰς ἀνήλιος, ἅ τάλαιν'.

ΜΟΛΟΣΣΟΣ

ὦ μοι μοι, τί δ' ἐγὼ κακῶν
μῆχος ἐξανύσωμαι ;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

540

τί με προσπίτνεις, ἄλιαν πέτραν
ἢ κύμα λιταῖς ὡς ἱκετεύων ;
τοῖς γὰρ ἐμοῖσιν γέγον' ὠφελία,
σοι δ' οὐδὲν ἔχω φίλτρον, ἐπεὶ τοι
μέγ' ἀναλώσας ψυχῆς μόριον
Τροίαν εἶλον καὶ μητέρα σὴν
ἦς ἀπολαύων
Ἦιδην χθόνιον καταβήσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ μὴν δέδορκα τόνδε Πηλέα πέλας,
σπουδῇ τιθέντα δεῦρο γηραιὸν πόδα.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

550

ὕμᾱς ἐρωτῶ τόν τ' ἐφεστῶτα σφαγῇ,
τί ταῦτα καὶ πῶς , ἐκ τίνος λόγου νοσεῖ
δόμος ; τί πράσσειτ' ἄκριτα μηχανώμενοι ;
Μενέλα', ἐπίσχεσ' μὴ τάχυν' ἄνευ δίκης.
ἦγοῦ σὺ θᾶσσον· οὐ γὰρ ὡς ἔοικέ μοι,

ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE

Pray, at thy lord's knees suing,
Child !

MOLOSSUS (*kneeling to MENELAUS*)

Friend, in mercy rung
My death, of pardon tell ! 530

ANDROMACHE

My streaming eyelids weep,
As from a sheer crag's steep
The sunless waters well

MOLOSSUS

Woe's me ! O might revealing
But come of help, of healing,
Our darkness to dispel !

MENELAUS

What dost thou to fall at my feet, making moan
To a rock of the sea, to a wave doom-crested ?
True helper am I, good sooth, to mine own
No love-spell from thee on my spirit hath rested 540
Too deeply it drained my life-blood away
To win yon Troy and thy dam for a prey
Herein be thy joy and be this thy crown
When thou passest to Hades' earth-dens down !

CHORUS

Lo, lo, I see yon Peleus drawing nigh !
In haste his aged foot strides hitherward
Enter PELEUS, attended.

PELEUS

Ho ye ! ho thou, the overseer of slaughter !
What meaneth this ?—how is the house, and why,
In evil case ? What lawless plots weave ye ?
Menelaus, hold ! Press not where justice bars. 550
[*To attendant*] Lead the way faster ! 'Tis a strait,
methinks,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

σχολῆς τόδ' ἔργον, ἀλλ' ἀνηβητηρίαν
 ῥώμην μ' ἐπαινῶ λαμβάνειν, εἴπερ ποτέ
 πρῶτον μὲν οὖν κατ' οὖρον ὥσπερ ἰστίοις
 ἐμπνεύσομαι τῇδ'· εἰπέ, τίνι δίκη χέρας
 βρόχοισιν ἐκδήσαντες οἷδ' ἄγουσί σε
 καὶ παῖδ', ὕπαρνος γάρ τις ὥς ἀπόλλυσαι,
 ἡμῶν ἀπόντων τοῦ τε κυρίου σέθεν

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

560 οἷδ', ὦ γεραιέ, σὺν τέκνῳ θανουμένην
 ἄγουσί μ' οὕτως ὥς ὀράς. τί σοι λέγω ;
 οὐ γὰρ μιᾶς σε κληδόνος προθυμία
 μετήλθον, ἀλλὰ μυρίων ὑπ' ἀγγέλων.
 ἔριν δὲ τὴν κατ' οἶκον οἶσθά που κλύων
 τῆς τοῦδε θυγατρός, ὣν τ' ἀπόλλυμαι χάριν.
 καὶ νῦν με βωμοῦ Θέτιδος, ἥ τὸν εὐγενῆ
 ἔτικτέ σοι παῖδ', ἣν σὺ θαυμαστήν σέβεις,
 ἄγουσ' ἀποσπάσαντες, οὔτε τῷ δίκη
 κρίναντες οὔτε τοὺς ἀπόντας ἐκ δόμων
 570 μείναντες, ἀλλὰ τὴν ἐμὴν ἐρημίαν
 γνόντες τέκνου τε τοῦδ', ὃν οὐδὲν αἵτιον
 μέλλουσι σὺν ἐμοὶ τῇ τάλαιπώρῳ κτανεῖν
 ἀλλ' ἀντιάζω σ', ὦ γέρον, τῶν σῶν πάρος
 πίτνουσα γονάτων, χειρὶ δ' οὐκ ἔξεστί μοι
 τῆς σῆς λαβέσθαι φιλτάτης γενειάδος,
 ῥύσαί με πρὸς θεῶν εἰ δὲ μή, θανούμεθα
 αἰσχροῦς μὲν ὑμῖν, δυστυχοῦς δ' ἐμοί, γέρον.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

χαλᾶν κελεύω δεσμὰ πρὶν κλαίειν τινά,
 καὶ τῆσδε χεῖρας διπτύχους ἀνιέναι

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

580 ἐγὼ δ' ἀπαυδῶ γ' ἄλλος οὐχ ἥσσω σέθεν
 καὶ τῆσδε πολλῷ κυριώτερος γεγώς,

ANDROMACHE

Brooks no delay, but now, if ever, fain
Would I renew the vigour of my youth
But first, like breeze that fills the sails, will I
Breathe life through her —say, by what right have
these

Pinioned thine hands in bonds, and with thy son
Hale—for like ewe with lamb thou goest to death—
Whilst I and thy true lord be far away?

ANDROMACHE

These, ancient, deathward hale me with my child,
As thou dost see Why should I tell it thee? 560
Seeing not once I sent thee instant summons,
But by the mouth of messengers untold.
Thou know'st, hast heard, I trow, the household strife
Of yon man's daughter, that means death to me
And now from Thetis' altars,—hers who bare
Thy noble son, hers whom thou reverencest,—
They tear, they hale me, with no form of trial
Condemning, for the absent waiting not,
My lord, but knowing my defencelessness,
And this poor child's, the utter-innocent, 570
Whom they would slay along with hapless me
But I beseech thee, ancient, falling low
Before thy knees—I cannot stretch my hand
Unto thy beard, O dear, O kindly face!—
In God's name save, else I shall surely die,
To your shame, ancient, and my misery

PELEUS

Loose, I command, hei bonds, ere some one rue,
And set ye free this captive's pinioned hands

MENELAUS

This I forbid, who am no less than thou,
And have more right of lordship over her 580

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

πῶς, ἦ σὺ τὸν ἐμὸν οἶκον οἰκήσεις μολὼν
δεῦρ'; οὐχ ἄλλῃ σοι τῶν κατὰ Σπάρτην κρατεῖν;

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

εἰλὸν νιν αἰχμάλωτον ἐκ Τροίας ἐγώ.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οὐμὸς δέ γ' αὐτὴν ἔλαβε παῖς παιδὸς γέρας

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

οὐκ οὖν ἐκείνου τὰ μὰ τὰ κείνου τ' ἐμά,

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

δρᾶν εὖ, κακῶς δ' οὐ, μηδ' ἀποκτείνειν βίᾳ.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ὥς τήνδ' ἀπάξεις οὐ ποτ' ἐξ ἐμῆς χερός.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

σκήπτρῳ δὲ τῷδε σὸν καθαιμάξω κᾶρα.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

ψαῦσόν γ', ἴν' εἰδῆς, καὶ πέλας πρόσσελθέ μου

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

590 σὺ γὰρ μετ' ἀνδρῶν, ὧ κάκιστε κακ κακῶν,
σοὶ ποῦ μέτεστιν ὥς ἐν ἀνδράσιν λόγου,
ὅστις πρὸς ἀνδρὸς Φρυγὸς ἀπηλλάγῃς λέχος,
ἄκληστ' ἄφρουρα¹ δώμαθ' ἐστίας λιπών,
ὥς δὴ γυναιῖκα σώφρον' ἐν δόμοις ἔχων
πασῶν κακίστην οὐδ' ἂν εἰ βούλοιτό τις
σώφρων γένοιτο Σπαρτιατίδων κόρη,
αἱ ξὺν νέοισιν ἐξερημοῦσαι δόμους
γυμνοῖσι μηροῖς καὶ πέπλοις ἀνειμένοις
600 κοινὰς ἔχουσι. κᾶτα θαυμάζειν χρεὼν
εἰ μὴ γυναιῖκας σώφρονας παιδεύετε;

¹ Lenting for MSS ἄδουλα

ANDROMACHE

PELEUS

How?—hither wilt thou come to rule mine house?
Sufficeth not thy sway of Sparta's folk?

MENELAUS

'Twas I that took her captive out of Troy

PELEUS

Ay, but my son's son gained her, prize of war

MENELAUS

All mine are his, his mine—is this not so?

PELEUS

For good, not evil dealing, nor for murder

MENELAUS

Her shalt thou rescue never from mine hand

PELEUS

This staff shall make thine head to stream with blood

MENELAUS

Touch me, and thou shalt see!—ay, draw but near!

PELEUS

Thou, thou a man?—Coward, of cowards bred! 590

What part or lot hast thou amongst true men?

Thou, by a Phrygian from thy wife divorced,

Who leftest hearth and home unbarred, unwarded,

As who kept in his halls a virtuous wife,—

And she the vilest! Though one should essay,

Virtuous could daughter of Sparta never be

They gad abroad with young men from their
homes,

And with bare thighs and loose disgirdled vesture

Race, wrestle with them,—things intolerable

To me! And is it wonder-worthy then

That ye train not your women to be chaste? 600

Ἑλένην ἐρέσθαι χρῆν τάδ', ἥτις ἐκ δόμων
 τὸν σὸν λιποῦσα Φίλιον¹ ἐξεκώμασε
 νεανίου μετ' ἀνδρὸς εἰς ἄλλην χθόνα.
 καῖπειτ' ἐκείνης εἶνεχ' Ἑλλήνων ὄχλον
 τοσόνδ' ἀθροίσας ἤγαγες πρὸς Ἴλιον·
 ἦν χρῆν σ' ἀποπτύσαντα μὴ κινεῖν δόρυ
 κακὴν ἐφευρόντ', ἀλλ' ἔαν αὐτοῦ μένειν
 μισθόν τε δόντα μήποτ' εἰς οἴκους λαβεῖν.
 610 ἀλλ' οὔτι ταύτῃ σὸν φρόνημ' ἐπούρισας·
 ψυχὰς δὲ πολλὰς κἀγαθὰς ἀπώλεσας
 παίδων τ' ἀπαιδας γραῦς ἔθηκας ἐν δόμοις
 πολιοῦς τ' ἀφείλου πατέρας εὐγενῆ τέκνα.
 ὦν εἰς ἐγὼ δύστηνος αὐθέντην δὲ σὲ
 μιάστορ' ὥς τιν' εἰσδέδορκ' Ἀχιλλέως.
 ὃς οὐδὲ τρωθεὶς ἦλθες ἐκ Τροίας μόνος,
 κάλλιστα τεύχη δ' ἐν καλοῖσι σάγμασιν
 ὅμοι' ἐκείσε δεῦρό τ' ἤγαγες πάλιν
 620 κἀγὼ μὲν ἠῦδων τῷ γαμοῦντι μήτε σοὶ
 κῆδος συνάψαι μήτε δώμασιν λαβεῖν
 κακῆς γυναικὸς πῶλον ἐκφέρουσι γὰρ
 μητρῷ' ὀνειδέη. τοῦτο καὶ σκοπεῖτέ μοι,
 μνηστῆρες, ἐσθλῆς θυγατέρ' ἐκ μητρὸς λαβεῖν.
 πρὸς τοῖσδε δ' εἰς ἀδελφὸν οἷ' ἐφύβρισας,
 σφάξαι κελεύσας θυγατέρ' εὐηθέστατον.
 οὕτως ἔδειςας μὴ οὐ κακὴν δάμαρτ' ἔχῃς.
 ἐλὼν δὲ Τροίαν, εἴμι γὰρ κἀνταῦθά σοι,
 οὐκ ἔκτανες γυναῖκα χειρίαν λαβών·
 630 ἀλλ' ὥς ἐσεῖδες μαστόν, ἐκβαλὼν ξίφος
 φίλημ' ἐδέξω, προδότιν αἰκάλλων κύνα,
 ἥσσω πεφυκὼς Κύπριδος, ὧ κάκιστε σύ.

¹ Sc. Δία, under his attribute as Ζεὺς Ἐρκείος

ANDROMACHE

This well might Helen have asked thee, who forsook
 Thine hearth, and from thine halls went revelling forth
 With a young gallant to an alien land
 Yet for her sake thou gatheredst that huge host
 Of Greeks, and leddest them to Ilium
 Thou shouldst have spued her forth, have stured no
 spear,

Who hadst found her vile, but let her there abide
 Yea, paid a price to take her never back.

But nowise thus the wind of thine heart blew 610
 Nay, many a gallant life hast thou destroyed,
 And childless made grey mothers in their halls,
 And white-haired sires hast robbed of noble sons
 My wretched self am one, who see in thee,
 Like some foul fiend, Achilles' murderer,—
 Thou who alone unwounded cam'st from Troy,
 And daintiest arms in dainty sheaths unstained,
 Borne thither, hither back didst bring again !

I warned my bridegroom-grandson not to make
 Affinity with thee, nor to receive 620
 In his halls a wanton's child such bear abroad
 Their mothers' shame Give heed to this my rede,
 Wooers,—a virtuous mother's daughter choose
 Nay more—how didst thou outrage thine own brother,
 Bidding him sacrifice his child—poor fool !
 Such was thy dread to lose thy worthless wife
 And, when Troy fell,—ay, thither too I trace thee,—
 Thy wife thou slew'st not when thou hadst her
 trapped

Thou saw'st her bosom, didst let fall the sword,
 Didst kiss her, that bold traitress, fondling her, 630
 By Cypris overborne, O recreant wretch !

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

640 κάπειτ' ἐς οἴκους τῶν ἐμῶν ἐλθὼν τέκνων
 πορθεῖς ἀπόντων καὶ γυναῖκα δυστυχή
 κτείνεις ἀτίμως παῖδά θ', ὃς κλαίοντά σε
 καὶ τὴν ἐν οἴκοις σὴν καταστήσει κόρη,
 κεῖ τρις νόθος πέφυκε πολλάκις δέ τοι
 ξηρὰ βαθεῖαν γῆν ἐνίκησε σπορά,
 νόθοι τε πολλοὶ γνησίων ἀμείνονες
 ἀλλ' ἐκκομίζου παῖδα κύδιον βροτοῖς
 πένητα χρηστὸν ἢ κακὸν καὶ πλούσιον
 γαμβρὸν πεπᾶσθαι καὶ φίλον σὺ δ' οὐδὲν εἶ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σμικρὰς ἀπ' ἀρχῆς νεῖκος ἀνθρώποις μέγα
 γλῶσσ' ἐκπορίζει· τοῦτο δ' οἱ σοφοὶ βροτῶν
 ἐξευλαβοῦνται, μὴ φίλοις τεύχειν ἔριν

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

650 τί δῆτ' ἂν εἴποις τοὺς γέροντας ὥς σοφοὶ
 καὶ τοὺς φρονεῖν δοκοῦντας Ἑλλησὶν ποτε ;
 ὅτ' ὦν σὺ Πηλεὺς καὶ πατὴρ κλεινοῦ γεγῶς,
 κῆδος ξυνάψας, αἰσχροὶ μὲν στυγρῶ λέγεις
 ἡμῖν δ' ὀνειδὴ διὰ γυναῖκα βάρβαρον,
 660 ἣν χρῆν σ' ἐλαύνειν τήνδ' ὑπὲρ Νείλου ῥοᾶς
 ὑπὲρ τε Φᾶσιν καὶ μετὰ παρακαλεῖν αἰεὶ
 οὔσαν μὲν Ἑπειρώτιν, οὐ πεσῆματα
 πλείσθ' Ἑλλάδος πέπτωκε δοριπετῇ νεκρῶν,
 τοῦ σοῦ δὲ παῖδός αἵματος κοινουμένην
 Πάρις γάρ, ὃς σὸν παῖδ' ἔπεφν' Ἀχιλλέα,
 Ἐκτορος ἀδελφὸς ἦν, δάμαρ δ' ἦδ' Ἐκτορος
 καὶ τῇδ' γ' εἰσέρχει σὺ ταῦτόν εἰς στέγος
 καὶ ξυντράπεζον ἀξιοῖς ἔχειν βίον,
 660 τίκτειν δ' ἐν οἴκοις παῖδας ἐχθίστους ἐᾶς.
 ἀγῶν προνοία τῇ τε σῇ καμῇ, γέρον,
 κτανεῖν θέλων τήνδ' ἐκ χερῶν ἀρπάζομαι.

ANDROMACHE

And to my son's house com'st thou, he afai,
And ravageſt, wouldſt ſlay a hapleſs woman
Shamefully, and hei boy?—thus boy ſhall make
Thee, and that daughter in thine halls, yet rue,
Though he were thrice a baſtard Oft the yield
Of barren ground o'erpaſſeth deep rich ſoil,
And better are baſtards oft than ſons true-born
Take hence thy daughter! Better 'tis to have
The poor and upright, or for marriage-kin,
Or friend, than the vile rich —thou, thou art 640
naught!

CHORUS

From small beginnings bitter feuds the tongue
Brings forth for this cause wise men take good heed
That with their friends they bring not strife to pass

MENELAUS

Now wherefore should ye call the greybeards wise,
And them which Greece accounted prudent once?
When thou, thou Peleus, son of sire renowned,
Speakest, my marriage-kinsman, thine own shame,
Rail'st on me for a foreign woman's sake,
Whom thou shouldst chase beyond the streams of
Nile, 650
And beyond Phasis, yea, and cheer me on,—
This dame of Asia's mainland, wherein fell
Unnumbered sons of Hellas slain with spears,—
This woman who had part in thy son's blood,
For Paris, he that slew thy son Achilles,
Was Hector's brother, and she Hector's wife.
And thou wouldst pass beneath one roof with her,
Wouldst stoop to break bread with her at thy board,
In thine house let her bear our bitterest foes,
Whom I, of forethought for thyself and me, 660
Would slay!—and lo, from mine hands is she torn

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

- καίτοι φέρ', ἄψασθαι γὰρ οὐκ αἰσχροὺν λόγου,
 ἣν παῖς μὲν ἡμῇ μὴ τέκη, ταύτης δ' ἄπο
 βλάστωσι παῖδες, τῆσδε γῆς Φθιώτιδος
 στήσεις τυράννους, βάρβαροι δ' ὄντες γένος
 "Ἐλλησιν ἄρξουσ' ; εἴτ' ἐγὼ μὲν οὐ φρονῶ
 μισῶν τὰ μὴ δίκαια, σοὶ δ' ἔνεστι νοῦς ,
 κἀκεῖνο νῦν ἄβρησον εἰ σὺ παῖδα σὴν
 670 δούς τῳ πολιτῶν, εἴτ' ἔπασχε τοιάδε,
 σιγῇ καθῆσ' ἄν ; οὐ δοκῶ ξένης δ' ὕπερ
 τοιαῦτα λάσκεις τοὺς ἀναγκαίους φίλους ,
 καὶ μὴν ἴσον γ' ἀνὴρ τε καὶ γυνὴ σθένει
 ἀδικουμένη πρὸς ἀνδρός ὥς δ' αὐτῶς ἀνὴρ
 γυναῖκα μωραίνουσαν ἐν δόμοις ἔχων
 καὶ τῷ μὲν ἔστιν ἐν χεροῖν μέγα σθένος,
 τῇ δ' ἐν γονεῦσι καὶ φίλοις τὰ πράγματα.
 οὐκοῦν δίκαιον τοῖς γ' ἐμοῖς ἐπωφελεῖν ,
- γέρων γέρων εἴ· τὴν δ' ἐμὴν στρατηγίαν
 λέγων ἔμ' ὠφελοῖς ἂν ἢ σιγῶν πλεόν
 680 'Ἐλένη δ' ἐμόχθησ' οὐχ ἔκουσ', ἀλλ' ἐκ θεῶν,
 καὶ τοῦτο πλείστον ὠφέλησεν 'Ελλάδα
 ὅπλων γὰρ ὄντες καὶ μάχης αἰστορες
 ἔβησαν εἰς τ'ἀνδρεῖον· ἢ δ' ὁμιλία
 πάντων βροτοῖσι γίνυται διδάσκαλος
 εἰ δ' εἰς πρόσοψιν τῆς ἐμῆς ἐλθὼν ἐγὼ
 γυναικὸς ἔσχον μὴ κτανεῖν, ἐσωφρόνουν
 οὐδ' ἂν σε Φῶκον ἤθελον κατακτανεῖν.
 ταῦτ' εὖ φρονῶν σ' ἐπῆλθον, οὐκ ὀργῆς χάριν
 690 ἣν δ' ὀξυθυμῆς, σοὶ μὲν ἢ γλωσσαλγία
 μείζων, ἐμοὶ δὲ κέρδος ἢ προμηθία

ANDROMACHE

Come, reason we together—no shame this —
 If my child bear no sons, this woman's brood
 Grow up, wilt thou establish these as lords
 Of Phthia-land ?—shall they, barbarians born,
 Rule Greeks ? And I, forsooth, am all unwise,
 Who hate the wrong, but wisdom dwells with thee !
 Consider this, too—hadst thou given thy daughter
 To a citizen, and she were thus misused,
 Hadst thou sat still ? I trow not Yet thou railest 670
 Thus for an alien's sake on friends, on kin !
 " Yet husband's cause "—say'st thou—" and wife's
 alike

Are strong, if she be wronged of him, or he
 Find her committing folly in his halls "
 Yea, but in his hands is o'er-mastering strength,
 But upon friends and parents leans her cause
 Do I not justly then to aid mine own ?

Dotard—thou dotard ! —thou wouldst help me more
 By praise than slurring of my leadership !
 Not of her will, but Heaven's, came Helen's
 trouble, 680

And a great boon bestowed she thus on Greece ;
 For they which were unschooled to arms and war
 Turned them to brave deeds fellowship in fight
 Is the great teacher of all things to men
 And if I, soon as I beheld my wife,
 Forbore to slay her, wise was I herein.

'Twere well had Phocus ne'er been slain by thee ¹
 Thus have I met thee in goodwill, not wrath.
 If thou wax passionate, thou shalt but win
 An aching tongue my gain in forethought lies 690

¹ Half-brother of Peleus and Telamon, murdered because he surpassed them in heroic exercises

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

παύσασθον ἤδη, λῆστα γὰρ μακρῶ τάδε,
λόγων ματαίων, μὴ δύο σφαλῆθ' ἅμα

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οἶμοι, καθ' Ἑλλάδ' ὥς κακῶς νομίζεται·
ὅταν τροπαῖα πολεμίων στήσῃ στρατός,
οὐ τῶν πονούντων τοῦργον ἡγοῦνται τόδε,
ἀλλ' ὁ στρατηγὸς τὴν δόκησιν ἄρνυται,
ὃς εἰς μετ' ἄλλων μυρίων πάλλων δόρυ,
οὐδὲν πλέον δρῶν ἑνὸς ἔχει πλείω λόγον,
σεμνοὶ δ' ἐν ἀρχαῖς ἡμενοὶ κατὰ πτόλιν
700 φρονούσι δήμου μείζον, ὄντες οὐδένες·
οἱ δ' εἰσὶν αὐτῶν μυρίῳ σοφώτεροι,
εἰ τόλμα προσγένειτο βούλησίς θ' ἅμα.
ὥς καὶ σὺ σὸς τ' ἀδελφὸς ἐξωγκωμένοι
Τροία κάθησθε τῇ τ' ἐκεῖ στρατηγία,
μόχθοισιν ἄλλων καὶ πόνοις ἐπηρμένοι
δείξω δ' ἐγὼ σοι μὴ τὸν Ἰδαῖον Πάριν
ἦσσω νομίζειν Πηλέως ἐχθρόν ποτε,
εἰ μὴ φθερεῖ τῆσδ' ὥς τάχιστ' ἀπὸ στέγης
καὶ παῖς ἄτεκνος, ἦν ὃδ' ἐξ ἡμῶν γεγώς
710 ἐλᾷ δι' οἴκων τῶνδ' ἐπισπάσας κόμης·
ἢ στερρὸς οὔσα μόσχος οὐκ ἀνέξεται
τίκτοντας ἄλλους, οὐκ ἔχουσ' αὐτὴ τέκνα
ἀλλ' εἰ τὸ κείνης δυστυχεῖ παίδων πέρι,
ἄπαιδας ἡμᾶς δεῖ καταστήναι τέκνων ;
φθειρέσθε τῆσδε, δμῶες, ὥς ἂν ἐκμάθω
εἴ τίς με λύειν τῆσδε κωλύσει χέρας.
ἔπαιρε σαυτήν· ὥς ἐγὼ καίπερ τρέμων
πλεκτὰς ἱμάντων στροφίδας ἐξανήσομαι
ὦδ', ὦ κάκιστε, τῆσδ' ἐλυμῆνω χέρας ,
720 βοῦν ἢ λέοντ' ἥλπιζες ἐντείνειν βρόχοις ;

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ἢ μὴ ξίφος λαβοῦς' ἀμυνάθοιτό σε
 ἔδεισας ; ἔρπε δεῦρ' ὑπ' ἀγκάλας, βρέφος,
 ξύλλυε δεσμὰ μητρός ἐν Φθίᾳ σ' ἐγὼ
 θρέψω μέγαν τοῖσδ' ἐχθρόν. εἰ δ' ἀπὴν δορὸς
 τοῖς Σπαρτιάταις δόξα καὶ μάχης ἀγών,
 τᾶλλ' ὄντες ἴστε μηδενὸς βελτίονες.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀνειμένον τι χρῆμα πρεσβυτῶν γένος
 καὶ δυσφύλακτον ὄξυθυμίας ὑπο.

ΜΕΝΕΛΑΟΣ

730 ἄγαν προνωπῆς εἰς τὸ λοιδορεῖν φέρει
 ἐγὼ δὲ πρὸς βίαν μὲν, εἰς Φθίαν μολῶν,
 οὔτ' οὖν τι δράσω φλαῦρον οὔτε πείσομαι
 καὶ νῦν μὲν, οὐ γὰρ ἄφθονον σχολὴν ἔχω,
 ἄπειμ' ἐς οἴκους· ἔστι γάρ τις οὐ πρόσω
 Σπάρτης πόλις τις, ἣ πρό τοῦ μὲν ἦν φίλη,
 νῦν δ' ἐχθρὰ ποιεῖ· τήνδ' ἐπεξελθεῖν θέλω
 στρατηλατήσας χυπόχειριον λαβεῖν.
 ὅταν δὲ τᾶκεῖ θῶ κατὰ γνώμην ἐμήν,
 ἥξω· παρῶν δὲ πρὸς παρόντας ἐμφανῶς
 740 γαμβροὺς διδάξω καὶ διδάξομαι λόγους.
 κὰν μὲν κολάζῃ τήνδε καὶ τὸ λοιπὸν ἧ
 σώφρων καθ' ἡμᾶς, σώφρον' ἀντιληψεται.
 θυμούμενος δὲ τεύζεται θυμουμένων,
 ἔργοισι δ' ἔργα διάδοχ' ἀντιλήψεται.
 τοὺς σοὺς δὲ μύθους ῥαδίως ἐγὼ φέρω·
 σκιᾶ γὰρ ἀντίστοιχος ὦν¹ φωνὴν ἔχεις,
 ἀδύνατος οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν λέγειν μόνον.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ἡγοῦ τέκνον μοι δεῦρ' ὑπ' ἀγκάλας σταθείς,

¹ Reiske, Hermann, and Dindorf· for MSS σκιὰ . . ὥς.

ANDROMACHE

Didst fear lest she should snatch a sword, and chase
Thee hence? Steal hither 'neath mine arms, my
bairn.

Help loose thy mother's bonds I'll rear thee yet
In Phthia, their grim foe If spear-renown
And battle-fame be ta'en from Sparta's sons,
In all else are ye meanest of mankind

CHORUS

This race of old men may no man restrain,
Nor guard him 'gainst their sudden fiery mood

MENELAUS

O'erhastily thou rushest into railing
I came to Phthia not for violent deeds, 730
And will do naught unkingly, nor endure
Now, seeing that my leisure serveth not,
Home will I go, for not from Sparta far
Some certain town there is, our friend, time was,
But now our foe against her will I march,
Leading mine host, and bow her 'neath my sway
Soon as things there be ordered to my mind,
I will return, will meet my marriage-kin
Openly, speak my mind, and hear reply
And, if he punish her, and be henceforth 740
Temperate, he shall find me temperate too,
But, if he rage, shall meet his match in rage,
Yea, shall find deeds of mine to match his own
But, for thy words, nothing I reckon of them,
Thou art like a creeping shadow, voice thine all,
Impotent to do anything save talk

[*Exit*]

PELEUS

Pass on, my child, sheltered beneath mine arms,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

σύ τ', ὦ τάλαινα χείματος γὰρ ἀγρίου
τυχοῦσα λιμένας ἤλθες εἰς εὐνέμεους

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

750 ὦ πρέσβυ, θεοί σοι δοῖεν εὖ καὶ τοῖσι σοῖς,
σώσαντι παῖδα καὶ μὲ τὴν δυσδαίμονα
ὄρα δὲ μὴ νῶν εἰς ἐρημίαν ὁδοῦ
πτήξαντες οἶδε πρὸς βίαν ἄγωσί με,
γέροντα μὲν σ' ὀρώντες, ἀσθενῇ δ' ἐμὲ
καὶ παῖδα τόνδε νήπιον· σκόπει τάδε,
μὴ νῦν φυγόντες εἰθ' ἀλῶμεν ὕστερον

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

οὐ μὴ γυναικῶν δειλὸν εἰσοίσεις λόγον·
760 χῶρει τίς ὑμῶν ἄψεται, κλαίων ἄρα
ψαύσει. θεῶν γὰρ εἵνεχ' ἱππικοῦ τ' ὄχλου
πολλῶν θ' ὀπλιτῶν ἄρχομεν Φθίαν κάτα·
ἡμεῖς δ' ἔτ' ὀρθοὶ κοῦ γέροντες, ὡς δοκεῖς,
ἀλλ' εἷς γε τοιόνδ' ἄνδρ' ἀποβλέψας μόνον
τροπαῖον αὐτοῦ στήσομαι, πρέσβυς περ ὦν
πολλῶν νέων γὰρ καὶ γέρον εὐψυχος ἦ
κρείσσων τί γὰρ δεῖ δειλὸν ὄντ' εὐσωματεῖν,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἦ μὴ γενοίμαν ἦ πατέρων ἀγαθῶν · στρ
εἶην πολυκτῆτων τε δόμων μέτοχος
770 εἶ τι γὰρ πάσχοι τις ἀμήχανον, ἀλκᾶς
οὐ σπάνις εὐγενέταις,
κηρυττομένοισι δ' ἀπ' ἐσθλῶν δωμάτων
τιμὰ καὶ κλέος οὔτοι
λείψαντα τῶν ἀγαθῶν
ἀνδρῶν ἀφαιρεῖται χρόνος· ἅ δ' ἀρετὰ
καὶ θανούσι λάμπει.

ANDROMACHE

And, hapless, thou Caught in a raging storm,
Thou hast come into a windless haven's calm

ANDROMACHE

The gods reward thee, ancient, thee and thine, 750
Who hast saved my son and me the evil-starred !
Yet see to it, lest, where loneliest is the way,
These fall on us, and hale me thence by force,
Marking how thou art old, how I am weak,
This boy a babe · give thou heed unto this,
Lest, though we 'scape now, we be taken yet

PELEUS

Out on thy words—a woman's faint-heart speech !
Pass on . whose hand shall stay you ? At his peril
He toucheth By heaven's grace o'er hosts of horse-
men

And countless men-at-arms I rule in Phthia 760
I am yet unbowed, not old as thou dost think
Yea, if I flash but a glance on such an one,
Shall I put him to rout, old though I be
Stronger a stout-heart greybeard is than youths
Many what boots a coward's burly bulk ?

[*Exeunt* PELEUS, ANDROMACHE, MOLOSSUS,
and Attendants

CHORUS

Thou wert better unborn, save of noble fathers (*Str*)
Descended, in halls of the rich thou abide
If the high-born have wrong, for his championing
gathers 770

A host that shall strike on his side
There is honour for them that be published the scions
Of princely houses the tide
Of time never drowneth the story
Of fathers heroic it flasheth defiance
To death from its deathless glory

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

780 κρείσσον δὲ νίκαν μὴ κακόδοξον ἔχειν ἀντ.
 ἧ ξὺν φθόνῳ σφάλλειν δυνάμει τε δίκαν
 ἡδὺ μὲν γὰρ αὐτίκα τοῦτο βροτοῖσιν,
 ἐν δὲ χρόνῳ τελέθει
 ξηρὸν καὶ ὀνείδεσιν ἔγκειται δόμων
 ταύταν ἦνεσα ταύταν
 καὶ φέρομαι βιοτάν,
 μῆδὲν δίκας ἔξω κράτος ἐν θαλάμοις
 καὶ πόλει δύνασθαι

790 ὦ γέρον Αἰακίδα, ἐπφδ.
 πείθομαι καὶ σὺν Λαπίθαισί σε Κενταύροις
 ὁμιλῆσαι δορὶ κλεινοτάτῳ
 καὶ ἐπ' Ἀργῶν δορὸς ἄξενον ὑγρὰν
 ἐκπερᾶσαι ποντιᾶν Ἑμπληγάδων
 κλεινὰν ἐπὶ ναυστολίαν,
 Ἴλιάδα τε πόλιν ὅτε πάρος
 εὐδόκιμος Διὸς Ἴνις
 ἀμφέβαλεν φόνῳ,
 800 κοινὰν τὰν εὐκλειαν ἔχοντ'
 Εὐρώπαν ἀφικέσθαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ φίλταται γυναῖκες, ὡς κακὸν κακῶν
 διάδοχον ἐν τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ πορσύνεται.
 δέσποινα γὰρ κατ' οἶκον, Ἑρμιόνην λέγω,
 πατρός τ' ἐρημωθεῖσα συννοία θ' ἅμα
 οἶον δέδρακεν ἔργον Ἀνδρομάχην κτανεῖν
 καὶ παῖδα βουλεύσασα, κατθανεῖν θέλει,
 πόσιν τρέμουσα, μὴ ἀντὶ τῶν δεδραμένων
 ἐκ τῶνδ' ἀτίμως δωμάτων ἀποσταλῇ,
 810 ἧ κατθάνη κτείνουσα τοὺς οὐ χρή κτανεῖν.
 μόλις δέ νιν θέλουσαν ἀρτῆσαι δέρην

ANDROMACHE

But a victory stained—ah, best forgo it, (*Ant*)
 If thy triumph must wrest to thy shame the right. 780
 Yea, 'tis sweet at the first unto mortals, I know it ;
 But barren in time's long flight
 Doth it wax . 'tis as infamy's cloud o'er thy towers
 Nay, this be my song, the delight
 Of my days, and the prize worth winning,—
 That I wield no dominion, in home's bride-bowers,
 Nor o'er men, that I may not unsinning

 O ancient of Aeacus' line, (*Epode*) 790
 Now know I, when Lapithans dashing on Centaurs
 charged victorious,
 There did thy world-famed war-spear shine,—
 That, on Argo riding the havenless brine,
 Thou didst burst through the gates of the Clashing
 Rocks on the sea-quest glorious ; [past
 And when great Zeus' son in the days over-
 Round Ilium the meshes of slaughter had cast,
 As ye sped unto Europe returning, there too was thy
 fame's star burning, 800
 For the half of the glory was thine.

Enter NURSE

NURSE

O dear my friends, how evil in the steps
 Of evil on this day still followeth !
 For now my lady Hermione within,
 Deserted by her father, conscience-stricken
 For that her plotted crime of slaughtering
 Andromache and her son, is fain to die,
 Dreading her husband, lest for these her deeds
 He drive her from yon halls with infamy,
 Or slay her, who would fain have slam the guiltless 810
 And scarce, when she essayed to hang herself,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

εἵργουσι φύλακες δμῶες ἔκ τε δεξιᾶς
 ξίφη καθαρπάζουσιν ἐξαιρούμενοι.
 οὕτω μεταλγεί καὶ τὰ πρὶν δεδραμένα
 ἔγνωκε πράξασ' οὐ καλῶς ἐγὼ μὲν οὖν
 δέσποιναν εἵργουσ' ἀγχόνης κάμνω, φίλαι
 ὑμεῖς δὲ βᾶσαι τῶνδε δωμάτων ἔσω
 θανάτου νιν ἐκλύσασθε τῶν γὰρ ἡθάδων
 φίλων νέοι μολόντες εὐπιθέστεροι

ΧΟΡΟΣ

820 καὶ μὴν ἐν οἴκοις προσπόλων ἀκούομεν
 βοήν ἐφ' οἷσιν ἦλθες ἀγγέλλουσα σύ.
 δείξειν δ' ἔοικεν ἢ τάλαιν' ὅσον στένει
 πράξασα δεινά· δωμάτων γὰρ ἐκπερᾶ
 φεύγουσα χεῖρας προσπόλων πόθῳ θανεῖν

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἰὼ μοί μοιστρ α'
 σπάραγμα κόμας ὀνύχων τε δαί' ἀ-
 μύγματα θήσομαι.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ὦ παῖ, τί δράσεις, σῶμα σὸν καταικιεῖ,

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

αἰαῖ αἰαῖἀντ α'

830 ἔρρ' αἰθέριον πλοκάμων ἐμῶν ἄπο,
 λεπτόμιτον φάρος

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τέκνον, κάλυπτε στέρνα, σύνδησαι πέπλους

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τί δέ με δεῖ στέρνα καλύπτειν πέπλοις,στρ. β'
 δῆλα καὶ ἀμφιφανῇ καὶ ἄκρυπτα
 δεδράκαμεν πόσιν,

ANDROMACHE

Her watching servants stayed her, from her hand
Catching the sword and wresting it away,
With such fierce anguish seeth she her sins
Already wrought O friends, my strength is spent
Dragging my mistress from the noose of death!
Oh, enter ye yon halls, deliver her
From death for oft new-comers more prevail
In such an hour than one's familiar friends

CHORUS

Lo, in the palace hear we servants' cries 820
Touching that thing whereof thou hast made report
Hapless!—she is like to prove how bitterly
She mourns her crimes for, fleeing forth the house
Eager to die, she hath 'scaped her servants' hands

HERMIONE *rushes on to the stage*

HERMIONE

Woe's me! with shriek on shriek (*Str 1*)
I will make of mine hair a rending, will tear with
ruining fingers my red-furrowed cheek!

NURSE

Daughter, what wilt thou do?—wilt mar thy form?

HERMIONE

Alas, and well-a-day! (*Ant. 1*)
Hence from mine head, thou gossamer-thread of my
wimple!—float on the wind away! 830

NURSE

Child, veil thy bosom, gird thy vesture-folds!

HERMIONE

(*Str 2*)
What have I to do, with my vesture to veil
My bosom, when bared are the crimes I have dared
against my lord, bared naked to light?

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἀλγείς, φόνον ῥάψασα συγγάμῳ σέθεν ;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

κατὰ μὲν οὖν στένω θαλάσσης τόλμας, ἂν ἔρεξ' ἀντ. β'
ἀ κατάρματος ἐγὼ κατάρματος
ἀνθρώποις.

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

840 συγγνώσεται σοι τήνδ' ἀμαρτίαν πόσις

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τί μοι ξίφος ἐκ χερὸς ἡγρεύσω ,
ἀπόδος, ὦ φίλ', ἀπόδος, ἵν' ἀνταίαν
ἐρείσω πλαγάν τί με βρόχων εἰργεῖς ,

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

ἀλλ' εἴ σ' ἀφείην μὴ φρονούσαν, ὥς θάνοις ;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

οἷμοι πότμου
ποῦ μοι πυρὸς φίλα φλόξ ,
ποῦ δ' εἰς πέτρας ἀερθῶ,
850 ἥ κατὰ πόντον ἥ καθ' ὕλαν ὀρέων,
ἵνα θανούσα νερτέροισιν μέλω ,

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

τί ταῦτα μοχθεῖς ; συμφοραὶ θεήλατοι
πᾶσιν βροτοῖσιν ἢ τότ' ἦλθον ἢ τότε.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἔλιπες ἔλιπες, ὦ πάτερ, ἐπακτίαν
ὥσεί μονάδ' ἔρημον οὔσαν ἐνάλου κώπας.
ὀλεῖ ὀλεῖ με· τᾷδ' οὐκέτ' ἐνοικήσω
νυμφιδίῳ στέγῃ.

ANDROMACHE

NURSE

Gnev'st thou to have contrived thy rival's death ?

HERMIONE

(*Ant* 2)

O yea, for my murderous daring I wail,
For my fury-burst, O woman accurst !—O woman
accurst in all men's sight !

NURSE

Thy lord shall yet forgive thee this thy sin 840

HERMIONE

O why didst thou wrest that sword from mine hand ?
Give it back, give it back, dear friend, be the brand
Thrust home !—mine hanging why didst thou with-
stand ?

NURSE

What, should I leave thee thus distraught to die ?

HERMIONE

Woe's me for my destiny !

O for the fire !—I would hail it my friend !

O to the height of a scaur to ascend—

To crash through the trees of the mountain, to plunge
mid the sea, [me !

To die, that the nethergloom shadows may welcome 850

NURSE

Why fret thyself for this ? Heaven's visitation
Sooner or later cometh on all men

HERMIONE

Thou hast left me, my father, hast left, as a bark by
the tide

Left stranded and stripped of the last sea-plashing oar !

He shall slay me, shall slay ! 'Neath the roof that
knew me a bride

Shall I dwell never more !

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

860 τίνος ἀγαλμάτων ἰκέτις ὄρμαθῶ,
ἢ δούλα δούλας γόνασι προσπέσω ,
Φθιάδος ἐκ γᾶς
κυανόπτερος ὄρνις εἴθ' εἶην,
ἢ πευκάεν σκάφος, ἃ
διὰ Κυανέας ἐπέρασεν ἄκτας
πρωτόπλοος πλάτα

ΤΡΟΦΟΣ

870 ὦ παῖ, τὸ λῖαν οὐτ' ἐκείν' ἐπήνεσα,
ὅτ' εἰς γυναῖκα Τρωάδ' ἐξημάρτανες,
οὐτ' αὖ τὸ νῦν σου δεῖμ' ὃ δειμαίνεις ἄγαν
οὐχ ὧδε κῆδος σὸν διώσεται πόσις
φαύλοις γυναικὸς βαρβάρου πεισθεὶς λόγοις
οὐ γάρ τί σ' αἰχμάλωτον ἐκ Τροίας ἔχει,
ἀλλ' ἀνδρὸς ἐσθλοῦ παῖδα σὺν πολλοῖς λαβὼν
ἔδνοισι, πόλεώς τ' οὐ μέσως εὐδαίμονος
πατῆρ δέ σ' οὐχ ὧδ' ὥς σὺ δειμαίνεις, τέκνον,
προδοὺς ἐάσει δωμάτων τῶνδ' ἐκπεσεῖν.
ἀλλ' εἴσιθ' εἴσω μῆδ' ἐφ' ἀντάξου δόμων
πάρουθε τῶνδε, μὴ τιν' αἰσχύνην λάβῃς
πρόσθεν μελάνθρων τῶνδ' ὀρωμένη, τέκνον

ΧΟΡΟΣ

880 καὶ μὴν ὅδ' ἀλλόχρως τις ἔκδημος ξένος
σπουδῇ πρὸς ἡμᾶς βημάτων πορκύεται

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ξέναι γυναῖκες, ἣ τάδ' ἔστ' Ἀχιλλέως
παιδὸς μέλαθρα καὶ τυραννικαὶ στέγαι ,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔγνωσ ἀτὰρ τίς ὦν σὺ πυνθάνει τάδε ,

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Ἀγαμέμνονός τε καὶ Κλυταιμνήστρας τόκος,
ὄνομα δ' Ὀρέστης. ἔρχομαι δὲ πρὸς Διὸς

ANDROMACHE

To the feet of what statue of Gods shall the suppliant
 fly ? [shall I lie ?
 Or crouched at the bondwoman's knees like a slave 860
 O that from Phthia, a bud dark-winged, I were soaring,
 Or were such as the pine-wrought galley, that flew
 The first of the ships of earth her swift course oaring
 Through the Crag Dark-blue !

NURSE

My child, thy frenzy of rage I praised not then
 When thou against the Trojan dame didst sin,
 Nor praise the frenzy of dread that shakes thee now
 Not thus thy lord will thrust his wife away
 By weak words of barbarian woman swayed 870
 In thee he wed no captive torn from Troy,
 Nay, but a prince's child, and gat with thee
 Rich dowry from a city of golden weal
 Nor will thy father, as thou fearest, child,
 Forsake and let thee from these halls be driven
 Nay, pass within ; make not thyself a show
 Before this house, lest thou shouldst get thee shame,
 Before this palace seen of men, my child

CHORUS

But lo, an outland stranger, alien-seeming,
 With hasty steps to usward journeyeth 880
Enter ORESTES

ORESTES

Dames of a foreign land, be these the halls
 And royal palace of Achilles' son ?

CHORUS

Thou sayest but who art thou that askest this ?

ORESTES

Agamemnon's son and Clytemnestra's I,
 My name Orestes to Zeus' oracle

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

μαντεῖα Δωδωναῖ' ἐπεὶ δ' ἀφικόμην
 Φθίαν, δοκεῖ μοι ξυγγενοῦς μαθεῖν περὶ
 γυναικός, εἰ ζῇ κεῦτυχοῦσα τυγχάνει
 ἢ Σπαρτιᾶτις Ἑρμιόνη τηλουρά γάρ
 890 ναίουσ' ἀφ' ἡμῶν πεδί' ὁμῶς ἐστὶν φίλη

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ὦ ναυτίλοισι χείματος λιμὴν φανείς
 Ἀγαμέμνονος παῖ, πρὸς σε τῶνδε γουνάτων,
 οἴκτειρον ἡμᾶς ὦν ἐπισκοπεῖς τύχας,
 πράσσοντας οὐκ εὖ στεμμάτων δ' οὐχ ἥσσοντας
 σοῖς προστίθημι γόνασιν ὠλένας ἐμάς.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἔα·
 τί χρῆμα, μὼν ἐσφάλμεθ' ἢ σαφῶς ὁρῶ
 δόμων ἄνασσαν τήνδε Μενέλεω κόρην,

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

ἦνπερ μόνην γε Τυνδαρίς τίκτει γυνή
 Ἑλένη κατ' οἴκους πατρί· μηδὲν ἀγνόει.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

900 ὦ Φοῖβ' ἀκέστορ, πημάτων δόλης λύσιν
 τί χρῆμα, πρὸς θεῶν ἢ βροτῶν πάσχεις κακά;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τὰ μὲν πρὸς ἡμῶν, τὰ δὲ πρὸς ἀνδρὸς ὅς μ' ἔχει,
 τὰ δ' ἐκ θεῶν του πανταχῇ δ' ὀλώλαμεν

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

τίς οὖν ἂν εἴη μὴ πεφυκότων γέ πω
 παίδων γυναικὶ συμφορὰ πλὴν εἰς λέχος;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τοῦτ' αὐτὸ καὶ νοσοῦμεν· εὖ μ' ὑπηγάγου

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

ἄλλην τίν' εὐνὴν ἀντὶ σοῦ στέργει πόσις,

ANDROMACHE

Bound, at Dodona Seeing I am come
To Phthia, good it seems that I inquire
Of my kinswoman, if she lives and thrives,
Hermione of Sparta Though she dwell
In a far land from us, she is all as dead

890

HERMIONE

O haven in a storm by shipmen seen,
Agamemnon's son, by these thy knees I pray,
Pity me of whose lot thou questionest,
Afflicted me ! With arms, as suppliant wreaths
Strong to constrain, I clasp thy very knees

ORESTES

What ails thee ? Have I erred, or see I clear
Menelaus' daughter here, this household's queen ?

HERMIONE

Yea, the one daughter Helen Tyndarus' child
Bare in his halls unto my sire doubt not

ORESTES

O Healer Phoebus, grant from woes release !

900

What ails thee ? Art thou wronged of Gods or men ?

HERMIONE

Of myself partly, partly of my lord,
In part of some God . ruin is everywhere !

ORESTES

Now what affliction to a childless wife
Could hap, except as touching wedlock-right ?

HERMIONE

That mine affliction is thou promptest well.

ORESTES

What leman in thy stead doth thy lord love ?

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

τὴν αἰχμάλωτον Ἴκτορος ξυνευνέτιν.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κακόν γ' ἔλεξας, ἄνδρα δίσσω ἔχειν λέχη

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

910 τοιαῦτα ταῦτα· κατ' ἔγωγ' ἡμυνάμην.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

μῶν εἰς γυναῖκα ἔρραψας οἷα δὴ γυνή,

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

φόνον γ' ἐκείνη καὶ τέκνω νοθαγενεῖ.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κάκτεινας, ἥ τις συμφορά σ' ἀφείλετο;

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

γέρον γε Πηλεὺς, τοὺς κακίονας σέβων.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σοὶ δ' ἦν τις ὅστις τοῦδ' ἐκοινώνει φόνου,

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

πατήρ γ' ἐπ' αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ἀπὸ Σπάρτης μολών.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

κάπειτα τοῦ γέροντος ἡσσήθη χερί,

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

αἰδοῖ γε· καὶ μ' ἔρημον οἴχεται λιπών

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

συνήκα· ταρβεῖς τοῖς δεδραμένοις πόσιν.

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

920 ἔγνωσ· ὀλεῖ γάρ μ' ἐνδίκως τί δεῖ λέγειν,
ἀλλ' ἄντομαί σε Δία καλοῦσ' ὁμόγνιον,
πέμψον με χώρας τῇσδ' ὅποι προσωτάτω
ἢ πρὸς πατρῶον μέλαθρον· ὡς δοκοῦσί γε
δόμοι τ' ἐλαύνειν φθέγμ' ἔχοντες οἷδε με,
μισεῖ τε γαῖα Φθιάς· εἰ δ' ἥξει πάρος

ANDROMACHE

HERMIONE

The captive woman that was Hector's wife

ORESTES

An ill tale, that a man should have two wives !

HERMIONE

Even so it was, and I against it fought 910

ORESTES

Didst thou for her devise a woman's vengeance ?

HERMIONE

Ay, death for her and for her base-born child

ORESTES

And slewest them ?—or some mischance hath foiled
thee ?

HERMIONE

Old Peleus, championing the baser cause

ORESTES

Did none in this blood-shedding take thy part ?

HERMIONE

My father came from Sparta even for this

ORESTES

How ?—overmastered by the old man's hand ?

HERMIONE

Nay, but by reverence ;—and forsakes me now

ORESTES

I see it . for thy deeds thou fear'st thy lord

HERMIONE

Death is within his right What can I plead ? 920

But I beseech thee by our Kin-god Zeus,
Help me from this land far as I may flee,
Or to my father's home These very halls
Seem now to have a voice to hoot me forth .
The land of Phthia hates me If my lord

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

Φοίβου λιπὼν μαντεῖον εἰς δόμους πόσις,
 κτενεῖ μ' ἐπ' αἰσχίστοισιν, ἣ δουλεύσομεν
 νόθοισι λέκτροις ὧν ἐδέσποζον πρὸ τοῦ.
 πῶς οὖν τάδ', ὥς εἴποι τις, ἐξημάρτανες,
 930 κακῶν γυναικῶν εἴσοδοί μ' ἀπώλεσαν,
 αἷ μοι λέγουσαι τούσδ' ἐχαύνωσαν λόγους
 σὺ τὴν κακίστην αἰχμάλωτον ἐν δόμοις
 δούλην ἀνέξει σοὶ λέχους κοινουμένην,
 μὰ τὴν ἄνασσαν, οὐκ ἂν ἔν γ' ἐμοῖς δόμοις
 βλέπουσ' ἂν αὐγὰς τὰ μ' ἐκαρποῦτ' ἂν λέχη.
 καὶ γὰρ κλύουσα τούσδε Σειρήνων λόγους
 σοφῶν, πανούργων, ποικίλων λαλημάτων,
 ἐξηνεμώθη μωρία τί γάρ μ' ἐχρῆν
 πόσιν φυλάσσειν, ἣ παρὴν ὅσων ἔδει;
 940 πολὺς μὲν ὄλβος, δωμάτων δ' ἡνάσσομεν,
 παῖδας δ' ἐγὼ μὲν γνησίους ἔτικτον ἄν,
 ἣ δ' ἡμιδούλους τοῖς ἐμοῖς νοθαγενεῖς.
 ἀλλ' οὐποτ' οὐποτ', οὐ γὰρ εἰσάπαξ ἐρῶ,
 χρὴ τοὺς γε νοῦν ἔχοντας οἷς ἔστιν γυνή,
 πρὸς τὴν ἐν οἴκοις ἄλοχον εἰσφοιτᾶν ἑᾶν
 γυναῖκα· αὗται γὰρ διδάσκαλοι κακῶν·
 ἣ μὲν τι κερδαίνουσα συμφθεῖρει λέχος,
 ἣ δ' ἀμπλακοῦσα συννοσεῖν αὐτῇ θέλει,
 950 πολλὰ δὲ μαργότῃ κἀντεῦθεν δόμοι
 νοσοῦσιν ἀνδρῶν. πρὸς τάδ' εὖ φυλάσσετε
 κλήθροισι καὶ μοχλοῖσι δωμάτων πύλας·
 ὑγιὲς γὰρ οὐδὲν αἰ θύραθεν εἴσοδοι
 δρῶσιν γυναικῶν, ἀλλὰ πολλὰ καὶ κακά

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄγαν ἐφῆκας γλῶσσαν εἰς τὸ σύμφυτον.
 συγγνωστὰ μὲν νυν σοὶ τάδ', ἀλλ' ὅμως χρεῶν
 κοσμεῖν γυναῖκας τὰς γυναικείας νόσους.

ANDROMACHE

Come home from Phoebus' oracle ere my flight,
On shamefullest charge I die, or shall be thiall
Unto his paramour, till now my slave
"How then," shall one ask, "cam'st thou so to err?"
'Twas pestilent women sought to me, and ruined, 930
Which spake and puffed me up with words like
these
"Thou, wilt thou suffer yon base captive thrall
Within thine halls to share thy bridal couch?
By Heaven's Queen, were it in mine halls, she should
not
See light and reap the harvest of my bed!"
And I gave ear unto these sirens' words,
These crafty, knavish, subtle gossip-mongers,
And swelled with wind of folly Why behoved
To spy upon my lord? I had all my need,—
Great riches, in his palace was I queen, 940
The children I might bear should be true-born,
But hers, the bastards, half-thrall unto mine
But never, never—yea, twice o'er I say it,—
Ought men of wisdom, such as have a wife,
Suffer that women visit in their halls
The wife · they are teachers of iniquity
One, for her own ends, beckons on to sin,
One, that hath fallen, craves fellowship in shame,
And of sheer wantonness many tempt And so
Men's homes are poisoned Therefore guard ye well 950
With bolts and bars the portals of your halls,
For nothing wholesome comes when enter in
Strange women, nay, but mischief manifold

CHORUS

Thou hast loosed a reinless tongue against thy sisters
In thee might one forgive it, yet behoves
Woman with woman's frailty gently deal

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

σοφόν τι χρήμα τοῦ διδάξαντος βροτοὺς
 λόγους ἀκούειν τῶν ἐναντίων πάρα
 ἐγὼ γὰρ εἰδὼς τῶνδε σύγχυσιν δόμων
 960 ἔριν τε τὴν σὴν καὶ γυναικὸς Ἑκτορος,
 φυλακὰς ἔχων ἔμμινον, εἴτ' αὐτοῦ μενεῖς
 εἴτ' ἐκφοβηθεῖς' αἰχμαλωτίδος φόβῳ
 γυναικὸς οἴκων τῶνδ' ἀπηλλάχθαι θέλεις

ἦλθον δὲ σὰς μὲν οὐ σέβων ἐπιστολάς,
 εἰ δ' ἐνδιδοίης, ὥσπερ ἐνδίδως, λόγον,
 πέμψων σ' ἀπ' οἴκων τῶνδ' ἐμὴ γὰρ οὔσα πρὶν
 σὺν τῷδε ναίεις ἀνδρὶ σοῦ πατρὸς κάκη,
 970 ὃς πρὶν τὰ Τροίας εἰσβαλεῖν ὀρίσματα
 γυναικ' ἐμοί σε δούς ὑπέσχεθ' ὕστερον
 τῷ νῦν σ' ἔχοντι, Τρωάδ' εἰ πέρσοι πόλιν.
 ἐπεὶ δ' Ἀχιλλέως δεῦρ' ἐνόστησεν γόνος,
 σῶ μὲν συνέγνω πατρί, τὸν δ' ἐλίσσόμεν
 γάμους ἀφείναι σούς, ἐμὰς λέγων τύχας
 καὶ τὸν παρόντα δαίμον', ὥς φίλων μὲν ἂν
 γήμαιμ' ἀπ' ἀνδρῶν, ἔκτοθεν δ' οὐ ῥαδίως,
 φεύγων ἀπ' οἴκων ἃς ἐγὼ φεύγω φυγὰς
 ὃ δ' ἦν ὑβριστῆς εἷς τ' ἐμῆς μητρὸς φόνου
 τὰς θ' αἵματωπούς θεὰς ὀνειδίζων ἐμοί

καγὰρ ταπεινὸς ὢν τύχαις ταῖς οἴκοθεν
 980 ἦλγουν μὲν ἦλγουν, ξυμφορὰς δ' ἠνειχόμεν,
 σὼν δὲ στερηθεὶς ὥχόμεν ἅκων γάμων
 νῦν οὖν ἐπειδὴ περιπετεῖς ἔχεις τύχας
 καὶ ξυμφορὰν τήνδ' εἰσπεσοῦς' ἀμηχανεῖς,
 ἄξω σ' ἀπ' οἴκων καὶ πατρὸς δώσω χερί
 τὸ συγγενὲς γὰρ δεινόν, ἐν τε τοῖς κακοῖς
 οὐκ ἔστιν οὐδὲν κρεῖσσον οἰκείου φίλου.

ANDROMACHE

•
ORESTES

Wise was the rede of him who taught that men
Should hear the reasonings of the other side
I, knowing what confusions vexed this house,
And of the feud 'twixt thee and Hector's wife, 960
Kept watch and waited, whether thou wouldst stay
Here, or, dismayed with dread of that spear-thrall,
Out of these halls were minded to avoid

I came, not by thy message drawn 'so much,
As from this house to help thee, shouldst thou grant
me

Speech of thee, as thou dost Mine wast thou once,
But liv'st with this man through thy father's
baseness,

Who, ere he marched unto the coasts of Troy,
Betrothed thee mine, thereafter promised thee
To him that hath thee now, if he smote Troy 970
Soon as to Greece returned Achilles' son,
Thy father I forgave thy lord I prayed
To set thee free I pleaded mine hard lot,
The fate so haunting me, that I might wed
From friends indeed, but scarce of stranger folk,
Banished as I am banished from mine home
Then he with insolent scorn cast in my teeth
My mother's blood, the gory-visaged fiends

And I—my pride fell with mine house's fortunes—
Was heart-wrung, heart-wrung, yet endured my lot, 980
And loth departed, of thy love bereft
But, now thy fortune's dice have fallen awry,
And in affliction plunged dost thou despair,
Hence will I lead and give thee to thy sire,
For mighty is kinship, and in evil days
There is naught better than the bond of blood

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΕΡΜΙΟΝΗ

990 νυμφευμάτων μὲν τῶν ἐμῶν πατὴρ ἐμὸς
μέριμναν ἔξει, κοῦκ ἐμὸν κρίνειν τόδε
ἀλλ' ὡς τάχιστα τῶνδ' ἐμ' ἔκπεμψον δόμων,
μὴ φθῇ με προσβὰς δῶμα καὶ μολῶν πόσις,
ἢ παιδὸς οἴκους μ' ἐξερημοῦσαν μαθῶν
Πηλεὺς μετέλθῃ πωλικοῖς διώγμασιν

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ

1000 θάρσει γέροντος χεῖρα τὸν δ' Ἀχιλλέως
μηδὲν φοβηθῆς παῖδ', ὅς' εἰς ἐμ' ὕβρισε.
τοῖα γὰρ αὐτῷ μηχανὴ πεπλεγμένη
βρόχοις ἀκινήτοισιν ἔστηκεν φόνου
πρὸς τῇσδε χειρός ἦν πάρος μὲν οὐκ ἐρῶ,
τελουμένων δὲ Δελφὶς εἴσεται πέτρα
ὁ μητροφόντης δ', ἣν δορυξένων ἐμῶν
μείνωσιν ὄρκοι Πυθικὴν ἀνὰ χθόνα,
δείξει γαμῆν σε μηδέν', ἦν' ἐχρῆν ἐμέ
πικρῶς δὲ πατρὸς φόνιον αἰτήσῃ δίκην
ἄνακτα Φοῖβον· οὐδέ νιν μετάστασις
γνώμης ὀνήσει θεῶ διδόντα νῦν δίκας,
ἀλλ' ἐκ τ' ἐκείνου διαβολαῖς τε ταῖς ἐμαῖς
κακῶς ὀλεῖται· γινώσεται δ' ἔχθραν ἐμὴν
ἐχθρῶν γὰρ ἀνδρῶν μοῖραν εἰς ἀναστροφὴν
δαίμων δίδωσι κοῦκ ἐᾷ φρονεῖν μέγα

ΧΟΡΟΣ

1010 ὦ Φοῖβε πυργώσας στρ α'
τὸν ἐν Ἰλίῳ εὐτειχῇ πάγον,
καὶ πόντιε κυανέαις
ἵπποις διφρεῦων ἄλιον πέλαγος,
τίνος εἵνεκ' ἄτιμον ὀργά-
ναν χέρα τεκτοσύνας Ἑ-

¹ Paley for MSS σφε μηδέν' ὦν.

ANDROMACHE

HERMIONE

My marriage—'tis my father shall take thought
Thee of herein decision is not mine
But help thou me with all speed forth this house,
Lest my lord coming home prevent me yet, 990
Or Peleus learn my flight from his son's halls,
And follow in our track with chasing steeds

ORESTES

Fear not the greybeard's hand · yea, nowise fear
Achilles' son · his insolence-cup is full,
Such toils of doom by this hand woven for him
With murder-meshes round him steadfast-staked
Are drawn thereof I speak not ere the time,
But, when I strike, the Delphian rock shall know
This mother-murderer—if the oaths be kept
Of spear-confederates in the Delphian land— 1000
Shall prove none else shall wed thee, mine of right
To his sorrow shall he ask redress of Phoebus
For a sire's blood ! Nor shall repentance now
Avail him, who would make the God amends
By that God's wrath, and slanders sown of me,
Die shall he foully, and shall know mine hate
For the God turns the fortune of his foes
To overthrow, nor suffereth their high thoughts

[*Exeunt ORESTES and HERMIONE*]

CHORUS

O Phoebus, who gavest to Ilium a gloiy (Str 1)
Of diadem-towers on her heights,—and O Master 1010
Of Sea-depths, whose grey-gleaming steeds o'er the
hoary
Surf-ridges speed,—to the War-god, the Waster
With spears, for what cause for a spoil did ye cast
her,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

νυαλίῳ δοριμήστορι προσθέντες τάλαιναν
τάλαιναν μεθείτε Τροίαν ,

πλείστους δ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖσιν ἀντ. α'
Σιμοεντίσιν εὐίππους ὄχους

1020 ἐξεύξατε καὶ φονίους
ἀνδρῶν ἀμίλλας ἔθετ' ἀστεφάνους·
ἀπὸ δὲ φθίμενοι βεβᾶσιν
Ἴλιάδαι βασιλῆες,
οὐδ' ἔτι πῦρ ἐπιβώμιον ἐν Τροίᾳ θεοῖσιν
λέλαμπεν καπνῷ θυώδει.

βέβακε δ' Ἀτρείδας ἀλόχου παλάμαις· στρ. β'
αὐτά τ' ἐναλλάξασα φόνον θανάτῳ
1030 πρὸς τέκνων ἀπηύρα·
θεοῦ θεοῦ νιν κέλευσμ' ἐπεστράφη
μαντόσυνον, ὅτε νιν Ἀργόθεν πορευθεὶς
Ἀγαμεμνόνιος κέλῳρ
ἀδύτων ἐπιβὰς κτάνεν ματρὸς φονεύς·
ὦ δαῖμον, ὦ Φοῖβε, πῶς πείθομαι ,

πολλὰ δ' ἂν Ἑλλάνων ἀγόρους στοναχὰς ἀντ β'
μέλποντο δυστάνων τεκέων, ἄλοχοι δ'
1040 ἐξέλειπον οἴκους
πρὸς ἄλλον εὐνάτορ'. οὐχὶ σοὶ μόνα
δύσφρονες ἐπέπεσον, οὐ φίλοισι, λῦπαι
νοσον Ἑλλὰς ἔτλα, νόσον·

ANDROMACHE

Whom your own hands had fashioned, dishonoured to
lie

In wretchedness, wretchedness—her that was Troy ?

(*Ant* 1)

And by Simois ye yoked to the chariots fleet horses
Unnumbered, in races of blood which contended,
Whose lords for no wreaths ran their terrible courses, 1020
Where the princes of Ilium to Hades descended,
Where upstreameth no more with the altar-flames
blended

The odour of incense to dream through the sky
Round the feet of Immortals—from her that was Troy !

(*Str* 2)

And Atreides hath passed, for on him lighted slaughter
At the hands of a wife and with murder she bought
her

Death, at the hands of her child to receive it .
For a God's, O a God's hest levin-wise glared 1030
Bodings of death on her, doomings declared
In the hour Agamemnon's son forth fared
To his temple from Argos, then thundered it o'er him,
And he slew her, he murdered the mother that bore
him !

God, Phoebus !—ah must I, ah must I believe it ?

(*Ant* 2)

And wherever the Hellenes were gathered was
mourning
Of wives for their lost ones, the sons unreturning,
And of brides from their bowers of espousal
departing 1040
To another lord's couch.—O, not only on thee
Down swooping fell anguish of misery,
Nor alone on thy loved ones, but Hellas must be

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

διέβα δὲ Φρυγῶν πρὸς εὐκάρπους γύας
σκηπτὸς σταλάσσων τὸν Ἕαιδα φόνον.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

1050 Φθιώτιδες γυναῖκες, ἱστοροῦντί μοι
σημήνατ' ἥσθόμην γὰρ οὐ σαφῇ λόγον
ὥς δώματ' ἐκλιπούσα Μενέλεω κόρη
φρούδη τάδ' ἤκω δ' ἐκμαθεῖν σπουδὴν ἔχων
εἰ ταῦτ' ἀληθῆ· τῶν γὰρ ἐκδήμων φίλων
δεῖ τοὺς κατ' οἶκον ὄντας ἐκπονεῖν τύχας

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Πηλεῦ, σαφῶς ἤκουσας· οὐδ' ἐμοὶ καλὸν
κρύπτειν ἐν οἷσπερ οὔσα τυγχάνω κακοῖς.
βασίλεια γὰρ τῶνδ' οἴχεται φυγὰς δόμων

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

τίνος φόβου τυχοῦσα, διαπέραινέ μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πόσιν τρέμουςα, μὴ δόμων νιν ἐκβάλλῃ.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

μῶν ἀντὶ παιδὸς θανασίμων βουλευμάτων;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ναί, καὶ γυναικὸς αἰχμαλωτίδος φόβῳ.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

1060 σὺν πατρὶ δ' οἴκους ἢ τίνος λείπει μέτα,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

Ἄγαμέμνονός νιν παῖς βέβηκ' ἄγων χθονός.

ΠΗΛΕΤΣ

ποῖαν περαίνων ἐλπίδ', ἢ γῆμαι θέλων,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ σοῦ γε παιδὸς παιδὶ πορσύνων μόρον.

ANDROMACHE

Bowed 'neath the plague, 'neath the plague, and on-
 sweeping [dripping,
 Like a cloud whence the death-rain of Hades was
 Passed the scourge, o'er the Phrygians' fan harvest-
 fields darting

Enter PELEUS, attended

PELEUS

Women of Phthia, unto that I ask
 Make answer, for a rumour have I heard
 That Menelaus' child hath left these halls
 And fled away. In haste I come to learn 1050
 If this be sooth, for we which bide at home
 Should bear the burdens of our absent friends.

CHORUS

Peleus, truth hast thou heard 'twere for my shame
 To hide the ills wherein my lot is cast
 O yea, the queen is gone—fled from these halls

PELEUS

With what fear stricken ? Tell me all the tale

CHORUS

Dreading her lord, lest forth the home he cast her

PELEUS

For that her murder-plot against his son ?

CHORUS

Yea · of the captive dame adread withal

PELEUS

Forth with her father went she, or with whom ? 1060

CHORUS

Agamemnon's son hath led her from the land

PELEUS

Yea ?—furthering what hope ? Would he wed her ?

CHORUS

Yea and for thy son's son he plotteth death

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

κρυπτός καταστάς ἢ κατ' ὄμμ' ἐλθὼν μάχῃ,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀγνοῖς ἐν ἱεροῖς Λοξίου Δελφῶν μέτα.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οἴμοι τόδ' ἤδη δεινόν οὐχ ὅσον τάχος
χωρήσεται τις Πυθικὴν πρὸς ἐστίαν
καὶ τάνθ' ὄντα τοῖς ἐκεῖ λέξει φίλοις
πρὶν παῖδ' Ἀχιλλέως κατθανεῖν ἐχθρῶν ὕπο,

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1070

ὦ μοι μοι
οἴας ὁ τλήμων ἀγγελῶν ἦκω τύχας
σοί τ', ὦ γεραιέ, καὶ φίλοισι δεσπότης

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

αἰαῖ· πρόμαντις θυμὸς ὥς τι προσδοκᾷ.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

οὐχ ἔστι σοι παῖς παιδός, ὥς μάθης, γέρον
Πηλεῦ· τοιάσδε φασγάνων πληγὰς ἔχει
Δελφῶν ὑπ' ἀνδρῶν καὶ Μυκηναίου ξένου

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ᾶ ᾶ, τί δράσεις, ὦ γεραιέ, μὴ πέσης·
ἔπαιρε σαυτόν.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οὐδέν εἰμ' ἀπωλόμην.

φρούδη μὲν αὐδή, φρούδα δ' ἄρθρα μου κάτω.

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

1080

ἄκουσον, εἰ καὶ σοῖς φίλοις ἀμυναθεῖν
χρήζεις, τὸ πραχθέν, σὸν κατορθώσας δέμας.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ὦ μοῖρα, γήρως ἐσχάτοις πρὸς τέρμασιν
οἶα με τὸν δύστηνον ἀμφιβᾶσ' ἔχεις.

ANDROMACHE

PELEUS

Lying in wait, or face to face in fight ?

CHORUS

With Delphians, in Loxias' holy place

PELEUS

Ah me ! grim peril this ! Away with speed
Let one depart unto the Pythian hearth,
And to our friends there tell the deeds here done,
Or ever Achilles' son be slain of foes

Enter MESSENGER

MESSENGER

Woe's me, woe's me !
Bearing what tidings of mischance to thee, 1070
Ancient, and all that love my lord, I come

PELEUS

O my prophetic soul, what ill it bodes !

MESSENGER

Thy son's son, ancient Peleus, is no more,
Such dagger-thrusts hath he received of men
Of Delphi, and that stranger of Mycenae

CHORUS

Ah, what wilt do, O ancient ?—fall not thou !
Uplift thee !

PELEUS

I am naught it is my death
Faileth my voice, my limbs beneath me fail

MESSENGER

Hearken, if thou wouldst also avenge thy friends
Upraise thy body, hear what deed was done 1080

PELEUS

O Fate, how hast thou compassed me about,
The hapless, upon eld's exticmest verge !

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

πῶς δ' οἷχσταί μοι παῖς μόνου παιδὸς μόνος;
σήμειν' ἀκούσαι δ' οὐκ ἀκούσθ' ὅμως θέλω

ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ

ἐπεὶ τὸ κλεινὸν ἤλθομεν Φοίβου πέδον,
τρεῖς μὲν φαεινὰς ἡλίου διεξόδους
θέα διδόντες ὄμματ' ἐξεπίμπλαμεν
καὶ τοῦθ' ὑποπτον ἦν ἄρ' εἰς δὲ συστάσεις
κύκλους τ' ἐχώρει λαὸς οἰκήτωρ θεοῦ
1090 Ἀγαμέμνωνος δὲ παῖς διαστείχων πόλιν
εἰς οὓς ἐκάστῳ δυσμενεῖς ἦν δα λόγους·
ὁρᾶτε τοῦτον, ὃς διαστείχει θεοῦ
χρυσοῦ γέμοντα γύαλα, θησαυροὺς βροτῶν,
τὸ δεύτερον παρόντ' ἐφ' οἷσι καὶ πάρος
δεῦρ' ἦλθε Φοίβου ναὸν ἐκπέρσαι θέλων;
κάκ τοῦδ' ἐχώρει ῥόθιον ἐν πόλει κυκόν,
ἀρχαί τ' ἐπληροῦντ' εἰς τε βουλευτήρια
ἰδία θ' ὅσοι θεοῦ χρημάτων ἐφέστασαν
φρουρὰν ἐτάξαντ' ἐν περιστύλοις δόμοις
1100 ἡμεῖς δὲ μῆλα, φυλλάδος Παρνασίας
παιδεύματ', οὐδὲν τῶνδὲ πω πεπυσμένοι,
λαβόντες ἡμεν ἐσχάραις τ' ἐφέσταμεν
σὺν προξένοισι μάντεσιν τε Πυθικοῖς.
καὶ τις τόδ' εἶπεν· ὦ νεανία, τί σοι
θεῷ κατευξώμεσθα; τίνος ἡκεις χάριν;
ὁ δ' εἶπε· Φοίβῳ τῆς πάροισ' ἀμαρτίας
δίκας παρασχεῖν βουλόμεσθ'· ἤτησα γὰρ
πατρός ποτ' αὐτὸν αἵματος δοῦναι δίκην
κἀνταῦθ' Ὀρέστου μῦθος ἰσχύων μέγα
1110 ἐφαίνεθ', ὥς ψεύδοιτο δεσπότης ἐμὸς
ἦκων ἐπ' αἰσχροῖς. ἔρχεται δ' ἀνακτόρων
κρηπίδος ἐντός, ὥς πάρος χρηστηρίων
εὖξαιτο Φοίβῳ, τυγχάνει δ' ἐν ἐμπύροις·

ANDROMACHE

How perished he, my one son's only son ?
Tell though it blast mine ears, fain would I hear

MESSENGER

When unto Phoebus' world-famed land we came,
Three radiant courses of the sun we gave
To gazing, and with beauty filled our eyes
This bred mistrust the folk in the God's close
That dwelt, drew into knots and muttering rings,
While Agamemnon's son passed through the town, 1090
And whispered deadly hints in each man's ear —
"See ye yon man who prowls the God's shrines
through,

Shrines full of gold, the nations' treasures,
Who on the selfsame mission comes again
As erst he came, to rifle Phoebus' shrine ?"
Therefrom ill rumour suged the city through
Then magistrates the halls of council thronged,
And the God's treasure-wardens, of their part,
Set guards along the temple colonnades
But we, yet knowing nought of this, took sheep, 1100
The nurslings of the glades Parnassian,
And went and stood beside the holy hearths
With public-hosts and Pythian oracle-seers
And one spake thus "Prince, what request for thee
Shall we make to the God ? For what com'st
thou ?"

"To Phoebus," said he, "would I make amends
For my past sin for I required of him
Once satisfaction for my father's blood"
Then was Orestes' slander proved of might
In the hoarse murmur from the throng, "He lies ! 1110
He hath come for felony !" On he passed, within
The temple-fence, before the oracle
To pray, and was in act to sacrifice —

- τῷ δὲ ξιφήρης ἄρ' ὑφειστήκει λόχος
 δάφνη σκιασθείς ὦν Κλυταιμνήστρας τόκος
 εἷς ἦν ἀπάντων τῶνδε μηχανορράφος.
 χῶ μὲν κατ' ὄμμα στὰς προσεύχεται θεῷ·
 οἱ δ' ὄξυθήκτοισ φασγάνοις ὠπλισμένοι
 κεντοῦσ' ἀτευχῇ παῖδ' Ἀχιλλέως λάθρα.
 1120 χωρεῖ δὲ πρύμναν· οὐ γὰρ εἰς καιρὸν τυπεῖς
 ἐτύγχαν', ἐξέλκει δέ, καὶ παραστάδος
 κρεμαστὰ τεύχη πασσάλων καθαρπάσας
 ἔστη πρὶ βωμοῦ γοργὸς ὀπλίτης ἰδεῖν,
 βοᾷ δὲ Δελφῶν παῖδας ἱστορῶν τάδε·
 τίνος μ' ἔκατι κτείνετ' εὐσεβεῖς ὁδοὺς
 ἤκοντα; ποίας ὄλλυμαι πρὸς αἰτίας,
 τῶν δ' οὐδὲν οὐδεὶς μυρίων ὄντων πέλας
 ἐφθέγγεατ', ἀλλ' ἔβαλλον ἐκ χειρῶν πέτροις.
 πυκνῇ δὲ νιφάδι πάντοθεν σποδοῦμενος
 1130 προὔτεινε τεύχη κάφυλάσσειτ' ἐμβολὰς
 ἐκείσε κάκεισ' ἀσπίδ' ἐκτείνων χερί.
 ἀλλ' οὐδὲν ἤνευ· ἀλλὰ πόλλ' ὁμοῦ βέλη,
 οἷστοί, μεσάγκυλ' ἐκλυτοί τ' ἀμφώβολοι,
 σφαγῆς ἐχώρουν βουπόροι ποδῶν πάρος·
 δεινὰς δ' ἂν εἶδες πυρρίχας φρουρουμένου
 βέλεμνα παιδός. ὥς δὲ νιν περισταδὸν
 κύκλῳ κατεῖχον οὐ διδόντες ἀμπνοάς,
 βωμοῦ κενώσας δεξιμήλον ἐσχάραν,
 τὸ Τρωικὸν πῆδημα πηδήσας ποδοῖν
 1140 χωρεῖ πρὸς αὐτούς· οἱ δ' ὅπως πελειάδες
 ἰέρακ' ἰδοῦσαι πρὸς φυγὴν ἐνώτισαν
 πολλοὶ δ' ἔπιπτον μυγάδες ἔκ τε τραυμάτων
 αὐτοῖ θ' ὑφ' αὐτῶν στενοπόρους κατ' ἐξόδους,
 κραυγῇ δ' ἐν εὐφήμοισι δύσφημος δόμοις
 πέτραισιν ἀντέκλαγξ'· ἐν εὐδίᾳ δέ πως

ANDROMACHE

Then rose with swords from ambush screened by bays
A troop against him Clytemnestra's son
Was of them, weaver of this treason-web
Full in view standing, still to the God he prayed,—
When lo, with swords keen-whetted unawares
They stab Achilles' son, a man unarmed !
Back drew he, stricken, yet not mortally , 1120
He drew his sword, and, snatching helm and shield
Upon a column's nails uphung, he stood
On the altar-steps, a warrior grim to see ,
And cried to Delphi's sons, and this he asked
“ Why would ye slay me, who on holy mission
Have come ?—on what charge am I doomed to die ? ”
But of the multitude that surged around
None answered word, but ever their hands hurled
stones

Then, by that hail-storm battered from all sides,
With shield outstretched he warded him therefrom, 1130
To this, to that side turning still the targe ,
But naught availed, for in one storm the darts,
The arrows, javelins, twy-point spits outlaunched,
And slaughter-knives, came hurtling to his feet
Dread war-dance hadst thou seen of thy son's son
From darts swift-swerving ! Now they hemmed him
round

On all sides, giving him no breathing space
Then from the altar's hearth of sacrifice
Leaping with that leap which the Trojans knew,
He dashed upon them They, like doves that spy 1140
The hawk high-wheeling, turned their backs in flight
Many in mingled turmoil fell, by wounds,
Or trampled of others in strait corridors
Unhallowed clamour broke the temple hush,
And far cliffs echoed As in a calm mid storm,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

- ἔστη φαεινοῖς δεσπότης στίλβων ὄπλοις,
 πρὶν δὴ τις ἀδύτων ἐκ μέσων ἐφθέγγετο
 δεινόν τε καὶ φρικῶδες, ὥρσε δὲ στρατὸν
 στρέψας πρὸς ἄλκην ἐνθ' Ἀχιλλέως πίτνει
 1150 παῖς ὀξυθήκτῳ πλευρὰ φασγάνῳ τυπεῖς
 Δελφοῦ πρὸς ἀνδρός, ὅσπερ αὐτὸν ὤλεσε
 πολλῶν μετ' ἄλλων ὡς δὲ πρὸς γαίαν πίτνει,
 τίς οὐ σίδηρον προσφέρει, τίς οὐ πέτρον,
 βάλλων ἀράσων, πᾶν δ' ἀνάλωται δέμας
 τὸ καλλίμορφον τραυμάτων ὑπ' ἀγρίων.
 νεκρὸν δὲ δὴ νιν κείμενον βωμοῦ πέλας
 ἐξέβαλον ἐκτὸς θυοδόκων ἀνακτόρων.
 ἡμεῖς δ' ἀναρπάσαντες ὡς τάχος χεροῖν
 κομίζομέν νιν σοὶ κατοιμῶξαι γόοις
 1160 κλαῦσαί τε, πρέσβυ, γῆς τε κοσμήσαι τάφρ.
 τοιαῦθ' ὁ τοῖς ἄλλοισι θεσπίζων ἄναξ,
 ὁ τῶν δικαίων πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις κριτής,
 δίκας διδόντα παῖδ' ἔδρας' Ἀχιλλέως.
 ἐμνημόνευσε δ' ὥσπερ ἄνθρωπος κακὸς
 παλαιὰ νείκη· πῶς ἂν οὖν εἴη σοφός,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

- καὶ μὴν ὅδ' ἄναξ ἤδη φοράδην
 Δελφίδος ἐκ γῆς δῶμα πελάζει.
 τλήμων ὁ παθὼν, τλήμων δέ, γέρον,
 καὶ σύ δέχει γὰρ τὸν Ἀχιλλεῖον
 1170 σκύμνον ἐς οἴκους, οὐχ ὡς σύ θέλεις
 αὐτός τε κακοῖς [πήμασι κύρσας]
 εἰς ἓν μοίρας συνέκυρσας.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ὦ μοι ἐγώ, κακὸν οἶον ὁρῶ τόδε στρ α'
 καὶ δέχομαι χερὶ δῶμασί τ' ἀμοῖς.
 ἰὼ μοί μοι, αἰαί,

ANDROMACHE

My lord stood flashing in his gleaming arms,
 Till from the inmost shrine there pealed a voice
 Awful and thrilling, kindling that array
 And battleward turning Then Achilles' son [side
 Fell, stabbed with a brand keen-whetted through the 1150
 By a man of Delphi, one that laid him low
 With helpers many but, when he was down,
 Who did not thrust the steel, or cast the stone,
 Hurling and battering? All his form was marred,
 So goodly-moulded, by their wild-beast wounds
 Then him, beside the altar lying dead,
 They cast forth from the incense-breathing shrine
 But with all speed our hands uplifted him,
 And to thee bear him, to lament with wail
 And weeping, ancient, and to ensepulchre 1160
 Thus he that giveth oracles to the world,
 He that is judge to all men of the right,
 Hath wreaked revenge upon Achilles' son,—
 Yea, hath remembered, like some evil man,
 An old, old feud! How then shall he be wise?

Enter bearers with corpse of NEOPTOLEMUS

CHORUS

Lo, lo, where the prince, high borne on the bier,
 From the Delphian land to his home draweth near!
 Alas for the strong death-quelled! Alas for thee,
 stricken with eld!

Not as thou wouldest, Achilles' scion 1170
 To his home dost thou welcome, the whelp of the lion
 In oneness of weird, in affliction drear,
 ' Art thou linked with the dead lying here

PELEUS

Woe for the sight breaking on me, (Str. 1)
 That mine hands usher in at my door!
 Ah me, 'tis my death! ah me,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ὦ πόλι Θεσσαλία, διολώλαμεν,
οἵχόμεθ' οὐκέτι μοι γένος, οὐκέτι
λείπεται οἴκοις

1180 ὦ σχέτλιος παθέων ἐγὼ εἰς τίνα
δὴ φίλον αὐγὰς βάλλων τέρψομαι,
ὦ φίλιον στόμα καὶ γένυ καὶ χέρες,
εἴθε σ' ὑπ' Ἴλῳ ἦναρε δαίμων
Σιμοεντίδα παρ' ἀκτάν

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὗτός τ' ἂν ὡς ἐκ τῶνδ' ἐτιμᾶτ' ἄν, γέρον,
θανών, τὸ σὸν δ' ἦν ὧδ' ἂν εὐτυχέστερον

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ὦ γάμος, ὦ γάμος, ὃς τάδε δώματα ἀντ. α'
καὶ πόλιν ὤλεσας ὤλεσας ἄμάν,
† αἰαῖ αἰαῖ. ὦ παῖ,

1190 μῆποτε σὼν λεχέων τὸ δυσώνυμον
ᾤφελ', ἐμὸν γένος, εἰς τέκνα καὶ δόμον
ἀμφιβαλέσθαι

Ἑρμιόνας Ἀίδαν ἐπὶ σοί, τέκνον,†¹
ἀλλὰ κεραυνῷ πρόσθεν ὀλέσθαι,
μηδ' ἐπὶ τοξοσύνα φονίῳ πατρὸς
† αἷμα τὸ διογενές ποτε Φοῖβον
βροτὸς εἰς θεὸν ἀνάψαι †

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅτοτοῖ ὅτοτοῖ στρ β'
θανόντα δεσπόταν γόοις
νόμῳ τῷ νερτέρων κατάρξω

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

1200 ὅτοτοῖ ὅτοτοῖ ἀντ. β'
διάδοχα δ', ὦ τάλας ἐγὼ,
γέρων καὶ δυστυχήs δακρύω.

¹ 1188-1192 corrupt. no satisfactory reading ascertained

ANDROMACHE

Oh city of Thessaly,
 No child have I,—this hath undone me,—
 Neither seed in mine halls any more
 Woe for me!—whitherward turning
 Shall mine eyes see the gladness of yore? 1180
 O lips, cheek, and hands of my yearning!
 O had a God but o'erthrown thee
 'Neath Ilum on Simois' shore!

CHORUS

Yea, he had fallen with honour, had he died
 Thus, ancient, and thy lot were happier so

PELEUS

Woe's me for the deadly alliance (Ant 1)
 That hath blasted my city, mine home!
 Ah my son, that the curse-haunted line
 Of thy bride,—unto me, unto mine
 Evil-boding,—had trapped not my scion's 1190
 Dear limbs in the toils of the tomb,
 In the net of Heirmone's flinging!
 O that lightning had first dealt her doom!
 And alas that the arrow, death-bringing
 To thy sire, stirred a man, for defiance
 Of a God, against Phoebus to come!

CHORUS

With a wail ringing up to the sky (Str 2)
 In the measures of Hades' abider will I
 Uplift for my lord stricken low lamentation's outcry

PELEUS

(Ant 2)
 With a wail to the heavens upborne 1200
 I take up the strain, ah me, and I mourn
 And I weep, the unblest, the ill-fated, the eld-forlorn

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θεοῦ γὰρ αἶσα, θεὸς ἔκρανε συμφοράν. στρ γ'

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ὦ φίλος, ἔλειπες ἐν δόμῳ μ' ἔρημον,¹
[ὥμοι μοι, ταλαίπωρον ἐμέ]²
γέροντ' ἄπαιδα νοσφίσας

ΧΟΡΟΣ

θανεῖν θανεῖν σε, πρέσβυ, χρῆν πάρος τέκνων στρ δ'

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οὐ σπαράξομαι κόμαν,
1210 οὐκ ἐπιθήσομαι δ' ἐμῷ
κάρα κτύπημα χειρὸς ὀλοόν ; ὦ πόλις,
διπλῶν τέκνων μ' ἐστέρησε Φοῖβος

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ κακὰ παθὼν ἰδὼν τε δυστυχήs γέρων, στρ ε'
τίν' αἰῶν' εἰς τὸ λοιπὸν ἔξεις ;

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ἄτεκνος, ἔρημος, οὐκ ἔχων πέρας κακῶν ἀντ. ε'
διαντλήσω πόνους ἐς Ἄιδαν

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μάτην δέ σ' ἐν γάμοισιν ὤλβισαν θεοί. ἀντ γ'

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

ἀμπτάμενα φροῦδα τὰ μὰ πάντα κεῖται
1220 κόμπων μεταρσίων πρόσω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μόνος μόνοισιν ἐν δόμοις ἀναστρέφει. ἀντ δ'

¹ Paley · for δόμον ἔλειπες ἔρημον.

² Rejected by Matthiae

ANDROMACHE

CHORUS

'Tis God's doom thine affliction God hath wrought (Str 3)

PELEUS

O my belovèd one, lone in his halls hast thou left,
An old, old man of his children bereft

CHORUS

Before thy sons shouldst thou have died, have died ! (Str 4)

PELEUS

And shall I not rend mine hair ?
And shall I from smiting spare 1210
Mine head, from the runing hand ? O city, see
How Phoebus of children twain hath despoilèd me !

CHORUS

Ill-starred, who hast seen and suffered evil's stress,
What life through the rest of thy days shalt thou
have ? (Str 5)

PELEUS

Childless, forlorn, my woes are limitless (Ant 5)
I shall drain sorrow's dregs till I sink to the grave

CHORUS

Gods crowned with joy thy spousals all for naught (Ant 3)

PELEUS

Fleeted and vanished and fallen my glories are,
Far from my boasts high-soaring, O far ! 1220

CHORUS

Lone in the lonely halls must thou abide (Ant 4)

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ

οὐκέτ' ἔστι μοι πόλις,
σκήπτρά τὰδ' ἔρρέτω 'πὶ γᾶν,
σύ τ', ὦ κατ' ἄντρα νύχια Νηρέως κόρη,
πανώλεθρον γὰρ πίτνοντά μ' ὄψει.¹

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ ἰώ·
τί κεκίνηται, τίνος αἰσθάνομαι
θείου; κοῦραι, λεύσσετ' ἄθρήσατε
δαίμων ὃδε τις λευκὴν αἰθέρα
πορθμευόμενος τῶν ἵπποβότων
Φθίας πεδίων ἐπιβαίνει

1230

ΘΕΤΙΣ

Πηλεῦ, χάριν σὼν πάρος νυμφευμάτων
ἦκω Θέτις λιποῦσα Νηρέως δόμους.
καὶ πρῶτα μὲν σοι τοῖς παρεστῶσιν κακοῖς
μηδέν τι λῖαν δυσφορεῖν παρήνεσα·
κἀγὼ γάρ, ἦν ἄκλαυστ' ἐχρῆν τίκτειν τέκνα,
ἀπώλεσ' ἐκ σοῦ παῖδα τὸν ταχὺν πόδας
'Αχιλλέα τεκοῦσα πρῶτον Ἑλλάδος.
ὦν δ' εἵνεκ' ἦλθον σημανῶ, σὺ δ' ἐνδέχου.
τὸν μὲν θανόντα τόνδ' Ἀχιλλέως γόνον
θάψου πορεύσας Πυθικὴν πρὸς ἐσχάραν,
Δελφοῖς ὄνειδος, ὡς ἀπαγγέλλῃ τάφος
φόνον βίαιον τῆς Ὀρεστείας χερὸς
γυναῖκα δ' αἰχμάλωτον, Ἀνδρομάχην λέγω,
Μολοσσίαν γῆν χρὴ κατοικῆσαι, γέρον,
'Ελένῳ συναλλαχθεῖσαν εὐναίοις γάμοις,
καὶ παῖδα τόνδε τῶν ἀπ' Αἰακοῦ μόνον
λελειμμένον δὴ βασιλέα δ' ἐκ τοῦδε χρὴ
ἄλλον δι' ἄλλου διαπερᾶν Μολοσσίας

1240

¹ Hermann for MSS μ' ὄψει πίτνοντα πρὸς γᾶν

ANDROMACHE

PELEUS

No city is mine—none now !

Down, sceptre, in dust lie thou !

Thou, daughter of Nereus, from twilight of thy sea-hall
Shalt behold me, in ruin and wrack to the earth as I
fall

CHORUS

What ho ! what ho !

What stir in the air, what fragrance divine ?

Look yonder !—O mark it, companions mine !

Some God through the stainless sky doth speed ,

And the car swings low

To the plains of Phthia the nurse of the steed

1230

THETIS descends to the stage

THETIS

Peleus, for mine espousals' sake of old

To thee, I Thetis come from Nereus' halls

And, first, I counsel thee, repine not thou

Overmuch for the woes that compass thee

I too, who ought to have borne no child of sorrow,

Lost him I bare to thee, my fleetfoot son,

Achilles, who in Hellas had no peer

Now hearken while I tell my coming's cause

Thou to the Pythian temple journey, there

Bury thou this thy dead, Achilles' seed,

1240

Delphi's reproach, that his tomb may proclaim

His death, his murder, by Orestes' hand

And that war-captive dame, Andromache,

In the Molossian land must find a home

In lawful wedlock joined to Helenus,

With that child, who alone is left alive

Of Aeacus' line. And kings Molossian

From him one after other long shall reign

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

- 1250 εὐδαιμονοῦντας οὐ γὰρ ᾧδ' ἀνάστατον
 γένος γενέσθαι δεῖ τὸ σὸν κἄμὸν, γέρον,
 Τροίας τε· καὶ γὰρ θεοῖσι κἄκείνης μέλει,
 καίπερ πεσοῦσης Παλλάδος προθυμία
 σέ δ', ὥς ἂν εἰδῆς τῆς ἐμῆς εὐνῆς χάριν,
 [θεὰ γεγῶσα καὶ θεοῦ πατρὸς τέκος,]
 κακῶν ἀπαλλάξασα τῶν βροτησίων
 ἀθάνατον ᾗφθιτόν τε ποιήσω θεόν.
 κἄπειτα Νηρέως ἐν δόμοις ἐμοῦ μέτα
 τὸ λοιπὸν ἤδη θεὸς συνοικήσεις θεᾷ·
 1260 ἔνθεν κομίζων ξηρὸν ἐκ πόντου πόδα
 τὸν φίλτατον σοὶ παῖδ' ἐμοί τ' Ἀχιλλέα
 ὄψει δόμους ναίοντα νησιωτικούς
 Λευκὴν κατ' ἁκτὴν ἐντὸς Εὐξείνου πόρου
 ἄλλ' ἔρπε Δελφῶν εἰς θεόδμητον πόλιν
 νεκρὸν κομίζων τόνδε, καὶ κρύψας χθονὶ
 ἔλθων παλαιᾷς χοιράδος κοῖλον μυχόν
 Σηπιάδος ἕζου· μέμνε δ', ἔστ' ἂν ἐξ ἁλὸς
 λαβοῦσα πεντήκοντα Νηρηίδων χορὸν
 ἔλθω κομιστήν σου· τὸ γὰρ πεπρωμένον
 δεῖ σ' ἐκκομίζειν Ζητὴ γὰρ δοκεῖ τάδε.
 1270 παῦσαι δὲ λύπης τῶν τεθνηκότων ὑπερ·
 πᾶσιν γὰρ ἀνθρώποισιν ἦδε πρὸς θεῶν
 ψῆφος κέκρανται κατθανεῖν τ' ὀφείλεται.

ΠΗΛΕΥΣ·

ὦ πότνι', ὦ γενναῖα συγκοιμήματα,
 Νηρέως γένεθλον, χαῖρε· ταῦτα δ' ἀξίως
 σαυτῆς τε ποιεῖς καὶ τέκνων τῶν ἐκ σέθεν.
 παύσω δὲ λύπην σοῦ κελευούσης, θεᾷ,
 καὶ τόνδε θάψας εἰμι Πηλίου πτυχάς,
 οὐπερ σὸν εἶλον χερσὶ κάλλιστον δέμας
 κἄτ' οὐ γαμεῖν δῆτ' ἔκ τε γενναίων χρεῶν

ANDROMACHE

In bliss ; for, ancient, nowise thus thy line
 And mine is destined to be brought to naught 1250
 No, neither Troy , the Gods yet hold her dear,
 Albert by Pallas' eager hate she fell.
 Thee too—so learn what grace comes of my couch ,
 A Goddess I, whose father was a God—
 Will I deliver from all mortal ills,
 And set thee above decay and death, a God
 Henceforth in Nereus' palace thou with me,
 As God with Goddess, shalt for ever dwell
 Thence rising dry-shod from the sea, shalt thou
 Behold Achilles, thy belovèd son 1260
 And mine, abiding in his island home
 On the White Strand, within the Euxine Sea
 Now fare thou to the Delphians' God-built burg
 Bearing this corpse, and hide it in the ground ,
 Then seek the deep cave 'neath the ancient rock
 Sepias , abide there tarry till I rise
 With fifty chanting Nereids from the sea,
 To lead thee thence , for all the doom of fate
 Must thou accomplish Zeus's will is this.
 Refrain thou then from grieving for the dead 1270
 For unto all men is this lot ordained
 Of heaven · from all the debt of death is due

PELEUS

O couch-mate mine, O high-born Majesty,
 Offspring of Nereus, hail thou ! Worthy thee,
 Worthy thy children, are the things thou dost
 Goddess, at thy command my grief shall cease
 Him will I bury, and go to Pelion's glens,
 Where in mine arms I clasped thy loveliest form
[Exit THETIS
 Now, shall not whoso is prudent choose his wife,

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ

1280

δοῦναί τ' ἐς ἐσθλοὺς, ὅστις εὖ βουλευέται,
κακῶν δὲ λέκτρων μὴ ἵπιθυμίαν ἔχειν,
μῆδ' εἰ ζαπλοῦτους οἴσεται φερνὰς δόμοις,
οὐ γάρ ποτ' ἂν πράξειαν ἐκ θεῶν κακῶς

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πολλὰ μορφαὶ τῶν δαιμονίων,
πολλὰ δ' ἀέλπτως κραίνουσι θεοί
καὶ τὰ δοκηθέντ' οὐκ ἐτελέσθη,
τῶν δ' ἀδοκῆτων πόρον εὔρε θεός.
τοιόνδ' ἀπέβη τόδε πρᾶγμα

ANDROMACHÉ

And for his children mates, of noble stam,
And nurse no longing for an evil bride,
Not though she bring his house a legal dower ?
So should men ne'er receive ill of the Gods

CHORUS

O the works of the Gods—in manifold forms they
reveal them .

Manifold things unhopèd-for the Gods to accom-
plishment bring

And the things that we looked for, the Gods deign
not to fulfil them ;

And the paths undisceined of our eyes, the Gods
unseal them

So fell this marvellous thing

[*Exeunt OMNES*]

CYCLOPS

INTRODUCTION

THE Satyric Drama, of which the Cyclops is the solitary example extant, is especially interesting as being a survival in literature. The Greek drama originally, as being designed for representation at the great annual festival of Dionysus or Bacchus, had for its subject some incident in the adventures of that god or his followers. When, early in the fifth century B C, it became the rule that each dramatic poet should present a trilogy of tragedies at the Greater Dionysia, it was required that to these should be added a fourth play, founded on the ancient theme, as a concession to the popular feeling connected with the Wine-god's festival, and as a recognition of his presence. As the chorus in such plays was invariably composed of Satyrs, the peculiar attendants of Bacchus, such plays were called Satyric Dramas. In these, incidents in the legends of gods and heroes were treated with an approach to burlesque, the high style of tragedy was abandoned at pleasure, the vocabulary contained many words which were beneath the dignity of the serious drama, the dances were wild, and not always decent, the versification was more irregular, broad and manly jests were not only admitted, but perhaps even prescribed. In short, the unrestrained licence of the original Dionysia found here its literary expression.

The subject of the Cyclops is taken from that adventure of Odysseus which is related with Epic dignity by Homer in the Odyssey, Bk IX. The divergences, rendered inevitable by the special character of the Satyric Drama, are so great that it cannot be affirmed with certainty that this play was really based on Homer.

ΤΑ ΤΟΥ ΔΡΑΜΑΤΟΣ ΠΡΟΣΩΠΑ

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ΣΑΤΤΡΩΝ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

SILENUS, *an old attendant of Bacchus*

ODYSSEUS, *king of Ithaca*

CYCLOPS, *a one-eyed giant*

CHORUS, *consisting of Satyrs*

Men of Odysseus' crew.

SCENE At the entrance to a great cave at the foot of
 Mount Etna

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

- ὦ Βρομие, διὰ σέ μυρίους ἔχω πόνους
 νῦν χῶτ' ἐν ἥβῃ τοῦμόν εὐσθένει δέμας·
 πρῶτον μέν, ἥνικ' ἐμμανῆς Ἥρας ὑπο
 Νύμφας ὀρείας ἐκλιπὼν ὄχου τροφούς·
 ἔπειθ' ὅτ' ἀμφὶ γηγενῇ μάχην δορὸς
 ἐνδέξιός σφ' ποδὶ παρασπιστῆς γεγῶς
 Ἐγκέλαδον ἰτέαν εἰς μέσσην θενῶν δορὶ
 ἔκτεινα—φέρ' ἴδω, τοῦτ' ἰδὼν ὄναρ' λέγω·
 οὐ μὰ Δι', ἐπεὶ καὶ σκῦλ' ἔδειξα Βακχίῳ.
 10 καὶ νῦν ἐκείνων μείζον' ἐξαντλῶ πόνον.
 ἐπεὶ γὰρ Ἥρα σοι γένος Τυρσηνικὸν
 ληστῶν ἐπῶρσεν, ὥς ὁδηθείης μακράν,
 ἐγὼ πυθόμενος σὺν τέκνοισι ναυστολῶ
 σέθεν κατὰ ζήτησιν ἐν πρύμνῃ δ' ἄκρα
 αὐτὸς λαβὼν ἠϋθνον ἀμφήρες δόρυ,
 παῖδες τ' ἐρετμοῖς ἤμενοι, γλαυκὴν ἄλα
 ῥοθίοισι λευκαίνοντες, ἐζήτουν σ', ἄναξ
 ἥδη δὲ Μαλέας πλησίον πεπλευκότας
 ἀπηλιώτης ἄνεμος ἐμπνεύσας δορὶ
 20 ἐξέβαλεν ἡμᾶς τήνδ' ἐς Αἰτναίαν πέτραν,
 ἵν' οἱ μονῶπες ποντίου παῖδες θεοῦ
 Κύκλωπες οἰκοῦσ' ἀντρ' ἔρημ' ἀνδροκτόνοι.

CYCLOPS

*Enter from the cave SILENUS, dragging after him a rusty
iron rake*

SILENUS

O Bacchus !—oh the back-aches that I got
In your cause, when my youthful blood was hot .
First, when, with addled brains through Hera's
 curses,
You bolted from the Mountain-maids, your nurses ,
Next time, when, in the Battle o' Phlegra Field,
I was your right-hand man, and through the shield
Of Giant Whatshisname I neatly put
A yaid of spear—what, dreamed all this ? Tut, tut !
Did Bacchus dream I showed the monster's spoils
To him ? Ah, that was play beside these toils '
For, O my Bacchus, Hera set on you 10
A gang of thieves, a Tuscan pirate-crew,
To take you on a very distant trip
I heard of it, and promptly manned a ship
With my wild boys, and sailed upon the quest
I took the helm, and—well, I did my best ,
And the boys rowed—at least, made shift to fling
Some foam about ; and so we sought our king
But, just as on our quarter Malea lay,
An east wind blew, and cast our ship away
Upon this rocky shore by Etna's roots, 20
Home of the Cyclops (Neptune's amours' fruits),
One-eyed, cave-kennelled, man-devouring brutes.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

τούτων ἐνὸς ληφθέντες ἐσμέν ἐν δόμοις
 δοῦλοι· καλοῦσι δ' αὐτὸν ᾧ λατρεύομεν
 Πολύφημον. ἀντὶ δ' εὐίων βακχευμάτων
 ποίμνας Κύκλωπος ἀνοσίου ποιμαίνομεν
 παῖδες μὲν οὖν μοι κλιτύων ἐν ἐσχάτοις
 νέμουσι μῆλα νέα νέοι πεφυκότες,
 ἐγὼ δὲ πληροῦν πίστρα καὶ σαίρειν στέγας
 30 μένων τέταγμαί τ' αἴσδε, τῷ τε δυσσεβεῖ
 Κύκλωπι δείπνων ἀνοσίων διάκονος.
 καὶ νῦν, τὰ προσταχθέντ', ἀναγκαίως ἔχει
 σαίρειν σιδηρᾷ τῇδ' ἐμ' ἀρπάγῃ δόμους,
 ὥς τόν τ' ἀπόντα δεσπότην Κύκλωπ' ἐμὸν
 καθαροῖσιν ἄντροις μῆλά τ' εἰσδεχόμεθα.
 ἤδη δὲ παῖδας προσνέμοντας εἰσφρῶ
 ποίμνας. τί ταῦτα; μὲν κρότος· σικινίδων
 ὅμοιος ὑμῖν νῦν τε χῶτε Βᾶκχ' ἰὼ
 40 κώμοις συνασπίζοντες Ἀλθαίης δόμους,
 προσῆτ' αἰοδαῖς βαρβίτων σαυλούμενοι,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πᾶ μοι γυναιῶν πατέρων γενναίων τ' ἐκ τοκάδων, πᾶ δὴ μοι νίσει σκοπέλους; οὐ τᾶδ' ὑπήνεμος αὔρα καὶ ποιηρὰ βοτάνα, διωᾶέν θ' ὕδωρ ποταμῶν ἐν πίστραις κεῖται πέλας ἄν- τρων; οὐ σοι βλαχὰ τεκέων;	στρ.
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CYCLOPS

One of them caught us, so that we became
 Slaves in his den, and this slave-driver's name
 Is Polyphemus No more Bacchanal song
 And dance for us ! We've got to herd a throng
 Of this ungodly villain's goats and sheep ·
 Yes, my poor boys on far-off hill-sides steep—
 My tender ones—are tending flocks for him !
 And I'm a prisoner here, must fill to the brim
 His sheep-troughs · I must sweep this stinking den
 For godless Goggle-eye, must turn cook then, 30
 And serve his cursèd dinners up—fried men !
 Now with this clumsiest of iron rakes (*kicks it*)
 I must needs clear up all the mess *he* makes,
 To welcome home my lord, old Saucer-eye,
 And his sheep with him, into a clean—sty
 Ah, here my boys come, driving home the bleating
 Flocks ; yes, I see them—what, is that the beating
 Of dancing feet ? It's like old times, when round
 Althaea's house, with Bacchus, to the sound
 Of song and harp, your toes scarce touched the
 ground 40

Enter CHORUS, driving goats and sheep

A SATYR (*to a he-goat*)

O come along, Sir Billy ! If your father *was* a king,
 And your mother queen of Nannies, still you needn't
 go and spring
 Over cliff and crag up yonder it's good enough for
 you
 Down here, where winds are sleeping, and where
 green as ever grew
 Is the grass that warts the cropping,
 And the rippling water, slopping
 Out of all the troughs full-brimming by the cave, is
 full in view,

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

50 ψύττα, σὺ τὰδ' οὐ, κοῦ τὰδε νεμεῖ,
 * * κλιτὺν δροσεράν,
 ὤή, ῥίψω πέτρον τάχα σου·
 ὕπαγ' ὦ ὕπαγ' ὦ κεράστα,
 μηλοβότα στασιωρὸν
 Κύκλωπος ἀγροβάτα.

σπαργώντας μαστοὺς χάλασον ἄντ.
 δέξαι θηλαῖσι σποράς,
 ἄς λείπεις ἄρνων θαλάμοις.
 ποθοῦσί σ' ἀμερόκοιτοι
 βλαχαὶ σμικρῶν τεκέων.
 60 εἰς αὐλάν ποτ' ἀμφιβαλεῖς
 ποιηροὺς λείπουσα νομούς,
 Αἰτναίων εἴσω σκοπέλων;¹
 οὐ τὰδε Βρόμος, οὐ τὰδε χοροὶ
 Βάκχαι τε θυρσοφόροι,
 οὐ τυμπάνων ἀλαλαγμοί,
 οὐκ οἴνου χλωραὶ σταγόνες
 κρήναις παρ' ὑδροχύτοις,
 οὐ δινεύματα² Νυμφᾶν.

70 ἱακχον ἱακχον ᾠδὴν
 μέλπω πρὸς τὰν Ἀφροδίταν,
 ἂν θηρεύων πετόμαν

¹ After v 62 Kirchhoff, followed by Murray, repeats vv 49-54

² Nauck, for MSS. οὐδ' ἐν νόσῃ and οὐ νόσῃ Portus, οὐδ' ἐν Νόσῃ μετὰ Νυμφᾶν . μέλπω

CYCLOPS

And your little kids are pleading
"Come you down!"—and never heeding 50
From the steep you still are hanging, all bedraggled
with the dew [ascal! Shoo!
Here goes a stone to stir you! Shoo, you wilful
Come you down, and come this minute, you nasty
horned thing! [underling?
Don't you hear your keeper calling, farmer Giant's

ANOTHER SATYR (*to a she-goat*)

Come, my pretty, to the milking, then away you
skip, to meet
Your little babies, hungry to nose the heavy teat,
For you left them at the dawning, on the rushes
where they lay, [the day
And they sorely need refreshment, after sleeping all
Don't you see your little sweeting?
Can't you hear his hungry bleating?
O leave the grassy pasture, to the folding come away! 60
Enter here, your cave is ready
Under Etna, clean and shady —

O dear! no sign of Bacchus nor his Bacchanal array!
There's no clashing of the cymbals, no dances reel
and sway, [sweet,
Nothing trickling from a wine-jar in droppings honey-
Nor beside the gushing fountains trip the Mountain-
maidens' feet

CHORUS OF ALL THE SATYRS

O Aphrodite! and O the mighty
Spell of the chant that thrilled the air, 70
When to its cadence I chased the maidens,

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

Βάκχαις σὺν λευκόποσιν.
 ὦ φίλος, ὦ φίλε Βακχεῖε, ποῖ οἰοπολῶν
 ξανθὰν χαίταν σείεις;
 ἐγὼ δ' ὁ σὸς πρόπολος
 θητεύω Κύκλωπι
 τῷ μονοδέρκτᾳ, δοῦλος ἀλαίνων
 σὺν τᾷδε τράγου χλαίνα μελέᾳ
 σᾶς χωρὶς φιλίας.

80

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

σιγήσατ', ὦ τέκν', ἄντρα δ' εἰς πετρηρεφῇ
 ποίμνας ἀθροῖσαι πρόσπόλους κελεύσατε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

χωρεῖτ'· ἀτὰρ δὴ τίνα, πάτερ, σπουδὴν ἔχεις;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ὀρῶ πρὸς ἀκταῖς ναὸς Ἑλλάδος σκάφος
 κώπης τ' ἄνακτας σὺν στρατηλάτῃ τινὶ
 στείχοντας εἰς τόδ' ἄντρον, ἀμφὶ δ' αὐχέσι
 τεύχη φέρονται κενά, βορᾶς κεχρημένοι,
 κρωσσούς θ' ὑδρηλούς. ὦ ταλαίπωροι ξένοι,
 τίνας ποτ' εἰσίν; οὐκ ἴσασι δεσπότην
 Πελύφημον οἷός ἐστιν, ἄξενον στέγῃ
 τήνδ' ἐμβεβῶτες καὶ Κυκλωπίαν γνάθον
 τὴν ἀνδροβρώτα δυστυχῶς ἀφυγμένοι.
 ἀλλ' ἥσυχοι γίγνεσθ', ἵν' ἐκπυθώμεθα
 πόθεν πάρεισι Σικελὸν Αἰτναῖον πάγον.

90

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ξένοι, φράσαιτ' ἂν νᾶμα ποτάμιον πόθεν
 δίψης ἄκος λάβοιμεν, εἴ τε τις θέλει

CYCLOPS

The Bacchanal girls, and the feet snow-fair !
O Bacchus, only-beloved, all lonely
Now, you are wandering where, ah where,
Of me un beholden, tossing the golden
Nectar-breathing cloud of your hair ?
And I, your vassal, a slave in the castle-
Dungeon of one-eyed Giant Despan,
A slave sheep-drover, with naught to cover
My limbs but a foul goat's skin worn bare, 80
I wander, breaking my heart with aching
For my lost love far from the voice of my prayer

SILENUS

Hush, boys ! Quick, tell the lads to get the flock
In haste beneath the cavern's roof of rock

CHORUS

Look sharp there ! Where's the hurry, father, now ?

SILENUS

Down on the beach I spy a Greek ship's prow ;
I see the kings o' the oar—their captain's there—
Come tramping towards this cave. Aha, they bear
Slung round their necks some baskets Come to beg
For food, of course—and water ; there's the keg
O you poor wretches ! Who on earth are these ?
Little they dream what hospitalities 90
Are by the master of this house bestowed,
Who tread this strangely hospitable road
Up to the doors of—Goggle-eyes's jaw,
For right warm welcome to his cannibal maw !
Now we shall learn—if you will just keep still—
Whence come these to Sicilian Etna's hill

Enter ODYSSEUS and crew

ODYSSEUS

Friends, can you tell us whereabouts to find
Some running water ? If you'd be so kind,

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

βορὰν ὁδησαι ναυτίλοις κεχρημένοις;
 τί χρήμα ; Βρομίον πόλιν εἰσγμεν εἰσβαλεῖν.
 100 Σατύρων πρὸς ἄντροις τόνδ' ὄμιλον εἰσορώ.
 χαίρειν προσεῖπα πρῶτα τὸν γεραίτατον

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

χαῖρ', ὦ ξέν', ὅστις δ' εἰ φράσον πάτραν τε σήν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Ἴθακος Ὀδυσσεύς, γῆς Κεφαλλήνων ἄναξ.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

οἶδ' ἄνδρα, κρύταλον δριμύ, Σισύφου γένος.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἐκείνος οὗτός εἰμι· λοιδόρει δὲ μή

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

πόθεν Σικελίαν τήνδε ναυστολῶν πάρει ,

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἐξ Ἰλίου γε κἀπὸ Τρωικῶν πόνων.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

πῶς; πορθμὸν οὐκ ἤδησθα πατρώας χθονός;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἀνέμων θύελλαι δευρό μ' ἥρπασαν βίῃ·

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

110 παπαῖ· τὸν αὐτὸν δαίμον' ἐξαντλεῖς ἐμοί.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἦ καὶ σὺ δεῦρο πρὸς βίαν ἀπεστάλης;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ληστὰς διώκων, οἱ Βρόμιον ἤρπασαν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τίς δ' ἦδε χώρα, καὶ τίνες ναίουσί νιν,

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

Αἰτναῖος ὄχθος Σικελίας ὑπέρτατος.

CYCLOPS

Moreover, as to sell us hungry tars
Something to eat—but what, what? O my stairs!
Is this the City of Bacchus that we've found?
Here's quite a crowd of Satyrs standing round 100
A cave! A fatherly old party, too,
A patriarch quite—good morning, Sir, to you!

SILENUS

Good morning What's your name and whence d'you
come?

ODYSSEUS

Odysseus—Isle-king—Ithaca's my home.

SILENUS

Ah, Sisyphus' son! Sharp rogue, a sight too clever!

ODYSSEUS

That's me You needn't call hard names, however

SILENUS

And whence do you come to Sicily, may I ask?

ODYSSEUS

From taking Troy—tough job, a ten years' task.

SILENUS

What, didn't you know the way back to your door?

ODYSSEUS

A hurricane caught us, cast us on this shore 110

SILENUS

Heavens! You and I are in one boat together!

ODYSSEUS

What? you too driven here by stress of weather?

SILENUS

Pirates had kidnapped Bacchus we gave chase

ODYSSEUS

H'm—what's the land called? Who live in this place?

SILENUS

That's Etna—highest point of Sicily

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τείχη δὲ ποῦ' στι καὶ πόλεως πυργώματα;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οὐκ εἴς· ἔρημοι πρόνες ἀνθρώπων, ξένε.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τίνες δ' ἔχουσι γαῖαν; ἡ θηρῶν γένος,

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

Κύκλωπες, ἄντρ' οἰκοῦντες, οὐ στέγας δόμων.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τίνος κλύοντες, ἡ δεδήμευται κράτος,

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

120 νομάδες· ἀκούει δ' οὐδὲν οὐδείς οὐδενός.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

σπείρουσι δ'—ἡ τῷ ζῶσι,—Δήμητρος στάχυν;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

γάλακτι καὶ τυροῖσι καὶ μήλων βορᾷ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Βρομίου δὲ πῶμ' ἔχουσιν, ἀμπέλου ῥοάς;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ἦκιστα· τοιγὰρ ἄχορον οἰκοῦσι χθόνα.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

φιλόξενοι δὲ χῶσιοι περὶ ξένους;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

γλυκύτατά φασι τὰ κρέα τοὺς ξένους φορεῖν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τί φῆς; βορᾷ χαίρουσιν ἀνθρωποκτόνῃ·

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οὐδείς μολῶν δεῦρ' ὅστις οὐ κατεσφάγη.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

αὐτὸς δὲ Κύκλωψ ποῦ' στιν; ἡ δόμων ἔσω;

CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

But—where's the city? Never a tower I see

SILENUS

There's none, nor any men—waste hills and lonely

ODYSSEUS

What, no inhabitants?—the wild beasts only?

SILENUS

Cyclops—no houses—burrow in caves, like rats

ODYSSEUS

Who is their king?—or are they democrats?

SILENUS

Shepherds—and not for nobody they don't care 120

ODYSSEUS

Do they sow corn?—or what's their daily fare?

SILENUS

Milk, cheese—and the eternal mutton-chop

ODYSSEUS

Do they grow vines, make wine? (*sees Silenus' expression*) What, never a drop?

SILENUS (*with bitter emphasis*)

Not—one—least—drop! No songs or dances here!

ODYSSEUS

Hospitable? Do strangers get good cheer?

SILENUS

Their special dainty is—the flesh of strangers!

ODYSSEUS

What, what?—they're cannibals, these desert-rangers?

SILENUS

So far, they've butchered every man who's come

ODYSSEUS

And where's this Cyclops?—don't say he's at home!

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

130 φρουῖδος πρὸς Αἴτνην, θήρας ἰχνεύων κυσίν.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

οἷσθ' οὖν δ' δρᾶσον, ὥς ἀπαίρωμεν χθονός,

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

οὐκ οἶδ', Ὀδυσσεύ· πᾶν δέ σοι δρώημεν ἄν.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

ὄδησον ἡμῖν σῖτον, οὐ σπανίζομεν

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

οὐκ ἔστιν, ὥσπερ εἶπον, ἄλλο πλὴν κρέας.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

ἄλλ' ἡδὺν λιμοῦ καὶ τόδε σχετήριον.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

καὶ τυρὸς ὀπίας ἔστι καὶ βοδὸς γάλα

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

ἐκφέρετε· φῶς γὰρ ἐμπολήμασιν πρέπει.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

σὺ δ' ἀντιδώσεις, εἰπέ μοι, χρυσὸν πόσον,

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

οὐ χρυσόν, ἀλλὰ πῶμα Διονύσου φέρω

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

140 ὦ φίλτατ' εἰπών, οὐ σπανίζομεν πάλαι.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

καὶ μὴν Μάρων μοι πῶμ' ἔδωκε, παῖς θεοῦ.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ὃν ἐξέθρεψα ταῖσδ' ἐγὼ ποτ' ἀγκάλαις;

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

ὁ Βακχίου παῖς, ὥς σαφέστερον μάθης.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ἐν σέλμασι νεώς ἔστιν, ἢ φέρεις σύ νυν;

CYCLOPS

SILENUS

No, gone to Etna with his hounds to-day

130

ODYSSEUS

Do something for us then we'll get away

SILENUS

What is it ? (*unctuously*) I'd do anything for you

ODYSSEUS

Sell us some food They're famished, are my crew

SILENUS

There's nothing, as I said, save only meat

ODYSSEUS

Tough mutton ?—h'm · well, starving men must eat

SILENUS

Cream-cheeses too, and milk—a very sea

ODYSSEUS

Let's see 'em first—no pig-in-a-poke for me !

SILENUS

You show your money—pay before you dine !

ODYSSEUS

Better than money . what I've got here—wine !

SILENUS

Wine ? Blessèd word—last tasted long ago !

140

ODYSSEUS

'Twas Maron gave it me, your Wine-god's son

SILENUS

Dear boy !—these arms have nursed you, and here I
find you !

ODYSSEUS

Yes, Bacchus' best brew, from his own son, mind you

SILENUS

Got the wine with you ?—*not* in yon ship's hold ?

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὄδ' ἄσκός, ὅς κεύθει νιν· ὥς ὄραῶς, γέρον.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οὔτος μὲν οὐδ' ἂν τὴν γνάθον πλήσειέ μου.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ναὶ δις τόσον πῶμ' ὅσον ἂν ἐξ ἀσκού ῥυῇ

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

καλὴν γε κρήνην εἴπας ἡδεῖάν τ' ἐμοί.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

βούλει σε γεύσω πρῶτον ἄκρατον μέθυ;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

150 δίκαιον ἦ γὰρ γεῦμα τὴν ὠνὴν καλεῖ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

καὶ μὴν ἐφέλκω καὶ ποτῆρ' ἀσκού μέτα.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

φέρ' ἐκπάταξον, ὥς ἀναμνησθῶ πιῶν

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἰδού.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

παπαιάξ, ὥς καλὴν ὀσμὴν ἔχει

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

εἶδες γὰρ αὐτήν;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οὐ μὰ Δί', ἀλλ' ὀσφραίνομαι

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

γεῦσαί νυν, ὥς ἂν μὴ λόγῳ 'παινῆς μόνον.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

βαβαί χορεύσαι παρακαλεῖ μ' ὁ Βάκχιος.
ᾶ ᾶ ᾶ.

CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

Old man, it's in this very skin—behold !

[Shows corner of skin]

SILENUS

That '—why there's not a toothful in't, I swear !

ODYSSEUS

There's twice as much as *you* can hold in there.

[Shows whole skin]

SILENUS

Oh—h ! what a fountain of delight ! O sweet !

ODYSSEUS

Have a small taste ? No water in it—neat

SILENUS

Right ! “Wet a bargain with a glass,” you know 150

ODYSSEUS

Here then.—his skinship's got his boat in tow.

[Shows cup hanging from wine-skin.]

SILENUS

Quick ! Trot him out : revive my memory.

I've clean forgot the taste of it

ODYSSEUS (*pouring*)

There—see ?

SILENUS

Oh—oh ! I say ! What a bouquet !—divine !

ODYSSEUS

Bouquet ?—d'ye see one ?

SILENUS

No, this nose of mine,

By Jove, can answer for it right enough

ODYSSEUS

Try if it's worth your praise—just taste the stuff

SILENUS (*drinks*)

Oh ! oh ! I *must* dance ! Bacchus sounds the note !

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

μῶν τὸν λάρυγγα διεκάναξέ σου καλῶς ;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ὥστ' εἰς ἄκρους γε τοὺς ὄνυχας ἀφίκετο.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

160 πρὸς τῷδε μέντοι καὶ νόμισμα δώσομεν.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

χάλα τὸν ἄσκον μόνον· ἔα τὸ χρυσίον.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἐκφέρετέ νυν τύρευμα καὶ¹ μῆλων τόκον.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

δράσω τάδ', ὀλίγον φροντίσας γε δεσποτῶν.

ὥς ἐκπιεῖν γ' ἂν κύλικα μαινοίμην μίαν,
πάντων Κυκλώπων ἀντιδούς βοσκήματα,
ῥῖψαί τ' ἐς ἄλμην λισσάδος πέτρας ἄπο,
ἅπαξ μεθυσθεὶς καταβαλὼν τε τὰς ὀφρῦς.

ὥς ὅς γε πίνων μὴ γέγηθε μαίνεται

ἔν' ἔστι τουτί τ' ὀρθὸν ἐξανιστάναι

170 μαστοῦ τε δραγμὸς καὶ παρεσκευασμένου
ψαῦσαι χεροῖν λειμῶνος, ὀρχηστὴς θ' ἅμα
κακῶν τε λῆστις εἴτ' ἐγὼ οὐ κυνήσομαι
τοιόνδε πῶμα, τὴν Κύκλωπος ἀμαθίαν
κλαίειν κελεύων καὶ τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν μέσον ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄκου', Ὀδυσσεῦ, διαλαλήσωμέν τί σοι.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

καὶ μὴν φίλοι γε προσφέρεσθε πρὸς φίλον.

¹ Wilamowitz: for MSS. τυρεύματ' ἢ

CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

Did it slip *very* sweetly down your throat ?

SILENUS

Throat, man ?—to my very toes ! I feel 'em tingling

ODYSSEUS

I'll pay cash too I've got it ready-jingling 160

SILENUS

Wine ! wine !—for money I don't care a button

ODYSSEUS

All right Fetch out your cheeses and your mutton

SILENUS

I will ! For master I don't care one fig !

So mad I am for just another swig,

That I'd sell for it all the giants' flocks—

Ay, chuck them in the sea from yonder rocks,

If once I get well drunk, and smooth my brow

Clear of the wrinkles drawn by trouble's plough

The man that isn't jolly after drinking

Is just a drivelling idiot, to my thinking

Jolly's no word for it !—I see a vision

Of snowy bosoms, of delights Elysian ; 170

Of fingers fondling silken hair, of dancing,

Obhivion of all care !—O dream entrancing !

And shall my lips not kiss the cup whence come

Such raptures ? And shall I not snap my thumb

At Goggle-eye, the blockhead, and the horrid

One eye stuck in the middle of his forehead ?

[Goes off to collect the goods]

A SATYR

Look here, Odysseus, let me ask some questions

ODYSSEUS

Of course . from friends I welcome all suggestions

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐλάβετε Τροίαν τὴν Ἑλένην τε χειρίαν ,

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

καὶ πάντα γ' οἶκον Πριαμιδῶν ἐπέρασμεν.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὔκουν ἐπειδὴ τὴν νεᾶνιν εἴλετε,
 180 ἅπαντες αὐτὴν διεκροτήσατ' ἐν μέρει,
 ἐπεὶ γε πολλοὺς ἤδεται γαμουμένη ,
 τὴν προδότιν, ἥ τοὺς θυλάκους τοὺς ποικίλους
 περὶ τοῖν σκελοῖν ἰδοῦσα καὶ τὸν χρύσειον
 κλῶν φοροῦντα περὶ μέσον τὸν αὐχένα
 ἐξεπτόθη, Μενέλεων, ἀνθρώπιον
 λῶστον, λιπούσα. μηδαμοῦ γένος ποτέ
 φύναι γυναικῶν ὥφελ'—εἰ μὴ, μοι μόνῳ.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ἰδὼν τὰδ' ὑμῖν ποιμνίων βοσκήματα,
 190 ἄναξ Ὀδυσσεῦ, μηκάδων ἀρνῶν τροφαί,
 πηκτοῦ γάλακτός τ' οὐ σπάνια τυρεύματα.
 φέρεσθε, χωρεῖθ' ὡς τάχιστ' ἀντρων ἄπο,
 βότρυος ἐμοὶ πῶμ' ἀντιδόντες εὐίου.
 οἴμοι· Κύκλωψ ὅδ' ἔρχεται· τί δράσομεν ,

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἀπολώλαμεν γάρ, ὃ γέρον· ποῖ χρὴ φυγεῖν ,

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ἔσω πέτρας τῆσδ', οὐπερ ἂν λάθοιτέ γε

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

δεινὸν τόδ' εἶπας, ἀρκύων μολεῖν ἔσω.

CYCLOPS

SATYR

Did you take Troy, and capture Helen too ?

ODYSSEUS

O yes . all Priam's house we overthrew

SATYR

Well, when you'd caught the naughty little jade,
Didn't each man whip out his vorpal blade, 180
And thrust her through, one after another, then,
And let her have for once her fill of men !
The baggage !—fell in love, all in a twinkle,
With Paris's gaudy bags,¹ without a wrinkle
Fitted to his fine legs, and lost her heart
To his gold necklace ! And she must depart,
And leave the best of little chaps all lonely,
Menelaus ! 'Tell you what it is—if only
No woman lived, a good thing would it be—
Not one on earth—except a few for me.

Enter SILENUS with SATYRS bringing bowls and lambs

SILENUS

Here, king Odysseus, here they come, the lambs,
Warranted tender babes of bleating dams ,
Here are the curds, and cheeses too galore 190
Catch hold, and hurry 'em down from cave to shore
Now for the grape's pure soul, for Bacchus' brew !—
O lor !—the Cyclops ! Oh, what shall we do ?

ODYSSEUS

Done for, old man ! Where can we run to ?—where ?

SILENUS

Into the cave—good hiding-places there

ODYSSEUS

Not likely !—to walk straight into the snare !

¹ Heré Greek and English slang are identical

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οὐ δεινόν· εἰσὶ καταφυγαὶ πολλαὶ πέτρας

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

οὐ δῆτ'· ἐπεὶ τὰν μεγάληα γ' ἡ Τροία στένοι,
 εἰ φευξόμεσθ' ἔν' ἄνδρα· μυρίον δ' ὄχλον
 200 Φρυγῶν ὑπέστην πολλακίς σὺν ἀσπίδι.
 ἀλλ' εἰ θανεῖν δεῖ, κατθανούμεθ' εὐγενῶς,
 ἢ ζῶντες αἶνον τὸν πάρος γ' εὖ σώσομεν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἄνεχε, πάρεχε, τί τάδε, τίς ἡ ῥαθυμία,
 τί βακχιάζετ', οὐχὶ Διόνυσος τάδε,
 οὐ κρόταλα χαλκοῦ τυμπάνων τ' ἀράγματα.
 πῶς μοι κατ' ἄντρα νεόγονα βλαστήματα;
 ἢ πρὸς τε μαστοῖς εἰσι χυτὰ μητέρων
 πλευρὰς τρέχουσι, σχοινίοις τ' ἐν τεύχεσι
 210 πλήρωμα τυρῶν ἐστὶν ἐξημελγμένον,
 τί φατε, τί λέγετε, τάχα τις ὑμῶν τῷ ξύλῳ
 δάκρυα μεθήσει· βλέπετ' ἄνω καὶ μὴ κάτω.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰδού, πρὸς αὐτὸν τὸν Δί' ἀνακεκύφामεν,
 τά τ' ἄστρα καὶ τὸν Ὀρίωνα δέρκομαι.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἄριστόν ἐστιν εὖ παρεσκευασμένον;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πάρεστιν. ὁ φάρυγξ εὐτρεπῆς ἔστω μόνον.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἢ καὶ γάλακτός εἰσι κρατῆρες πλέω;

CYCLOPS

SILENUS

Quite likely. Plenty of rat-holes there, my boy

ODYSSEUS

Never! 'twould stain my laurels won at Troy
To run from one man I stood under shield
Against a host of Trojans in the field

200

If I must die, I'll die in a blaze of glory,
Or live, and be yet more renowned in story

*Enter CYCLOPS ODYSSEUS and his men shrink away to
one side SILENUS slips into cave*

CYCLOPS

Now then! Come, come! What's this? What,
standing round

All idle, revelling! Don't think you have found
Your Bacchus here! No brazen clashing comes
Of cymbals here, nor thump of silly drums

Here, how about those kids of mine, those lambs?

Are they all sucking, nuzzling at their dams?

What have you done with all the milk you drew

For cheese? Are those rush-crates brim-full?—
speak, you!

[drown

Why don't you answer? Where's that stick?—I'll 210

Your eyes with tears! Look up, and don't look
down!

CHORUS (*pointing their noses at the sky*)

Oh, please! I'm looking at great Zeus this minute
I see Orion's belt, and seven stars in it

CYCLOPS

And where's my breakfast? What, not ready yet?

CHORUS

Quite ready Hope your gullet's quite sharp-set

CYCLOPS

Are the bowls ready yet for me to swig?

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὥστ' ἐκπιεῖν γέ σ', ἣν θέλῃς, ὅλον πίθον

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

μήλειον ἢ βόειον ἢ μεμυγμένον ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὃν ἂν θέλῃς σύ μὴ 'μὲ καταπύῃς μόνον.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

220 ἦκιστ' ἐπεὶ μ' ἂν ἐν μέσῃ τῇ γαστέρι
πηδῶντες ἀπολέσαιτ' ἂν ὑπὸ τῶν σχημάτων
ἕα· τίν' ὄχλον τόνδ' ὀρώ πρὸς αὐλίοις ;
λησταί τινες κατέσχον ἢ κλῶπες χθόνα·
ὀρώ γέ τοι τούσδ' ἄρνας ἐξ ἄνθρωποις ἐμῶν
στρεπταῖς λύκοισι σῶμα συμπεπλεγμένους·
τεύχη τε τυρῶν συμμιγῇ; γέροντά τε
πληγᾶϊς πρόσωπον· φαλακρὸν ἐξωδηκότα

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ὦμοι, πυρέσσω συγκεκομμένος τάλας.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὑπὸ τοῦ ; τίς εἰς σὸν κρατ' ἐπύκτευσεν, γέρον ;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

230 ὑπὸ τῶνδε, Κύκλωψ, ὅτι τὰ σ' οὐκ εἶων φέρειν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὐκ ᾔσαν ὄντα θεόν με καὶ θεῶν ἅπο ,

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ἔλεγον ἐγὼ τάδ'· οἱ δ' ἐφόρουν τὰ χρήματα·
καὶ τόν γε τυρὸν οὐκ ἐῷντος ἤσθιον
τούς τ' ἄρνας ἐξεφοροῦντο· δήσαντες δὲ σέ

CYCLOPS

CHORUS

Drink, if you like, a hogshead —(*aside*) like a pig !

CYCLOPS (*looks at bowls*)

Ewes' milk, or cows', or half-and-half, are these ?

CHORUS

Whichever you like—but don't swig me up, please ?

CYCLOPS

Not I ! Fine rumpus would my belly feel— 220

You capering there, and going toe-and-heel ! (*sees*

ODYSSEUS and his men)

Hullo ! what's this here rabble at my door ?

Have thieves or pirates run their ship ashore ?

And what ?—these lambs—they're *my* lambs, taken
out

From *my* caves, and with plaited withs about

Their bodies coiled !—what, bowls with cheeses
packed ?

And here's my old man with his bald pate cracked !

SILENUS *comes out of cave, artistically made up as victim
of assault and battery*

SILENUS

Oh ! oh ! They've pummelled me into a fever !

CYCLOPS

Who ? Who has punched your head, you old
deceiver ?

SILENUS

These rogues. I tried to stop their robbing you 230

CYCLOPS

What ? I'm a God, a God's son ! Sure, they knew ?

SILENUS

Yes, I kept telling them, but still they hauled

The goods out, and they gobbled—though I bawled

“ You mustn't ! ”—gobbled up your cheese, and stole

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κλωψ̄ τριπήχει κατὰ τὸν ὀμφαλὸν¹ μέσον
τὰ σπλάγχν' ἔφασκον ἑξαμήσεσθαι βία,
μάστιγι τ' εὖ τὸ νῶτον ἀπολέψειν² σέθεν,
κάππειτα συνδήσαντες εἰς θάδῶλια
τῆς νηὸς ἐμβαλόντες ἀποδώσειν τινὶ
240 πέτρους μοχλεύειν, ἥ 'ς μυλῶνα καταβαλεῖν.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ἄληθες ; οὐκουν κοπίδας ὡς τάχιστ' ἰὼν
θῆξεις μαχαίρας καὶ μέγαν φάκελον ξύλων
ἐπιθεὶς ἀνάψεις ; ὡς σφαγέντες αὐτίκα
πλήσουσι νηδὺν τὴν ἐμὴν ἀπ' ἀνθρακος
θερμὴν ἔδοντος δαῖτ' ἄτερ κρεανόμων,³
τὰ δ' ἐκ λέβητος ἐφθὰ καὶ τετηκότα·
ὡς ἔκπλεώς γε δαιτός εἰμ' ὀρεσκόου
ἄλις λεόντων ἐστί μοι θοινωμένῳ
ἐλάφῳν τε, χρόνιος δ' εἰμ' ἀπ' ἀνθρώπων βορᾶς.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

250 τὰ καινὰ γ' ἐκ τῶν ἡθάδων, ᾧ δέσποτα,
ἡδίον' ἐστίν, οὐ γὰρ αὖ νεωστί γε
ἄλλοι πρὸς ἄντρα τὰ σά γ' ἀφίκοντο ξένοι.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

Κύκλωψ, ἄκουσον ἐν μέρει καὶ τῶν ξένων.
ἡμεῖς βορᾶς χρῆζοντες ἐμπολὴν λαβεῖν
σὼν ἄσσον ἄντρων ἤλθομεν νεὼς ἄπο

¹ Scaliger for MSS. ὀμφαλόν

² Ruhnken for MSS. ἀπολέψειν

³ Dohree for MSS. τᾷ κρεανόμῳ

CYCLOPS

All these dear little lambs , and, on my soul,
They swore they'd tie a long rope round your waist,
And rip your noble guts out, give you a taste
Of whip-lash, flay your royal back, my lord,
Of all the skin, then bind you, drag you aboard
Their ship, and tumble you into the hold,
And take you overseas, Sir, to be sold
There to some quailman, to heave big stones,
Or grind in some corn-mill with weary bones 240

CYCLOPS

Oh, did they ? Just you look sharp, then, and set
A fine edge on my carving-knives, and get
A good big faggot on the hearth, and start
The fire , and these shall promptly do their part
Of filling up my crop Hot from the embers
I'll eat them I'm the carver who dismembers
My game, and I'm the cook who does the boiling
And stewing here ! My appetite's been spoiling
For something of a change from one long run
Of mountain-game my stomach's overdone
With lion-steaks and venison. Now for a taste
Of man !—I don't know when I ate one last

SIIENUS

Yes, Master ; the same dishes every day 250
Do pall, and change is pleasant, as you say ,
Yes, and it's quite an age since guests like these
Have sought your cave's fine hospitalities

ODYSSEUS

Cyclops, do let the strangers make reply
We wanted food, and so we came to buy
Some at your cave . we came from yonder ship

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

τοὺς δ' ἄρνας ἡμῖν οὗτος ἀντ' οἴνου σκύφου
 ἀπημπόλα τε καδίδου πιεῖν λαβὼν
 ἐκὼν ἐκούσι, κοῦδὲν ἦν τούτων βία.
 ἀλλ' οὗτος ὑγιὲς οὐδὲν ὦν φησιν λέγει,
 260 ἐπεὶ κατελήφθη σοῦ λάθρα πωλῶν τὰ σά.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ἐγὼ ; κακῶς γὰρ ἐξόλοι'.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

εἰ ψεύδομαι.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

μὰ τὸν Ποσειδῶ τὸν τεκόντα σ', ὦ Κύκλωψ,
 μὰ τὸν μέγαν Τρίτωνα καὶ τὸν Νηρέα,
 μὰ τὴν Καλυψὼ τὰς τε Νηρέως κόρας,
 μὰ θ' ἱερὰ κύματ' ἰχθύων τε πᾶν γένος,
 ἀπῶμος, ὦ κάλλιστον, ὦ Κυκλώπιον,
 ὦ δεσποτίσκε, μὴ τὰ σ' ἐξοδᾶν ἐγὼ
 ξένοισι χρήματ'. ἢ κακῶς οὔτοι κακοὶ
 οἱ παῖδες ἀπόλινθ', οὓς μάλιστ' ἐγὼ φιλῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

270 αὐτὸς ἔχ'. ἔγωγε τοῖς ξένοις τὰ χρήματα
 περνάντα σ' εἶδον· εἰ δ' ἐγὼ ψευδῇ λέγω,
 ἀπόλοιθ' ὁ πατήρ μου τοὺς ξένους δὲ μὴ ἀδίκει.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ψεύδεσθ'. ἔγωγε τῷδε τοῦ Ῥαδαμάνθυος
 μᾶλλον πέποιθα καὶ δικαιότερον λέγω
 θέλω δ' ἐρέσθαι· πόθεν ἐπλεύσατ', ὦ ξένοι,
 ποδαποί, τίς ὑμᾶς ἐξεπαίδευσεν πόλις ;

CYCLOPS

And this fat rogue was ready, for a sip
Of wine, to sell these lambs. he got one drink
As earnest money, and straightway, in a wink,
He offered us the lot, of his own accord
We never laid a finger on him, my lord
All that he's said to you was one big lie
To excuse his selling your goods on the sly 260

SILENUS

I?—devil take you!

ODYSSEUS

If I'm lying now

SILENUS

By the Sea-god your father, Sir, I vow,
By mighty Triton, Nereus, Lord of Waters,
Calypso, and all Nereus' pretty daughters,
By every holy wave that swings and swishes—
In short, by all the gods and little fishes
I swear—my beautiful! my Cyclops sweet!
My lordykin! I never sold one bleat
Of all your flocks! Else—may they go to hell,
These bad boys, whom their father loves so well!

CHORUS

Go there yourself! I saw you with these eyes 270
Trading with them And if I'm telling lies,
May father burn for ever and a day!
Sir, don't you do the strangers wrong, I pray!

CYCLOPS

You're liars! As for me, I'd sooner credit
What he says, than if Rhadamanthus said it;
I call him the more righteous of the two
But now I'll question this same stranger-crew.—
Where did you sail from, strangers? What's your
nation?
In what town did you get your education?

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

Ἴθακήσιοι μὲν τὸ γένος, Ἰλίου δ' ἄπο,
πέρσαντες ἄστυ, πνεύμασιν θαλασσίους
σὴν γαίαν ἐξωσθέντες ἤκομεν, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

280 ἡ τῆς κακίστης οἱ μετήλθεθ' ἄρπαγὰς
Ἑλένης Σκαμάνδρου γείτον' Ἰλίου πόλιν,

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

οὔτοι, πόνον τὸν δεινὸν ἐξηντληκότες.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

αἰσχροὺς στρώτευμά γ', οἷτινες μῆς χάριν
γυναικὸς ἐξεπλεύσατ' εἰς γαίαν Φρυγῶν

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

θεοῦ τὸ πρᾶγμα· μηδὲν αἰτιῶ βροτῶν
ἡμεῖς δέ σ', ὦ θεοῦ ποντίου γενναῖε παῖ,
ἰκετεύομέν τε καὶ λέγομεν ἐλευθέρως,
μὴ τλῆς πρὸς ἄντρα σοὺς ἀφιγμένους ξένους
κτανεῖν βορὰν τε δυσσεβῇ θέσθαι γνάθοις
290 οἱ τὸν σόν, ὦναξ, πατέρ' ἔχειν νάων ἔδρας
ἐρρυσάμεσθα γῆς ἐν Ἑλλάδος μυχοῖς.
ἱερός τ' ἄθραυστος Ταινάρου μένει λιμήν,
Μαλέας τ' ἄκροι κευθμῶνες, ἥ τε Σουνίου
δίας Ἀθάνας σῶς ὑπάργυρος πέτρα,
Γεραίστιοί τε καταφυγαί, τά θ' Ἑλλάδος
δύσφορά γ' ὀνειδῆ Φρυξὶν οὐκ ἐδώκαμεν
ὦν καὶ σὺ κοινοῦ γῆς γὰρ Ἑλλάδος μυχοῦς

CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

We're Ithacans born and bred from Ilium—
After destroying the city—we have come
To this your land, being driven tempest-tossed
Out of our course, Sir Cyclops, to your coast

CYCLOPS

Oho ! then you're the men who went in search 280
Of Helen, who left her husband in the lurch,
And ran away to Ilium by Scamander ?

ODYSSEUS

Yes slippery fish—hard work to hook and land her
 CYCLOPS (*with air of virtuous indignation*)
Yes—and a most disgraceful exhibition
You made of your own selves !—an expedition
To Phrygia, for one petticoat !—disgusting !

ODYSSEUS

Don't blame us men it was the Gods' on-thrusting
But, noble son of the great Lord of Sea,
We beg you, we beseech you earnestly,—
Don't be so cruel as to kill and feast,
With cannibal jawbones, like a godless beast,
On guests, whose claims you surely will not spurn !
Lord king, we've done your father a good turn : 290
We've saved his temples for him in every corner
Of all Greece after this, no puate scorner
Of holy things will smash his temple-doors
On the Taenarian haven's peaceful shores,
And upon Malea's height his holy fane
Is safe now, and the rocks of silver vein
On Sunium—Athena's property,—
And on Geraestus his great sanctuary
In fact, we put our foot down—wouldn't stand
The intolerable reproach on Hellas-land
Brought by those Phrygian thieves. And in the fruits

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οἰκεῖς ὑπ' Αἴτῃ τῇ πυριστάκτῳ πέτρα.
νόμος δὲ θνητοῖς, εἰ λόγους ἐπιστρέφει,
300 ἱκέτας δέχεσθαι ποντίους ἐφθαρμένους
ξενιά τε δοῦναι καὶ πέπλοις ἐπαρκέσαι,
οὐκ ἄμφι βουπόροισι πηχθέντας μέλη
ὀβελοῖσι νηδὺν καὶ γνάθον πλήσαι σέθεν.
ἄλῃς δὲ Πριάμου γαῖ' ἐχρήρωσ' Ἑλλάδα,
πολλῶν νεκρῶν πιούσα δοριπετῇ φόνον,
ἀλόχους τ' ἀνάνδρους γραῦς τ' ἄπαιδας ὤλεσε
πολιούς τε πατέρας. εἰ δὲ τοὺς λελειμμένους
σὺ συμπυρώσας δαῖτ' ἀναλώσεις πικρὰν,
310 ποῖ τρέψεται τις; ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ πιθοῦ, Κύκλωψ
πάρες τὸ μάργον σῆς γνάθου, τὸ δ' εὖσεβὲς
τῆς δυσσεβείας ἀνθελοῦ. πολλοῖσι γὰρ
κέρδη πονηρὰ ζημίαν ἡμείψατο.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

παραινέσαι σοι βούλομαι τῶν γὰρ κρεῶν
μηδὲν λῖπης τοῦδ'. ἦν δὲ τὴν γλῶσσαν δάκῃς,
κομπῶς γενήσει καὶ λαλίστατος, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὁ πλοῦτος, ἀνθρωπίσκε, τοῖς σοφοῖς θεός·
τὰ δ' ἄλλα κόμπῃ καὶ λόγων εὐμορφίαι.
ἄκρας δ' ἐναλίας ἅς καθίδρυται πατὴρ
χαίρειν κελεύω· τί τάδε προὔστησω λόγῳ;
320 Ζηνὸς δ' ἐγὼ κεραυνὸν οὐ φρίσσω, ξένε,
οὐδ' οἶδ' ὅ τι Ζεὺς ἐστ' ἐμοῦ κρείσσων θεός
οὔ μοι μέλει τὸ λοιπόν· ὥς δ' οὔ μοι μέλει
ἄκουσον, ὅταν ἄνωθι ἔμβρον ἐκχέῃ,

CYCLOPS

Of this you share , for here by Etna's roots,
Below his rocky lava-welling dome,
Just on the skirts of Greece you have your home
And 'tis the law of nations (*Cyclops yavns*)—if I may
Ask your attention to the words I say—
To welcome suppliant castaways—indeed, 300
To give them gifts, and fresh rig-outs at need,
Not stick their limbs on great ox-roasting spits
To cram your jaws and belly with tit-bits
Enough has Priam's land bereaved our Hellas
By drinking blood of thousands slain, as well as
By widowing wives, and robbing grey-haired mothers
And fathers of their sons Now, if the others,
The few survivors, are to be by you
Roasted for horrible feastings, whereunto
Shall one for justice look ? Hear reason and right,
Cyclops , restrain your savage appetite . 310
Choose fear of God for godlessness ! A host
Of men, in making sinful gains, have lost.

SILENUS

Now just take my advice —of this chap's meat
Don't leave one scrap And if you also eat
His nice long tongue, you'll grow as smart as he
In making speeches, and in repartee

CYCLOPS

Wealth, master Shrimp, is to the truly wise
The one true god , the rest are mockeries
Of tall talk, naught but mere word-pageantries.
As for my father's fanes by various seas,
That for them !—why d'ye talk to me of these ?
And as for Zeus's thunder—I've no fear 320
Of that, sir stranger ! it's by no means clear
To me that he's a mightier god than I ,
So I don't care for *him* , I'll tell you why —

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἐν τῇδε πέτρα στέγν' ἔχω σκηνώματα,
 ἥ μόςχον ὀπτὸν ἥ τι θήρειον δάκος
 δαινύμενος, εὖ τέγγων τε γαστέρ' ὑπτίαν,
 ἐπεκπιὼν γάλακτος ἀμφορέα, πέπλον
 κρούω, Διὸς βρονταῖσιν εἰς ἔριν κτυπῶν.
 330 ὅταν δὲ βορρᾶς χιόνα Θρήκιος χέη,
 δοραῖσι θηρῶν σῶμα περιβαλὼν ἐμὸν
 καὶ πῦρ ἀναίθων, χιόνος οὐδέν μοι μέλει.
 ἡ γῆ δ' ἀνάγκη, κἂν θέλῃ κἂν μὴ θέλῃ,
 τίκτουσα ποίαν τὰμὰ πιαίνει βοτά
 ἀγὼ οὔτινι θύω πλὴν ἐμοί, θεοῖσι δ' οὔ,
 καὶ τῇ μεγίστῃ γαστρὶ τῇδε δαιμόνων
 ὥς τοῦμπιεῖν γε καὶ φαγεῖν τοῦφ' ἡμέραν,
 Ζεὺς οὔτος ἀνθρώποισι τοῖσι σῶφροσι,
 λυπεῖν δὲ μῆδεν αὐτόν· οἱ δὲ τοὺς νόμους·
 340 ἔθεντο ποικίλλοντες ἀνθρώπων βίον,
 κλαίειν ἄνωγα τὴν δ' ἐμὴν ψυχὴν ἐγὼ
 οὐ παύσομαι δρῶν εὖ—κατεσθίων τε σέ.
 ξένια δὲ λήψει τοιάδ', ὥς ἄμεμπτος ὦ,
 πῦρ καὶ πατρῶον τόδε,¹ λέβητά θ', ὃς ζέσας
 σὴν σάρκα διαφόρητον ἀμφέξει καλῶς.
 ἀλλ' ἔρπετ' εἴσω, τῷ κατ' αὐλῖον θεῷ
 ἵν' ἀμφὶ βωμὸν στάντες εὐωχῇτέ με.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

αἰαί, πόνοὺς μὲν Τρωικοὺς ὑπεξέδυν
 θαλασσίους τε, νῦν δ' ἐς ἀνδρὸς ἀνοσίου

¹ So. ὅδωρ Hermann for MSS, τόδε λέβητά γ'.

CYCLOPS

When he pours down his rain from yonder sky,
 I have snug lodgings in this cave of mine
 On roasted veal or some wild game I dine,
 Then drench my belly, sprawling on my back,
 With a whole butt of milk His thunder-crack—
 I answer it, when he splits the clouds asunder,
 With boomings of my cavern-shaking thunder.
 And when the north-east wind pours down the snow,
 I wrap my body round with furs, and so 330
 I light my fire, and naught for snow I care
 And, willy-nilly, earth has got to bear
 The grass that makes my sheep and cattle fat
 I sacrifice to my great Self, sir Sprat,
 And to no god beside—except, that is,
 My belly, greatest of all deities
 Eat plenty and drink plenty every day,
 And never worry—*that* is, so I say,
 The Zeus that suits a level-headed man,
 But as for those who framed an artful plan
 Of laws, to puzzle plain men's lives with these—
 I snap my thumb at them I'll never cease 340
 Seeking my own soul's good—by eating you
 And, as for guest-gifts, you shall have your due—
 Oh no, I won't be niggard '—a hot fire,
 And yonder caldron, which my Sea-god sire
 Will fill up with his special private brew
 To make your chop-steaks into a savoury stew
 Now, toddle in, and all stand ready near
 The Paunch-god's altar, and make your host good
 cheer *[Begins to drive the crew in*

ODYSSEUS

Alas ! through Trojan conflicts have I won
 And perils of the sea, only to run

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

350 γνώμην κατέσχον ἀλίμενόν τε καρδίαν.
ὦ Παλλὰς, ὦ δέσποινα Διογενὲς θεά,
νῦν νῦν ἄρηξον· κρείσσονας γὰρ Ἴλίου
πόνους ἀφῦγμαι καπλὶ κινδύνου βάθρα.
σύ τ', ὦ φαεννῶν ἀστέρων οἰκῶν ἔδρας
Ζεῦ ξένι, ὄρα τάδ'· εἰ γὰρ αὐτὰ μὴ βλέπεις,
ἄλλως νομίζει Ζεύς, τὸ μηδὲν ὦν, θεός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

360 εὐρείας φάρυγγος, ὦ Κύκλωψ,
ἀναστόμου τὸ χεῖλος· ὥς ἔτοιμά σοι
ἐφθὰ καὶ ὄπτα καὶ ἀνθρακιᾶς ἀπο χναίνειν,
βρύκειν, κρεοκοπεῖν μέλη ξένων,
δασυμάλλῳ ἐν αἰγίδι κλυομένῳ.

μή μοι μὴ προσδίδου
μόνος μόνῳ κόμιζε¹ πορθμίδος σκάφος.
χαιρέτω μὲν αὖλῃς ἄδε,
χαιρέτω δὲ θυμάτων
ἀποβώμιος ἃν ἔχει θυσίαν
Κύκλωψ Αἰτναῖος ξενικῶν
κρεῶν κεχαρμένος βορᾷ·

370 νηλῆς, ὦ τλᾶμον, ὅστις
δωμάτων ἐφeskτίους ξενικούς
ικτῆρας ἐκθύει δόμων,

¹ So MSS Wecklein would read γέμιζε

CYCLOPS

Aground on a godless villain's evil will,
 And on his iron-bound heart my life to spill '
 O Pallas, Child of Zeus, O Heavenly Queen, 350
 Help, help me now, for never have I been,
 Mid all Troy's travail, in such strait as this '
 Oh, this is peril's bottomless abyss '
 O Dweller in the starry Halls of Light,
 Zeus, thou Guest-champion, look upon my plight '
 If thou regard not, vainly we confess
 Thy godhead, Zeus, who art mere nothingness '
[Follows his men into the cave, followed by CYCLOPS

CHORUS

Gape wide your jaws, you one-eyed beast,
 Your tiger-fangs, an' a' that,
 Hot from the coals to make your feast
 Here's roast, an' boiled, an' a' that
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 His guid fur-rug, an' a' that,
 He's tearin', champin' flesh o' guests '
 So nane for me, for a' that 360

Ay, paddle your ain canoe, One-eye,
 Wi' blundy oars, an' a' that,
 Your impious hall, I pass it by '
 I cry "avaunt !" for a' that
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Your "Etna Halls," an' a' that,
 You joy in gorgin' strangers' flesh '
 Awa' wi' ye, for a' that '

A heartless wretch is he, whoe'er,
 When shipwrecked men, an' a' that,
 Draw nigh his hearth wi' suppliant prayer, 370
 Slays, eats them up, an' a' that

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κόπτων βρύκων,
 ἐφθά τε δαινύμενος μυσσαροῖσί τ' ὁδοῦσιν
 ἀνθρώπων θέρμ' ἀπ' ἀνθράκων κρέα.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὦ Ζεῦ, τί λέξω, δειν' ἰδὼν ἀντρων ἔσω
 κοῦ πιστά, μύθοις εἰκότ', οὐδ' ἔργοις βροτῶν,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί δ' ἔστ', Ὀδυσσεῦ, μὼν τεθόιναιται σέθεν
 φίλους ἐταίρους ἀνοσιώτατος Κύκλωψ,

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

380 δισσοὺς γ' ἀθρήσας κάπιβαστάσας χεροῖν,
 οἱ σαρκὸς εἶχον εὐτρεφέστατον πάχος

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πῶς, ὦ ταλαίπωρ', ἦτε πάσχοντες τάδε ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἐπεὶ πετραίαν τήνδ' ἐσήλθομεν στέγην,¹
 ἀνέκαυσε μὲν πῦρ πρῶτον, ὑψηλῆς δρυὸς
 κορμοὺς πλατείας ἐσχάρας βαλὼν ἔπι,
 τρισσῶν ἀμαξῶν ὡς ἀγώγιμον βάρους.
 ἔπειτα φύλλων ἐλατίνων χαμαιπετῇ
 ἔστρωσεν εὐνὴν πλησίον πυρὸς φλογί.
 κρατῆρα δ' ἐξέπλησεν ὡς δεκάμφορον,
 μόςχους ἀμέλξας, λευκὸν εἰσχέας γάλα
 390 σκύφος 'τε κισσοῦ παρέθετ' εἰς εὖρος τριῶν
 πήχεων, βάθος δὲ τεσσάρων ἐφαίνετο.

¹ For (corrupt) MSS *χθόνα*. Other proposed emendations are *πτύχα*, *γνάθον*.

CYCLOPS

For a' that, an' a' that,
His stews an' steaks, an' a' that,
His teeth are foul wi' flesh o' man !
He's damned to hell, for a' that !

Enter ODYSSEUS from cave.

ODYSSEUS

Oh God, that cave !—that mine eyes should behold
Horrors incredible, things that might be told
In nightmare demon-legends, never found
In acts of men !

CHORUS

What is it ? Has that hound
Of hell yet feasted on your friends, poor man ?

ODYSSEUS

Yes, two He glared on all, then he began
To weigh them in his hands, to find out who
Were fattest and best-nourished of my crew ! 380

CHORUS

Poor soul ! How did your sufferings befall ?

ODYSSEUS

When in yon dungeon he had herded all,
He kindled first a fire, and then hurled down
On that broad hearth a tall oak's branching crown,
A mass of wood three waggons scarce could bear,
Then he spread out, hard by the red flame's glare,
A deep broad bed of fallen leaves of pine
Next, with the milk he drew from all his kine
He filled a ninety-gallon cask beside
This tank he set a bowl some five feet wide, 390
And, by the looks, 'twas more than two yards deep,
Then round his brazen caldron made flames leap,

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

καὶ χάλκεον λέβητ' ἐπέζεσεν πυρί,
ὀβελούς τ', ἄκρους μὲν ἐγκεκαυμένους πυρί,
ξεστοὺς δὲ δρεπάνῳ τᾶλλα, παλιούρου κλάδων,
Αἰτναῖά τε σφαγεῖα πελέκεων γνάθοις.†
ὥς δ' ἦν ἔτοιμα πάντα τῷ θεοστυγεῖ
"Αἰδου μαγείρῳ, φῶτε συμμάρψας δύο
ἔσφαζ' ἐταίρων τῶν ἐμῶν ῥυθμῷ τινι
τὸν μὲν λέβητος εἰς κύτος χαλκήλατον,
400 τὸν δ' αὖ, τένοντος ἄρπάσας ἄκρου ποδός,
παίῳν πρὸς ὀξὺν στόνυχα πετραίου λίθου,
ἐγκέφαλον ἐξέρρανε, καὶ καθαρπάσας
λάβρῳ μαχαίρᾳ σάρκας ἐξώπτα πυρί,
τὰ δ' εἰς λέβητ' ἐφήκεν ἔψεσθαι μέλη.
ἐγὼ δ' ὁ τλήμων δάκρυ' ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν χέων
ἐχριμπτόμην Κύκλωπι κᾶδιακόουν·
ἄλλοι δ' ὅπως ὄρνιθες ἐν μυχοῖς πέτρας
πτήξαντες εἶχον, αἶμα δ' οὐκ ἐνῆν χροί.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἐταίρων τῶν ἐμῶν πλησθεὶς βορᾶς
410 ἀνέπεσε, φάρυγος αἰθέρ' ἐξιεὶς βαρύν,
εἰσῆλθέ μοί τι θεῖον· ἐμπλήσας σκύφος
Μάρωνος αὐτῷ τοῦδε προσφέρω πιεῖν,
λέγων τάδ' ὦ παῖ ποντίου θεοῦ, Κύκλωψ,
σκέψαι τόδ' οἶον Ἑλλάς ἀμπέλων ἄπο
θεῖον κομίζει πῶμα, Διονύσου γάνος.
ὁ δ' ἔκπλεως ὦν τῆς ἀναισχύντου βορᾶς
ἐδέξατ' ἔσπασέν τ' ἄμυστιν ἐλκύσας,
κἀπήνεσ' ἄρας χεῖρα· φίλτατε ξένων,
καλὸν τὸ πῶμα δαιτὶ πρὸς καλῇ δίδως.

CYCLOPS

Next, got his spits out, limbs of blackthorn roughly
Trimmed with a bill, the points fire-hardened toughly,
Then, bowls to hold the blood made forth to well
By cleavers of this fiend of Etna's hell.
When all was ready for this devil-cook
God-hated, with a sudden snatch he took
Two of my comrades, and, as one might beat
A hideous music out, so did he treat
These in the killing one man's head he swung
Against the caldron's brass that hollow rung;
By the heel-sinew he gripped the other, dashed 400
The wretch against a sharp rock-spur, and splashed
His brains all round then with swift savage knife
Sliced off the flesh yet quivering with life
He set some o'er the fire on spits to broil,
And into his caldion flung whole limbs to boil,
Then I—oh misery!—shedding tear on tear
To wait upon this Cyclop fiend drew near,
While all the rest in ciannies of the rock
With bloodless faces cowered, like a flock
Of scared birds When he had gorged himself at last
With my friends' flesh, he flung him down, a blast
Of foul breath from his throat burst loathsomely 410
Then a great inspiration came to me
With Maron's mighty wine I filled a cup,
And offered it, saying, as I held it up,
"Son of the Sea-king, Cyclops, taste and know
What heavenly draughts from vines of Hellas flow
This is the glory of our Vineyard-lord"
And he, gorged with that banqueting abhorred,
Took it, and swilled it all down at one draught
Up went his praising hands: "Dear guest," he
laughed,
"With glorious drink you crown a glorious feast!"

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

420 ἡσθέεντα δ' αὐτὸν ὥς ἐπησθόμην ἐγώ,
 ἄλλην ἔδωκα κύλικα, γιγνώσκων ὅτι
 τρώσει νιν οἶνος καὶ δίκην δώσει τάχα
 καὶ δὴ πρὸς ῥῥῶας εἶρπ' ἐγὼ δ' ἐπεγχείων
 ἄλλην ἐπ' ἄλλη σπλάγχν' ἐθέρμαινον ποτῶ
 ἄδει δὲ παρὰ κλαίουσι συνναύταις ἐμοῖς
 ἄμουσ', ἐπήχει δ' ἄντρον ἐξελθὼν δ' ἐγὼ
 σιγῇ, σὲ σῶσαι καὶ μ', εἰν βούλῃ, θέλω.
 ἀλλ' εἵπατ' εἵτε χρήζετ' εἵτ' οὐ χρήζετε
 φεύγειν ἄμικτον ἄνδρα καὶ τὰ Βακχίου
 430 ναίειν μέλαθρα Ναίδων¹ νυμφῶν μέτα.
 ὁ μὲν γὰρ ἔνδον σὸς πατὴρ τάδ' ἤνεσεν.
 ἀλλ' ἀσθενὴς γὰρ κάποκερδαίνων ποτοῦ,
 ὥσπερ πρὸς ἱξῶ τῇ κύλικι λελημμένος
 πτέρυγας ἀλύνει· σὺ δέ, νεανίας γὰρ εἰ,
 σῶθητι μετ' ἐμοῦ καὶ τὸν ἀρχαῖον φίλον
 Διόνυσον ἀνάλαβ', οὐ Κύκλωπι προσφερῇ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὦ φίλτατ', εἰ γὰρ τήνδ' ἴδοιμεν ἡμέραν,
 Κύκλωπος ἐκφυγόντες ἀνόσιον κάρα.
 ὥς διὰ μακροῦ γε † τὸν σίφωνα τὸν φίλον
 440 χηρεύομεν, τὸν δ' οὐκ ἔχομεν καταφάγειν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἄκουε δὴ νυν ἣν ἔχω τιμωρίαν
 θηρὸς πανούργου σῆς τε δουλείας φυγῇν.

¹ Casaubon · for MSS *Δανάδων*.

CYCLOPS

So, when I saw how much it pleased the beast, 420
 I filled his cup again, for well I knew
 The wine would trip him up, and full soon too
 Would give me my revenge And now he roared
 Forth into singing still I poured and poured
 Cup after cup, till glowed his villain bowels
 With that good liquor Dissonant rang his howls
 By my men's moans and sobs, and all about
 The cavern echoed I have stolen out,
 And mean, if you are willing, to rescue you
 And myself too. Say, what d'you mean to do ?
 Do you, or do you not, consent to flee
 From this inhospitable brute, and be
 Dwellers henceforth in Bacchus' halls afar—
 Where also the sweet Fountain-maidens are ? 430
 Your father in there—well, he did approve ,
 But he's too weak to help he's fallen in love,
 Moreover, with the wine, can think of naught
 But trying to get his share His wings are caught,
 As if with birdlime, by the cup his wit
 Is all abroad But you are young and fit
 Escape with me, and meet your dear old lord
 Dionysus—how unlike yon brute abhorred !

CHORUS

O dearest friend, that I might flee away
 From godless Goggle-eye, and see that day !
 The pipe of pleasure has for long been pining,
 For on no dainty things have I been dining 440

ODYSSEUS

Hear then, the vengeance that it's in my mind
 To wreak upon that scoundrel beast, and find
 Therein your own escape from slavery

ΚΥΚΛΩΝ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

λέγ', ὥς Ἀσιάδος οὐκ ἂν ἥδιον ψόφον
κιθάρας κλύοιμεν ἢ Κύκλωπ' ὀλωλότα

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

ἐπὶ κῶμον ἔρπειν πρὸς κασιγνήτους θέλει
Κύκλωπας ἥσθεις τῷδε Βακχίου ποτῶ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ξυνήκ', ἔρημον ξυλλαβῶν δρυμοῖσιν νιν
σφάξαι μενοινᾶς ἢ πετρῶν ὦσαι κάτα.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

οὐδὲν τοιοῦτον, δόλιος ἢ πιθυμία

ΧΟΡΟΣ

450 πῶς δαί; σοφόν τοί σ' ὄντ' ἀκούομεν πάλαι.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

κῶμου μὲν αὐτὸν τοῦδ' ἀπαλλάξω, λέγων
ὥς οὐ Κύκλωψι πῶμα χρή δοῦναι τόδε,
μόνον δ' ἔχοντα βίοτον ἡδέως ἄγειν.
ὅταν δ' ὑπνώσση Βακχίου νικώμενος,
ἄκρεμῶν ἐλαίας ἔστιν ἐν δόμοισί τις,
ὃν φασγάνῳ τῷδ' ἐξαποξύνας ἄκρον,
εἰς πῦρ καθήσω καῖθ', ὅταν κεκαυμένον
ἴδω νιν, ἄρας θερμὸν εἰς μέσσην βαλὼν
Κύκλωπος ὄψιν ὀμματ' ἐκτῆξω πυρί,
460 ναυπηγίαν δ' ὥσεί τις ἄρμόζων ἀνὴρ
διπλοῖν χαλινοῖν τρύπανον κοπηλαται,
οὕτω κυκλώσω δαλὸν ἐν φαεσφόρῳ
Κύκλωπος ὄψει καὶ συνανανῶ κόρας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἰοὺ ἰοῦ,
γέγηθα, μαινόμεσθα τοῖς εὐρήμασιν.

CYCLOPS

CHORUS

O speak ! Not more delightfully to me
The music of an Indian harp would sound
Than tidings of his death—the Cyclop hound !

ODYSSEUS

He wants to go forth, full of wine and glee,
To his brother Cyclops for wild revelry

CHORUS

I see—you ambush him in some lone copse,
Or,—one sly push, and over the cliff he drops

ODYSSEUS

No, no , my trick is artfuller by far

CHORUS

What ? Long ago I heard how 'cute you are 450

ODYSSEUS

I'll put him off this revel-game , I'll say
He shouldn't give such wine as this away
To his fellow-beasts, but keep it, only thinking
Of having a high old time of private drinking
And, when he's sleeping, Bacchus' captive, then—
A stake of olive lies in yonder den :

My sword shall shape to a point yon bit of tree ,
I'll thrust it in the fire ; and when I see
That it is well ablaze, I'll whip the thing
Out, and all glowing-red I'll slip the thing
Into the middle of Master Cyclops' eye,
And melt his vision out with fire thereby.
And, just as shipwrights fitting beams together 460
Will twirl the big drill with long straps of leather,
So in this fellow's eye I'll twirl about
My firebrand till I scorch his eyeball out

CHORUS

Callooh ! Callay !
I'm glad—I'm mad with joy at your invention !

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

κάπειτα καὶ σὲ καὶ φίλους γέροντά τε
νεὼς μελαίνης κοῖλον ἐμβήσας σκάφος
διπλαῖσι κώπαις τῆσδ' ἀποστελῶ χθονός.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἔστ' οὖν ὅπως ἂν ὥσπερ εἰ σπονδῆς θεοῦ
κἀγὼ λαβοίμην τοῦ τυφλοῦντος ὄμματα
δαλοῦ ; πόνου γὰρ τοῦδε κοινωνεῖν θέλω.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

δεῖ γοῦν· μέγας γὰρ δαλός, ὃν ξυλληπτέον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὥς κὰν ἀμαξῶν ἑκατὸν ἀραίμην βάρος,
εἰ τοῦ Κύκλωπος τοῦ κακῶς ὀλουμένου
ὀφθαλμὸν ὥσπερ σφηκιὰν ἐκθύσομεν.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

σιγᾶτε νῦν. δόλον γὰρ ἐξεπίστασαι·
χῶταν κελεύω, τοῖσιν ἀρχιτέκτοσι
πείθεσθ' ἐγὼ γὰρ ἄνδρας ἀπολιπὼν φίλους
τοὺς ἔνδον ὄντας οὐ μόνος σωθήσομαι.
καίτοι φύγοιμ' ἄν, κἀκβέβηκ' ἄντρου μυχῶν·
ἀλλ' οὐ δίκαιον ἀπολιπόντ' ἐμούς φίλους,
ξὺν οἷσπερ ἦλθον δεῦρο, σωθῆναι μόνον.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἄγε, τίς πρῶτος, τίς δ' ἐπὶ πρῶτῳ
ταχθεὶς δαλοῦ κώπην ὀχμάσας
Κύκλωπος ἔσω βλεφάρων ὥσας
λαμπρὰν ὄψιν διακναίσει,

[ὦδὴ ἔνδοθεν]

CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

Then in my black ship it is my intention
To put your father, you, and my friends freed
Then with oars double-manned away we speed

CHORUS

And in the handling of this burning brand
That scoops his eye out, can't I bear a hand,
Just as in sacrifices all have part ?
I'll take my little share with all my heart

470

ODYSSEUS

O yes, you *must* : the brand is monstrous great,
And all must help at it

CHORUS

I'd lift a weight
Enough for a hundred carts, if so I might,
As one burns out a wasps' nest, quench the light
Of One-eye—damn him down to lowest hell !

ODYSSEUS

Now, mum's the word ! You know the trick right
well ;

So, when I call on you, do you obey
The master-mind—that's me. No running away
For me, to save myself, and leave my crew
Inside ! I *might* escape · I got clear through
A tunnel in the rock with small ado,
But—give my friends the slip, with whom I came
Here, and escape alone !—'twould be a shame !

480

[*Exit into cave*]

CHORUS

O who, and O who will come and take his stand,
And grip the shaft and plunge beneath his brow the
glowing brand ?
And it's O, but a Cyclop with eye on fire is grand !
[*Sound of singing in cave*]

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

490 σίγα σίγα. καὶ δὴ μεθύων
ἄχαριν κέλαδον μουσιζόμενος
σκαῖος ἀπφδὸς καὶ κλαυσόμενος
χωρεῖ πετρίνων ἔξω μελάθρων.
φέρει νιν κώμοις παιδεύσωμεν
τὸν ἀπαίδευτον.
πάντως μέλλει τυφλὸς εἶναι.

500 μάκαρ ὅστις εὐιάζει
βοτρύων φίλαισι πηγαῖς
ἐπὶ κῶμον ἐκπετασθείς,
φίλον ἄνδρ' ὑπαγκαλίζων,
ἐπὶ δεμνίοισί τε ξανθὸν
χλιδανῆς ἔχων ἐταίρας
μυρόχριστος λιπαρὸν βό-
στρυχον, αὐδᾶ δέ θύραν τίς οἷξει μοι ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

παπαπαῖ, πλέως μὲν οἴνου,
γάννυμαι δὲ δαιτὸς ἥβη,
σκάφος ὀλκὰς ὥς γεμισθείς
ποτὶ σέλμα γαστροῦς ἄκρας.
ὑπάγει μ' ὁ χόρτος εὐφρων
ἐπὶ κῶμον ἦρος ὥραις,
ἐπὶ Κύκλωπας ἀδελφούς.
510 φέρει μοι, ξεῖνε, φέρ', ἀσκὸν ἔνδος μοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλὸν ὀμμασιν δεδορκῶς
καλὸς ἐκπερᾶ μελάθρων.
[φίλος ὦν]¹ φιλεῖ τις ἡμᾶς.

¹ Hermann, to supply lacuna in MSS

CYCLOPS

O hush, and O hush ! for he howls a drunken song,
A hideous discord bellowed by an unmelodious
tongue

And it's O, but his music shall turn to wails ere long ! 490
He comes, O he comes , he has left his cave behind
Some revel-song adapted to his thick head let us find
And it's O, but for certain he'll very soon be blind

Enter CYCLOPS with ODYSSEUS and SILENUS

O bliss to be chanting the Song of the Wine,
When the cluster's fountain is flowing,
When your soul floats forth on the revel divine,
And your love in your arms is glowing,
When you play with the odorous golden hair
Of a fairy-like sweet wee love, 500
And you murmur through shining curls the
prayer—
“Unlock love's door unto me, love !”

CYCLOPS

Oho ! Oho ! I am full of good drink,
Full of glee from a good feast's revel !
I'm a ship that is laden till ready to sink
Right up to my crop's deck-level !
The jolly spring season is tempting me out
To dance on the meadow-clover
With my Cyclop brothers in revel-rout !—
Here, hand the wine-skin over ! 510

CHORUS¹

With eyes lit up with the love-light's spell
From his halls is the bridegroom pacing,—
“O, somebody loves me, but I won't tell !”—

¹ This verse is full of veiled ironic reference to the fiery stake, and its expected effect on the appearance of his forehead

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

· λύχνα δ' ἀμμένει δάια σὸν
 χροά, χῆ τέρεινα νύμφα
 δροσερῶν ἔσωθεν ἄντρων
 στεφάνων δ' οὐ μία χροιά
 περὶ σὸν κράτα τάχ' ἐξομλήσει.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

520

Κύκλωψ, ἄκουσον, ὥς ἐγὼ τοῦ Βακχίου
 τούτου τρίβων εἶμ', ὃν πιεῖν ἔδωκά σοι.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὁ Βάκχιος δὲ τίς; θεὸς νομίζεται;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

μέγιστος ἀνθρώποισιν εἰς τέρψιν βίου.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἐρυγγάνω γοῦν αὐτὸν ἡδέως ἐγώ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τοιόσδ' ὁ δαίμων οὐδένα βλάπτει βροτῶν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

θεὸς δ' ἐν ἀσκῷ πῶς γέγηθ' οἴκους ἔχων;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὅπου τιθῇ τις, ἐνθάδ' ἐστὶν εὐπετής.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὐ τοὺς θεοὺς χρῆν σῶμ' ἔχειν ἐν δέρμασιν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

τί δ', εἴ σε τέρπει γ', ἥ τὸ δέρμα σοι πικρόν;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

μισῶ τὸν ἀσκόν· τὸ δὲ ποτὸν φιλῶ τόδε.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

530

μένων νυν αὐτοῦ πῖνε κεῖθύμει, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὐ χρή μ' ἀδελφοῖς τοῦδε προσδοῦναι ποτοῦ;

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ἔχων γὰρ αὐτὸς τιμιώτερος φανεῖ.

CYCLOPS

And the bridal-torch is blazing
O the warm warm clasp of a glowing bride
In the cave, and the fervid bosom !
O the garland of roses and paeonies pied
That around thy brows shall blossom !

ODYSSEUS

Cyclops, heed me, for I know all about
This Wine-god in the cup that you've drained out. 520

CYCLOPS

Who is this Bacchus ?—not a real god, is he ?

ODYSSEUS

In giving men good times there's none so busy.

CYCLOPS

I belch him out, and find that very pleasant

ODYSSEUS

That's him—hurts nobody—it shows he's present

CYCLOPS

How does this god like lodging in a skin ?

ODYSSEUS

He's all serene, wherever you stick him in

CYCLOPS

Gods shouldn't wear hide-jackets : that's my view.

ODYSSEUS

Pho ! if you like him, what's his coat to you ?

CYCLOPS

Can't say I like the skin · the drink is prime

ODYSSEUS

Now just stop here, and have a high old time 530

CYCLOPS

What ?—give my brethren none of this rich hoard ?

ODYSSEUS

Keep it for your own drinking, like a lord.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

διδούς δὲ τοῖς φίλοισι χρησιμώτερος.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

πυγμαῖς ὁ κῶμος λοῖδορόν τ' ἔρειν φιλεῖ

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

μεθύω μέν· ἔμπας δ' οὔτις ἂν ψαύσειέ μου

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὦ τᾶν, πεπωκότ' ἐν δόμοισι χρή μένειν

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἡλίθιος ὅστις μὴ πιὼν κῶμον φιλεῖ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

ὅς δ' ἂν μεθυσθεῖς γ' ἐν δόμοις μέινη, σοφός.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

τί δρῶμεν, ὦ Σειληνέ, σοὶ μένειν δοκεῖ;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

540 δοκεῖ. τί γὰρ δεῖ συμποτῶν ἄλλων, Κύκλωψ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

καὶ μὴν λαχνῶδές γ' οὔδας ἀνθηρᾶ χλόη.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

καὶ πρὸς γε θάλπος ἡλίου πίνειν καλόν
κλίθητί νῦν μοι πλευρὰ θεῖς ἐπὶ χθονός

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

τί δῆτα τὸν κρατῆρ' ὅπισθέ μου τίθης,

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ὥς μὴ παριὼν τις καταβάλη.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

πίνειν μὲν οὖν
κλέπτων σὺ βούλει· κάτθες αὐτὸν εἰς μέσον
σὺ δ', ὦ ξέν', εἶπε τοῦνομ' ὃ τι σε χρή καλεῖν.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

Οὔτιν' χάριν δὲ τίνα λαβὼν σ' ἐπαινέσω;

CYCLOPS

CYCLOPS

But it's more neighbourly to share with friends

ODYSSEUS

Well, revelling in blows and brawling ends

CYCLOPS

I'm drunk , but none dare touch me ! I'm all right

ODYSSEUS

My dear Sir, home's the place when one is tight.

CYCLOPS

Not revel after a booze?—that's silly, very!

ODYSSEUS

Wise men stay indoors when wine makes them merry

CYCLOPS

Shall I stay in, Silenus? What d'ye think?

SILENUS

Stay Why have other noses in your drink? 540

CYCLOPS

Well, to be sure, this long thick grass is fine

SILENUS

Yes, and it's nice to drink in warm sunshine

Down with you then, in lordly ease to lie

[Slides wine-bowl behind CYCLOPS' back

CYCLOPS

Now then, you've put that bowl behind me!—why?

SILENUS

Lest some one passing by us might upset it

CYCLOPS

Ha, I know better! You are trying to get it

For stolen drinks Just set it in full view

Now, stranger, what's to be my name for you?

ODYSSEUS

Nobody Haven't you a gift for me
To bless you for ?

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

550 πάντων δ' ἑταίρων ὕστατον θοινάσομαι.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

καλόν γε τὸ γέρας τῷ ξένῳ δίδως, Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὗτος, τί δρᾷς; τὸν οἶνον ἐκπίνεις λάθρα;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

οὔκ, ἀλλ' ἔμ' οὗτος ἔκυσεν, ὅτι καλὸν βλέπω.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κλαύσει, φιλῶν τὸν οἶνον οὐ φιλοῦντά σε

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ναὶ μὰ Δί', ἐπεὶ μού φησ' ἐρᾶν ὄντος καλοῦ

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἔγχει, πλέων δὲ τὸν σκύφον δίδου μόνον.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

πῶς οὖν κέκραται; φέρε διασκεψώμεθα.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἀπολεῖς δος οὕτως.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ναὶ μὰ Δί' οὐ πρὶν ἂν γε σὲ
στέφανον ἴδω λαβόντα, γεύσωμαί τέ τι.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὦ οἶνοχόος ἄδικος.

CYCLOPS

CYCLOPS

Of all your company
I'll feast on you the last

SILENUS

O Cyclops, best
Of hosts, a noble gift you give your guest! 550
(*stealthily drinks*)

CYCLOPS

Ah! what are you up to?—drinking on the sly!

SILENUS

No, no. the wine kissed me, so fair am I

CYCLOPS

I'll teach you, if you make love to the wine
Which loves you not!

SILENUS

It does these charms or mine,
It says, have won its heart

CYCLOPS

Here, fill the cup.
Pour in—up to the brim Now, hand it up

SILENUS

Is it the proper mixture?—let me see.
(*stoops his face to bowl*)

CYCLOPS

You'll be the death of me! Quick, hand it me
Just as it is!

SILENUS (*puts wreath on CYCLOPS'*
head, so as to cover his eye)

By Jove, no! I must first
Crown with this wreath your brow, and—quench my
thirst (*drinks*)

CYCLOPS

You thieving cupbearer!

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

560

οὐ μὰ Δῖ', ἀλλ' ὦ οἶνος γλυκύς
ἀπομυκτέον δέ σοί γ', ὅπως λήψει πιεῖν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἰδοῦ, καθαρὸν τὸ χεῖλος αἱ τρίχες τέ μου.

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

θές νυν τὸν ἀγκῶν' εὐρύθμως, κατ' ἔκπιδε,
ὥσπερ μ' ὀρεῖς πίνοντα—χῶσπερ οὐκ ἐμέ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ᾶ ᾶ, τί δράσεις;

ΣΕΙΑΗΝΟΣ

ἡδέως ἡμύστισα.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

λάβ', ὦ ξέν', αὐτὸς οἰνοχόος τέ μοι γενοῦ

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

γιγνώσκεται γοῦν ἄμπελος τῇμῃ χερὶ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

φέρ' ἔγχεόν νυν

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

ἐγχέω, σίγα μόνον.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

χαλεπὸν τόδ' εἶπας, ὅστις ἂν πῆν πολύν.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

570

ἰδοῦ λαβὼν ἔκπιθι καὶ μηδὲν λίπης.
συνεκθανεῖν δὲ σπῶντα, χρή τῷ πώματι.

CYCLOPS

SILENUS

Good heavens ! not so.

560

You *should* say, " You delicious wine ! " you know.
Now let me wipe your nose, that you may sip
Your wine genteelly

CYCLOPS

Go along ! my lip

And my moustache are clean enough for me

SILENUS

Now sink down on your elbow gracefully ,

(*Cyclops rolls on his back*)

Then drain the cup, just as you see me do—
I mean, just as you don't (*takes a big drink*)

CYCLOPS (*sitting up*)

Hi ! stop there, you !

What are you up to ?

SILENUS

A bumper ! Joys untold !

CYCLOPS

Heie, stranger, be my cupbearer Catch hold !

ODYSSEUS

The wine knows me · my hand brings out its savour

CYCLOPS

Fill up

ODYSSEUS

All right Don't talk—you'll miss the flavour

CYCLOPS

Can't help but talk, with a paulful in one's crop.

ODYSSEUS

Here, tip it off Mind, don't you leave one drop

570

The rule is, don't give in until the wine
Gives out

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

παπαῖ, σοφόν γε τὸ ξύλον τῆς ἀμπέλου

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

κἂν μὲν σπάσης γε δαιτὶ πρὸς πολλῇ πολύν,
τέγξας ἄδιψον νηδύν, εἰς ὕπνον βαλεῖ·
ἦν δ' ἐκλίπης τι, ξηρανεῖ σ' ὁ Βάκχιος.

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ἰοὺ ἰού,
ὥς ἐξένευσα μόγισ· ἄκρατος ἢ χάρις·
ὁ δ' οὐρανός μοι συμμεμυγμένος δοκεῖ
τῇ γῇ φέρεσθαι, τοῦ Διὸς τε τὸν θρόνον
λευσσω, τὸ πᾶν τε δαιμόνων ἀγνὸν σέβας.
οὐκ ἂν φιλήσαιμ'—αἱ Χάριτες πειρώσί με—
ἄλῃς Γανυμήδην τόνδ' ἔχων ἀναπαύσθμαι
κάλλιστα, νῆ τὰς Χάριτας, ἥδομαι δέ πως
τοῖς παιδικοῖσι μᾶλλον ἢ τοῖς θήλεσιν.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ἐγὼ γὰρ ὁ Διὸς εἰμι Γανυμήδης, Κύκλωψ;

ΚΤΚΛΩΨ

ναὶ μὰ Δί', ὃν ἀρπάζω γ' ἐγὼ 'κ τοῦ Δαρδάνου.

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

ἀπόλωλα, παῖδες· σχέτλια πείσομαι κακά.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μέμφει τὸν ἐραστὴν κἀντρυφᾶς πεπωκότα;

ΣΕΙΛΗΝΟΣ

οἶμοι· πικρότατον οἶνον ὄψομαι τάχα.

CYCLOPS

CYCLOPS (*drinks.*)

Oh my ! a clever tree that vine
Must be !

ODYSSEUS

And if you pour full bumpers down
On top of a full meal, and fairly drown
The thirst out of your paunch, 'twill veil your eye
With sweet sleep If the cup be not drained dry,
Bacchus will patch your throat most damnably

CYCLOPS (*buries his face in bowl*)

Oho ! oho ! I've dived deep into this,
And just come up again ! Unmingled bliss !
I see heaven floating down, blended in one
With earth below ! I see Zeus on his throne,
And all the Gods, the holy heavenly faces ! 580
No, I won't kiss you !—that's the naughty Graces
Tempting me Ganymede will do for me ! (*seizes SIL*)
I've got him here, and, by the Graces Three,
I'll have a lovely time with him . I care
Never a straw for all the female fair

SILENUS

What ? what ? Are you Zeus, and I Ganymede ?

CYCLOPS (*catching him up*)

Yes !—up from Troy I snatch you—yes indeed !

SILENUS

Boys ! murder ! help ! I'm in an awful plight !

CHORUS

What ?—scorn your lover ?—snub him 'cause he's tight ?

SILENUS

This wine is bitter beer !—O cursèd spite !

[CYCLOPS staggers into cave, with SILENUS under his arm]

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

590 ἄγε δὴ, Διονύσου παῖδες, εὐγενῇ τέκνα,
 ἔνδον μὲν ἀνὴρ· τῷ δ' ὕπνῳ παρειμένος
 τάχ' ἐξ ἀναιδούς φάρυγος ὠθήσει κρέα,
 δαλὸς δ' ἔσωθεν αὐλίων ὠθεῖ καπνόν.
 παρευτρέπισταί δ' οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν πυροῦν
 Κύκλωπος ὄψιν· ἀλλ' ὅπως ἀνὴρ ἔσει.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πέτρας τὸ λῆμα κἀδάμαντος ἔξομεν.
 χώρει δ' ἐς οἴκους, πρίν τι τὸν πατέρα παθεῖν
 ἀπάλαμνον, ὥς σοι τὰνθάδ' ἐστὶν εὐτρεπῇ.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

600 "Ηφαιστ', ἄναξ Αἰτναίε, γείτονος κακοῦ
 λαμπρὸν πυρώσας ὄμμι' ἀπαλλάχθηθ' ἄπαξ,
 σύ τ' ὦ μελαίνης Νυκτὸς ἐκπαίδευμ', "Υπνε,
 ἄκρατος ἔλθε θηρὶ τῷ θεοστυγεῖ,
 καὶ μὴ' πὶ καλλίστοισι Τρωικοῖς πόνοις
 αὐτόν τε ναύτας τ' ἀπολέσῃτ' Ὀδυσσέα
 ὑπ' ἀνδρός, ᾧ θεῶν οὐδὲν ἢ βροτῶν μέλει
 ἢ τὴν τύχην μὲν δαίμον' ἡγεῖσθαι χρεῶν,
 τὰ δαιμόνων δὲ τῆς τύχης ἐλάσσονα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

610 λήψεται τὸν τράχηλον
 ἐντόνως ὁ καρκίνος
 τοῦ ξένων δαιτυμόνος· πυρὶ γὰρ τάχα
 φωσφόρους ὀλεῖ κόρας·
 ἤδη δαλὸς ἠνθρακωμένος
 κρύπτεται εἰς σποδιάν, δρυὸς ἄσπετον ἔρνος.
 ἀλλ' ἴτω Μάρων, πρᾶσσέτω·
 μαινομένου' ξελέτω βλέφαρον

CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS

Come, Bacchus' children, brave lads, up, be doing ! 590
Our foe's in there ! Right soon will he be spewing
Gobbets of flesh from a shameless gullet deep,
Sprawling upon his back in drunken sleep.
The stake in there jets forth a fiery fume
All's ready for the last act, to consume
The Cyclops' eye with fire Be men !

CHORUS

We pant
To show a soul of rock, of adamant !
In then, before our father come to grief
We're ready all to follow you, our chief

ODYSSEUS

O Fire-god, king of Etna, burn away
The eye of thy vile neighbour, and for aye 600
Rid thee of him ! O child of black Night, Sleep,
On this god-hated brute in full power leap !
Bring not Odysseus and his crew to naught,
After those glorious toils in Ilium wrought,
Through one who gives to God nor man a thought !
Else must we think that Chance bears rule in heaven,
That lordship over Gods to her is given

[Exit into cave]

CHORUS

As I cam' through a cave's gate,
A slaves' gate, a knave's gate,
A "Shipwrecked Sailors' Grave's" gate, 610
I heard a caldron sing—
"O weel may the fire glow, the reek blow, the
stake go ! [are in !]"
O weel may his throat crow for the eye that flames
And it's O for my Lord's shout ringing,
For the singing, the swinging

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

620 Κύκλωπος, ὡς πῆν κακῶς
 καὶ γὰρ τὸν φιλοκισσοφόρον Βρόμιον
 ποθεινὸν εἰσιδεῖν θέλω,
 Κύκλωπος λιπὼν ἐρημίαν
 ἄρ' ἐς τοσόνδ' ἀφίξομαι ;

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

σιγᾶτε πρὸς θεῶν, θῆρες, ἡσυχάζετε,
 συνθέντες ἄρθρα στόματος· οὐδὲ πνεῖν ἐῷ,
 οὐ σκαρδαμύσσειν οὐδὲ χρέμπτεσθαί τινα,
 ὡς μὴ ῥ' ἔξευρεθῇ τὸ κακόν, ἔστ' ἂν ὄμματος
 ὄψις Κύκλωπος ἐξαμλληθῇ πυρί.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

σιγῶμεν ἐγκάψαντες αἰθέρα γνάθοις.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

630 ἄγε νυν ὅπως ἄψεσθε τοῦ δαλοῦ χεροῖν
 ἔσω μολόντες· διάπυρος δ' ἐστὶν καλῶς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ α'

οὐκ οὖν σὺ τάξεις οὔστινας πρώτους χρεῶν
 καυτὸν μοχλὸν λαβόντας ἐκκάειν τὸ φῶς
 Κύκλωπος, ὡς ἂν τῆς τύχης κοινώμεθα ,

ΧΟΡΟΣ β'

ἡμεῖς μὲν ἐσμεν μακρότερον πρὸ τῶν θυρῶν
 ἐστῶτες ὠθεῖν ἐς τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν τὸ πῦρ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ γ'

ἡμεῖς δὲ χωλοὶ γ' ἄρτίως γεγενήμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ δ'

ταῦτ' οὖν πεπόνθατ' ἄρ' ἐμοί· τοὺς γὰρ πόδας
 ἐστῶτες ἐσπᾶσθ' ἡμεν οὐκ οἶδ' ἐξ ὅτου.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

ἐστῶτες ἐσπᾶσθ' ἡμε ; ,

CYCLOPS

Dance, for the ivy clinging !

And good-bye to the desolate shore !

620

So weel may the wine flow, and lay low our brute
foe,

To wake up in mad throe, in darkness evermore !

Re-enter ODYSSEUS from cave

ODYSSEUS

Hush, you wild things, for Heaven's sake !—still as
death !

Shut your lips tight together !—not a breath !

Don't wink, don't cough, for fear the beast should
wake

Ere we twist out his eye with that red stake

CHORUS

We are mum we clench our teeth tight on the air

ODYSSEUS

Now then, in with you ! Grasp the brand in there 630

With brave hands glowing red-hot is the tip

CHORUS (*edging away*)

You, please, appoint who must be first to grip
The burning stake, and scorch out Cyclops' eye,
That all may share the grand chance equally

A SATYR

Oh, we—too far outside the door we are !—

Can't reach his eye—can't poke the fire so far.

ANOTHER SATYR

And we—O dear, we've fallen lame just now !

ANOTHER SATYR

And so have we we've sprained—I can't tell how—
Our ankles, standing here Oh my poor foot !

ODYSSEUS

Sprained standing still ?

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΧΟΡΟΣ ε'

640

καὶ τὰ γ' ὄμματα
μέστ' ἐστὶν ἡμῶν κόνεος ἢ τέφρας ποθέν.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

ἄνδρες πονηροὶ κοῦδὲν οἶδε σύμμαχοι.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ὅτι ἡ τὸ νῶτον τὴν ῥάχιν τ' οἰκτείρομεν
καὶ τοὺς ὀδόντας ἐκβαλεῖν οὐ βούλομαι
τυπτόμενος, αὕτη γίνεταί πονηρία ;
ἀλλ' οἶδ' ἐπώδην Ὀρφέως ἀγαθὴν πάνυ,
ὥς αὐτόματον τὸν δαλὸν εἰς τὸ κρανίον
στείχονθ' ὑφάπτειν τὸν μονῶπα παῖδα γῆς.

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

650

πάλαι μὲν ἦδη σ' ὄντα τοιοῦτον φύσει,
νῦν δ' οἶδ' ἄμεινον. τοῖσι δ' οἰκείους φίλοις
χρησθαί μ' ἀνάγκη. χειρὶ δ' εἰ μηδὲν σθένεις,
ἀλλ' οὖν ἐπεγκέλευέ γ', ὥς εὐψυχίαν
φίλων κελευσμοῖς τοῖσι σοῖς κτησώμεθα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δράσω τάδ'. ἐν τῷ Καρλῷ κινδυνεύσομεν.
κελευσμάτων δ' ἕκατι τυφέσθω Κύκλωψ.
ὦ ὦ,

γενναιότατ' ὠθεῖτε, σπεύδετε.

ἐκκαίετε τὴν ὀφρὺν

θηρὸς τοῦ ξενοδαίτα.

τύφετ' ὦ, καίετ' ὦ

660

τὸν Αἴτνας μηλονόμον.

CYCLOPS

ANOTHER SATYR

Oh dear ! a lot of soot, 640
Or dust, into our eyes the wind has brought !

ODYSSEUS

The cowards ! At a pinch they're good for naught !

CHORUS

Because I have compassion on my back,
And don't want all my teeth by one big smack
Knocked down my throat, d'ye call that cowardice ?
Look here—I know a song of Orpheus's,
A lovely incantation ! 'twill constrain
The stake, to plunge itself into his brain,
And burn the giant's eye out—a grand song

ODYSSEUS

Poor chicken-hearts ! I knew you all along.
I'll do what's better, use my trusty crew— 650
Indeed I've no choice There's no fight in you .
Still, cheer us on with some good rousing chanty,
And screw to the stacking-point our courage, can't
ye ? *[Enters cave*

CHORUS

Instead of the tongs, sir, dear pussy's paw, sir, will
get *my* chestnuts out very well ;
But, as far as a song, sir, can go, old Saucer-eye shall
frizzle in flames of hell.

So yeo-heave-ho ! and in she'll go !
Give way, my hearties ! Put your backs to it ! Stick
to the work !— *[a shirk !*
A brave tar's part is to stick like wax to it—never
Burn out his eye, sir, the gormandizer,
Who goes and fries, sir, the trustful stranger !
With a red-hot poker make him a smoker
Like Etna—the soaker, the sheepwalk-ranger ! 660

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

τόρνευ', ἔλκε, μή σ' ἐξοδυνηθεῖς
δράση τι μάταιον.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὦμοι, κατηνθρακώμεθ' ὀφθαλμοῦ σέλας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καλὸς γ' ὁ παῖάν· μέλπε μοι τόνδ', ὦ Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὦμοι μάλ', ὥς ὑβρίσμεθ', ὥς ὀλώλαμεν.
ἀλλ' οὔτι μὴ φύγητε τῆσδ' ἔξω πέτρας
χαίροντες, οὐδὲν ὄντες ἐν πύλαισι γὰρ
σταθεῖς φάραγγος τῆσδ' ἐναρμόσω χέρας.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

τί χρῆμ' αὐτεῖς, ὦ Κύκλωψ,

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ἀπωλόμην.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

αἰσχρὸς γε φαίνει.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

670

κάπλ τοῖσδέ γ' ἄθλιος.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

μεθύων κατέπεσες εἰς μέσους τοὺς ἄνθρακας;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

Οὐτίς μ' ἀπώλεσ'

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἄρ' οὐδεὶς σ' ἠδίκηει;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

Οὐτίς με τυφλοῖ βλέφαρον.

CYCLOPS

ODYSSEUS *and his men bring the burning stake, and plunge it into the CYCLOPS' eye*

In you go quick with it '—twirl it about '
You've done the trick with it '—now whip it out
Ere he catch you a lick with it, a terrible clout,
For he feels pretty sick with it—of that there's
no doubt

CYCLOPS (*starting up*)

Ah-h ! my eye's turned to a red-hot coal ! Oh my !

CHORUS

Well sung ! Encore ! Encore, old Saucer-eye !

CYCLOPS

Oh ! blackguard villains ! Oh ! They've done for me '
Don't think to escape, you paltry rascalry,
Out of this cave, and laugh at me ! I'll stand
Here, barring the only door with either hand

CHORUS

Why bawl so, Goggle-eye ?

CYCLOPS

I'm kilt intirely !

CHORUS

You do look bad

CYCLOPS

What's more, I feel so—direly ! 670

CHORUS

You fell face down in the fire when you were tight ?

CYCLOPS

No !—Nobody's killed me !

CHORUS

No ?—then you're all right

CYCLOPS

Nobody's blinded me !

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐκ ἄρ' εἶ τυφλός ,

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὥς δὴ σύ—

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καὶ πῶς σ' οὐτίς ἂν θείῃ τυφλόν ;

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

σκώπτεις. ὁ δ' Οὐτίς ποῦ 'στιν ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὐδαμοῦ· Κύκλωψ.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὁ ξένος, ἔν' ὀρθῶς ἐκμάθῃς, μ' ἀπώλεσεν,
ὁ μιαρός, ὅς μοι δοὺς τὸ πῶμα κατέκλυσε.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

δεινὸς γὰρ οἶνος καὶ παλαίεσθαι βαρύς.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

πρὸς θεῶν, πεφεύγας' ἢ μένους' εἴσω δόμων ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

680 οὐτοὶ σιωπῇ τὴν πέτραν ἐπήλυγα
λαβόντες ἐστήκασι.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ποτέρας τῆς χερός ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἐν δεξιᾷ σου.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ποῦ ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

πρὸς αὐτῇ τῇ πέτρᾳ.

ἔχεις ;

CYCLOPS

CHORUS

Then you can't be blind

CYCLOPS

I wish you were !

CHORUS

Please make it to my mind

Quite clear, how nobody could poke your eye out

CYCLOPS

You're chaffing me ! Where's Nobody ?

CHORUS

Don't cry out,

Because ~~it~~'s nowhere, Blunderbore—don't you see ?

CYCLOPS

I tell you again, that stranger's murdered me,
The dirty spalpeen, who drenched me with drink !

CHORUS

Ah, wine's the chap to trip your legs, I think

CYCLOPS

For Heaven's sake tell me—are they still inside ?
Or have they got away ?

CHORUS

They're trying to hide

Under that rock-ledge . they stand silent there

680

CYCLOPS

On which side of me ?

CHORUS

On your right.

CYCLOPS

Oh where ?

CHORUS

Close up against the rock. Ha !—got the lot ?

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κακὸν γε πρὸς κακῷ τὸ κρανίου
παίσας κατέαγα.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

καί σε διαφεύγουσ' γε ,

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὐ τῇδ' ἐπεὶ τῇδ' εἶπας ,

ΧΟΡΟΣ

οὔ, ταύτη λέγω

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

πῇ γάρ ;

ΧΟΡΟΣ

περιάγου, κείσε, πρὸς τὰριστερά.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οἴμοι γελῶμαι· κερτομεῖτέ μ' ἐν κακοῖς.

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἀλλ' οὐκέτ', ἀλλὰ πρόσθεν Οὔτις ἐστί σου.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

ὦ παγκάκιστε, ποῦ ποτ' εἶ ;

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

τηλοῦ σέθεν
φυλακαῖσι φρουρῶ σῶμ' Ὀδυσσέως τόδε.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

πῶς εἶπας , ὄνομα μεταβαλὼν καινὸν λέγεις ;

ΟΔΤΣΣΕΤΣ

ὅπερ μ' ὁ φύσας ὠνόμαζ' Ὀδυσσέα.
δώσειν δ' ἐμελλες ἀνοσίῳ δαιτὸς δίκα

CYCLOPS

*CYCLOPS makes a wild plunge, and dashes his head
against the rock. Some of the crew slip out*

CYCLOPS

Oh misery on misery! I've caught
My head a bang that's split it!

CHORUS

What?—slipped clear
Between your fingers?

CYCLOPS (*groping with his hands*)

I can't find them here!
You said ~~they~~ *they* were here?

CHORUS

No, *this* side, I told you

CYCLOPS

Where? where?

CHORUS

Whisk round!—to your left! Aha!
they've sold you!

[*The last of the crew slip by*

CYCLOPS

You're laughing at me!—jeering at my woes!

CHORUS

No, no! Look! Nobody's right before your nose!

CYCLOPS (*making plunge at nothing*)

Villain! where are you?

ODYSSEUS

Out of reach, I assure ye,
I ward Odysseus' body from your fury

690

CYCLOPS

What?—a new name?—that doesn't sound the same!

ODYSSEUS

My father called me Odysseus that's my name
And so you thought that you'd get off scot-free

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

κακῶς γὰρ ἂν Τροίαν γε διεπυρώσαμεν,
εἰ μὴ σ' ἑταίρων φόνον ἐτιμωρησάμην.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

αἰαῖ παλαιὸς χρησμός ἐκπεραίνεται.
τυφλὴν γὰρ ὄψιν ἐκ σέθεν σχήσειν μ' ἔφη
Τροίας ἀφορμηθέντος. ἀλλὰ καὶ σέ τοι
δίκας ὑφέξειν ἀντὶ τῶνδ' ἐθέσπισε,
πολὺν θαλάσση χρόνον ἐναιωρούμενον.

ΟΔΥΣΣΕΥΣ

κλαίειν σ' ἄνωγα· καὶ δέδραχ' ὅπερ λέγεις.
ἐγὼ δ' ἐπ' ἅκτ' εἰμι καὶ νεὼς σκάφος
ἦσω 'πὶ πόντον Σικελὸν ἔς τ' ἐμὴν πάτραν.

ΚΥΚΛΩΨ

οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεὶ σε τῆσδ' ἀπορρήξας πέτρας
αὐτοῖσι συνναύταισι συντρίψω βαλὼν.
ἄνω δ' ἐπ' ὄχθον εἰμι, καίπερ ὦν τυφλός,
δι' ἀμφιτρήτος τῆσδε προσβαίνων ποδί

ΧΟΡΟΣ

ἡμεῖς δὲ συνναῦταί γε τοῦδ' Ὀδυσσέως
ὄντες τὸ λοιπὸν Βακχίῳ δουλεύομεν.

CYCLOPS

For your unhallowed feast ! A shame 'twould be
If, after burning Troy, I took on you
No vengeance for the murder of my crew !

CYCLOPS

Woe's me ! the ancient prophecy comes true
Which said that you would blind me on your way
Homeward from Troy Ha ! this too did it say,
That you'd be punished for this wrong to me,
Tossed through long years about the homeless sea 700

ODYSSEUS

I laugh to scorn your bodings I have done
All that your prophet said Now will I run
My good ship's keel adown the sloping strand ;
Then, ho for Sicily's sea and fatherland !

CYCLOPS

Not you ! I'll tear this rock up, hurl, and smash
You and your men all to a bloody mash !
I'll climb a crag, and do it Though I'm blind,
My way out through this rifted rock I'll find

CHORUS

We will sail with Odysseus from this shore,
And serve Lord Bacchus henceforth evermore

*Exeunt OMNES, leaving CYCLOPS groping and stumbling
amongst the rocks*

